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The Press
NIGHT EDITION
LOVE NEST

Sob sister

He didn't believe in marriage but she believed in *him!* Reckless, seeking the flower of life in barren thrills. A girl and a boy, rival reporters—till the girl is taken for a ride—a dynamic modern drama with a tremendous climax. With lovely Linda Watkins and the brilliant young star, James Dunn, who recently made a sensational picture debut in the most popular picture of the year, Bad Girl.

THE CISCO KID

O. Henry's lovable bandit at his old tricks again—pursued and thwarted by the happy warrior of the law, Sergeant Micky Dunn. A picture as exciting and romantic as that well-remembered FOX epic, In Old Arizona—the first all-talking out-door sound picture ever made. In The Cisco Kid, Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe are re-united in a wild, free action-thriller of the outdoors—another screen masterpiece by

FOX

SEP 23 1931
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Movie Mirror

Ruth Waterbury
Editor

VOL. 1, NO. 1
WM. A. ULLMAN, Jr.
Hollywood Representative
DORA ALBERT
Assistant Editor
NOVEMBER, 1931

Special Features

The Man Who Couldn't Retire ... *Harriet Parsons* 12
The Real Reason Why Thomas Meighan Came Back

Does It Pay To Be Good? .... *Dora Albert* 14
It's the Bad Who Are in the Big Money

This Is Hollywood .... *Marquis Busby* 22
The Finest Pen Picture of the World's Most Famous Town

The Story Of My Life .... *Clark Gable* 24
The Amazing Adventures of the Screen's Newest Sensation

Dietrich, Woman of Contrasts . . *Sara Hamilton* 29
Marlene Is Half Siren, Half Saint

Stanwyck, the Primitive ...... *Muriel Babcock* 38
The Heroine of Hollywood's Greatest Love Story

Wedding Ring Blues .... *Constance Blake* 41
Is Movietown Afraid of Marriage?

Sylvia Sidney Gets the "Breaks" . . . *Jerry Lane* 44
Paramount's Pet Has Broken Everything From Records to Ankles

Real Heroes of Hollywood . . . *Gordon R. Silver* 50
Revealing the Unknown Bravery of the Stars

What Becomes of Baby Stars? . . *Alma Talley* 62
Where Are the Wampas Girls Once Chosen for Fame?

You Can't Lick a Real Trouper . . *Sylvia Conrad* 70
You'll Believe It When You Read Sally O'Neil's Story

Just "Props" .... *Laura Louise Lowry* 73
Nothing Stumps a Prop Man

A Honeymoon Housewarming . . . *Betty Nagle* 76
June Collyer and Stuart Erwin Give a Party

The Love Dodger .... *Radie Harris* 84
He's Joel McCrea, Whom All the Girls Adore

The Richest Kids in the World . . *Jay Douglass* 86
Facts on Film Salaries

The Strangest Reason of All ..... *Mary Sharon* 104
It's Paul Cavanagh's Reason for Acting

Of Course, You Can Stay Young ... *Ivy Crane Wilson* 106
Hedda Hopper Proves What She Preaches

Departments

The Cover Girl 6
Hot News 8
Movie Fan's Cross Word Puzzle 18
Inside Stuff 31
Fashions from Hollywood 47
Movies of the Month 56
The Movies' Beauty Secrets—Beauty and Your Eyes 68
Speak for Yourself 96
Tips on Talkies 100

Exclusive Portraits

The Greatest Garbo 19
That Singing Actress, Jeanette MacDonald 20
Miriam Hopkins, Rising Star 21
Marlene, the Magnificent 28
A Debonair Gentleman, Robert Montgomery 30
Thanksgiving and Neil Hamilton . . . 46
The Incomparable Constance Bennett 72
A Girl of Many Talents, Eleanor Boardman 79
Laughter's Girl Friend, Marie Dressler 80
Hard Boiled, Soft Hearted, Wallace Beery 81
The Screen's Perfect Lovers, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell 82
Two New Lovers, Peggy Shannon and Charles Rogers 83
Sand Witches: Frances Dee, Judith Wood, Adrienne Ames 91
A New Clown, Jimmy Durante 92
Gone Sexy, Dorothy Jordan 93
A Chinese Lorelei, Anna May Wong 94
George Bancroft, Smiling Villain 95
Naughty and Nice, Kay Francis 105
Cover Portrait of Loretta Young by John Rolston Clarke.

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K. D. McALPIN
Publisher

K. M. GOODE
Editorial Director

G. V. BUCHER
Art Director

She thought:
"We'd squeeze you in somehow—if it weren't for 'B.O.'"

Yet, to be polite,

She said:
"We'd give you a lift if we weren't so crowded."

Another invitation lost

. . . *all because of 'B.O.'* (*Body Odor*)

PEOPLE all agreed he was a nice chap. But somehow they never had room for him. The car was already filled. The bridge table already arranged. A dance already promised.

Then one day he discovered his trouble. "B.O."—*body odor*. . . . At once he adopted a simple precaution. Now he's welcome everywhere. He knows the easy way to keep perspiration odorless.

A risk we all run

People won't *tell* us when we're guilty. They merely avoid us. The "B.O." offender is the last to realize his fault because we so quickly become used to an ever-present odor. But remember, pores give off a quart of odor-causing waste daily—even in cool weather.

Why risk offending? Adopt this easy pleasant way to be safe. Wash and bathe with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant, antiseptic lather cleanses and *purifies* pores—ends every trace of "B.O."

Radiantly fresh complexions

"A wonderful complexion soap!" say thousands of delighted women. Lifebuoy's deep-cleansing lather gently frees clogged pores of impurities—makes dull skins bloom with healthy, radiant beauty. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy *purifies*.

Try Lifebuoy Free

If you don't use Lifebuoy and want to try this delightful toilet soap, just send us your name and address. By return mail you will receive one full-sized cake of Lifebuoy *free*. Write today to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 5511, Cambridge, Mass.

It's New!

Lifebuoy Shaving Cream

New double-dense lather soothes, lubricates and protects . . . ends tender spots that hurt when you shave. *At your druggist's*

Lifebuoy

HEALTH SOAP

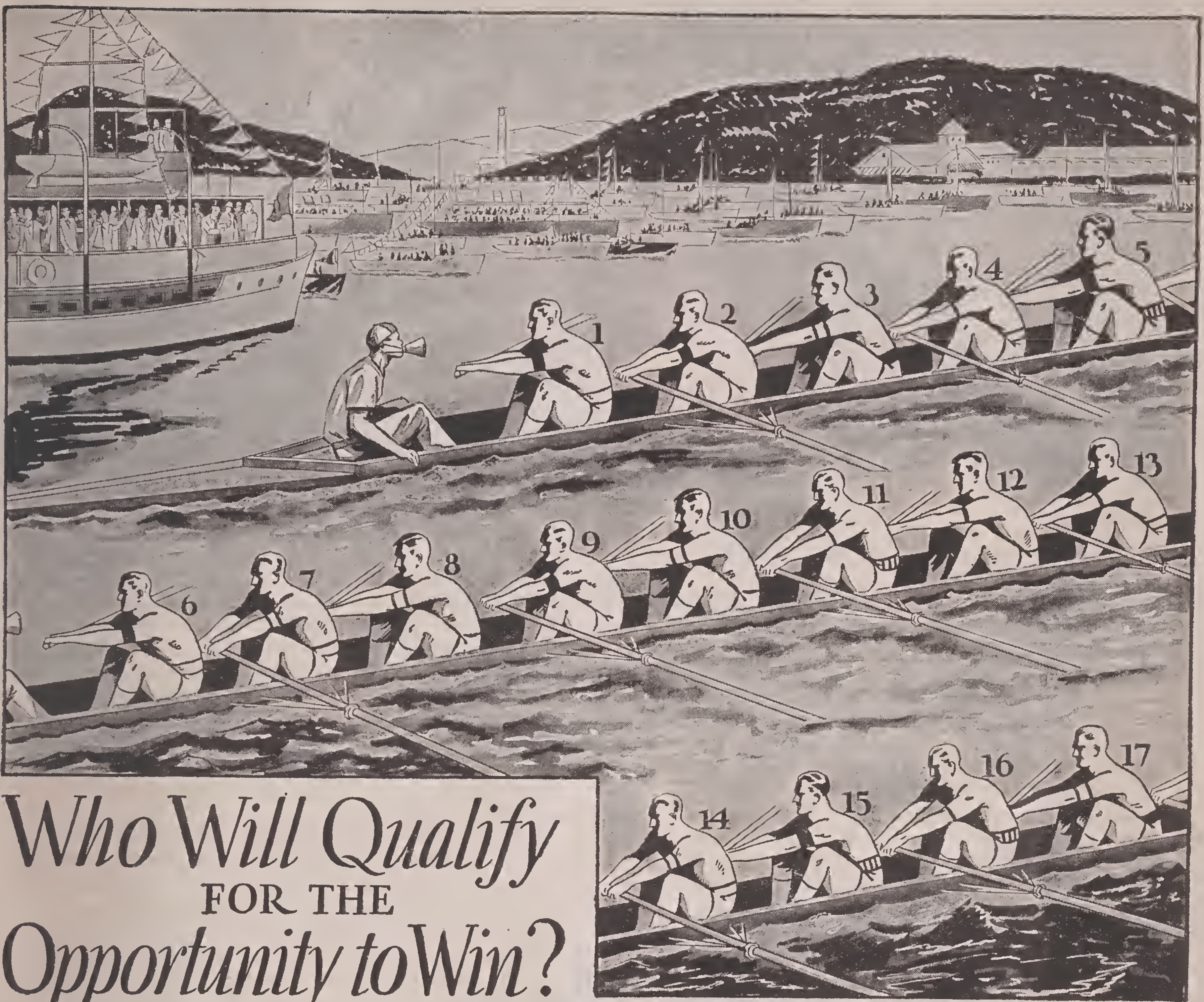
—stops body odor—

Loretta Young
makes a Movie Mirror cover

KNOWING the readers of Movie Mirror to be a bit too sophisticated for the everyday ordinary photographs that furnish covers for motion picture magazines generally, we are arranging with the most famous and popular stars to make exclusive poses for all future Movie Mirror covers.

> **Watch for these beautiful covers each month. And watch this page for special pictures of the different stars being photographed for Movie Mirror!**

Loretta Young, on this month's cover, is only eighteen. Her real name is Gretchen Young. She adores cheese pie, uses make-up only before the camera and detests brussels sprouts. Ricardo Cortez is "that way" about her. Her latest picture is "The Ruling Voice." The handsome camera gentleman is Elmer Fryer, who takes all those gur-rand photographs of the First National stars.



Who Will Qualify FOR THE Opportunity to Win?

$\$8,275^{00}$ in Prizes

FOR purposes of publicity, a nationally known $1,000,000.00 company, founded in 1893, is sponsoring an entirely new and original program of prize distributions. In this one prize offer, Twelve First Prize Winners are to be selected.

If you would like a chance to win one of twelve new Ford Sedans or one of twelve $500.00 cash prizes which will be awarded at once, simply submit an answer to this question — "Which crewman is different from all the rest shown in the illustration above?"

A correct answer to this question is the only qualification required for this opportunity to become a prize winner. You will not obligate yourself in any way by submitting an answer, nor will you be asked to buy anything. There is no trick involved, but before trying to solve the puzzle, read carefully the explanation which follows:

The illustration pictures seventeen crewmen, all of whom you will notice are numbered. If your eye is keen, you may be able to find eight pairs of twins among them. Except for one crewman, who is different, every other member of the crews has an exact double, maybe in a different boat. One crewman, and **only one**, is different from all the rest. He is not, however, the coxswain — the young man with the megaphone to his mouth.

You can see, now, that this becomes a real test of observation. Probably the best way for you to begin is to take your pencil and list down the numbers of those you believe to be twins, but do not send in the twins' numbers. The number of the different crewman is all you will need to send.

Study the crewmen's faces, heads, arms and legs—those of the twins must correspond. So, too, must their hair and the position of their arms and legs. Notice that some men lean far forward—others not so far; that all wear sweaters of various designs and that the twins' sweaters are alike. Every detail must correspond exactly between those whom you pair up as twins. There is absolutely no charge to you for trying for these prizes which will be given in accordance with the contestants' standings when the final decision is made. If you can pick out the eight pairs of twins, you will have eliminated all but the different one. That is the first test. Work this out correctly and you will then be eligible for the final deciding work which I am sure you will find interesting. Who knows, perhaps you will be one of those successful in finding the different crewman?

$8,275.00 will be paid to the winners in this present offer. There are many other prizes besides the first prizes and twelve extra awards of $125.00 each as well for promptness, so that the twelve first prizes will equal a total of $625.00 each in cash.

Should there be ties, duplicate prizes will be paid. This offer is not open to persons living in the City of Chicago or outside the U. S. A. Start right now; see if you can pick out the different crewman. If you think you have found him, rush his number to the address below. You will be notified at once if your answer is selected as correct.

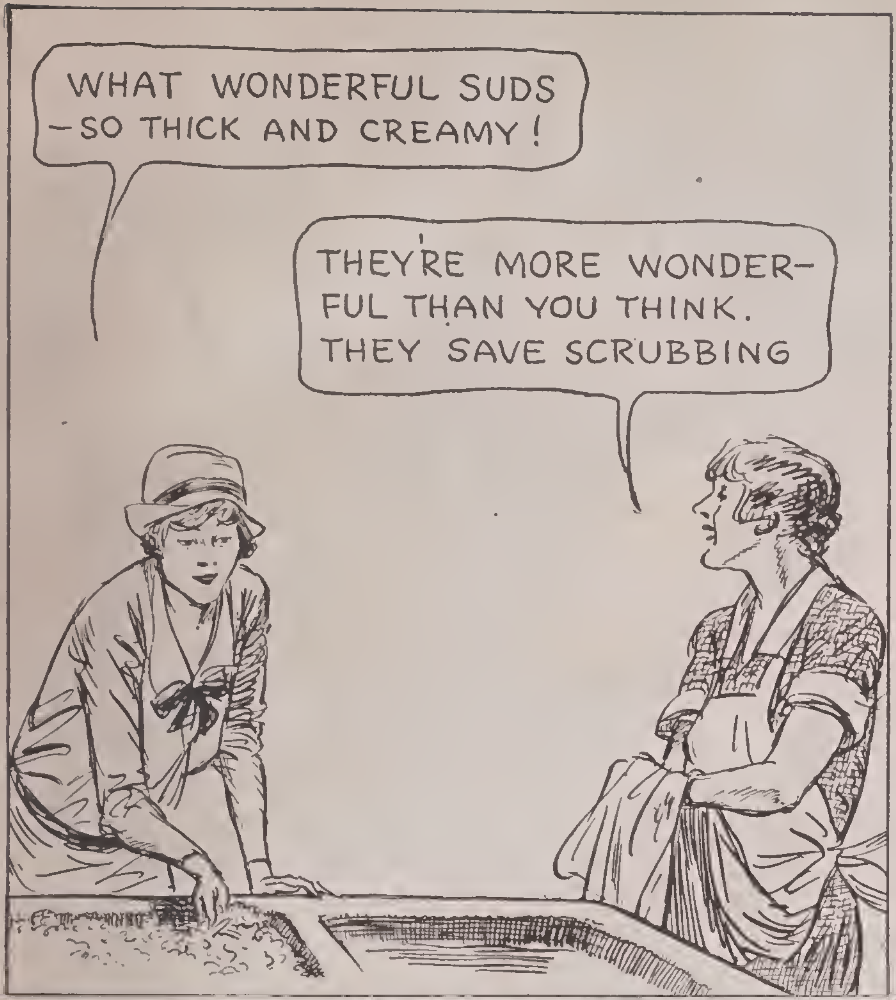
W. M. CLARK, Manager,
Room 71, **52 W. Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois.**

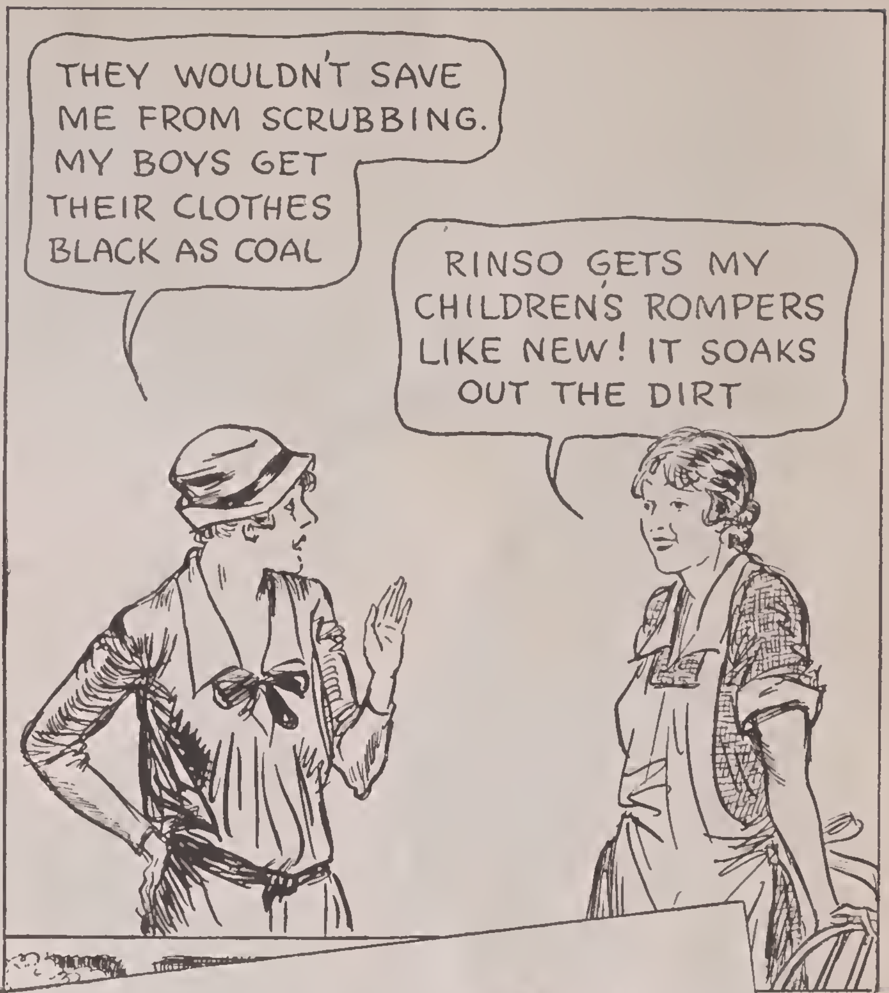
Hot News!

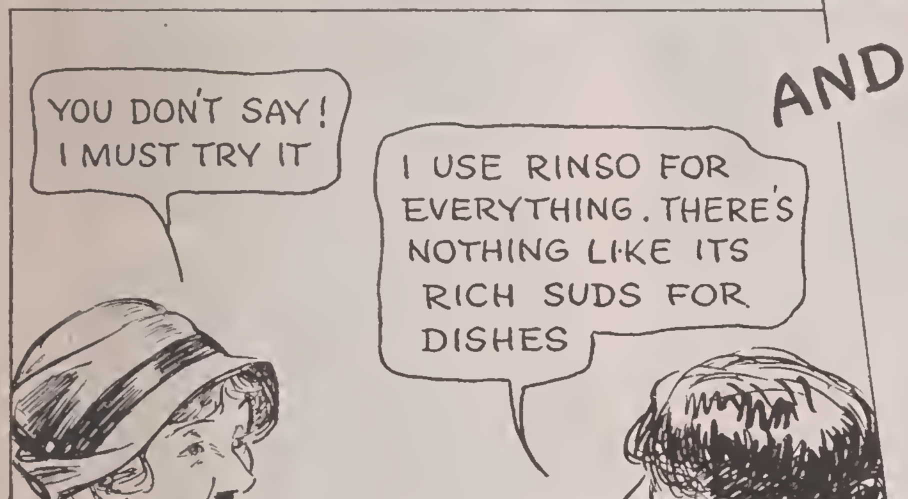
HOLLYWOOD. . . . Last minute news as MOVIE MIRROR goes to press. . . . Rita LaRoy, the RKO vamp, and Ben Hershfield have set the day and will be married in the early fall stop . . . Marilyn Miller and Don Alvarado much together particularly where tangoes are being danced. . . . Don living at the Hollywood Athletic Club and an early divorce is probable stop . . . Billie Dove's romance with Howard Hughes the millionaire producer positively off and her new boy friend is a big, good looking rancher named Robert Kenastan stop . . . Jean Harlow much with broker named Humphrey and romance freely rumored but complicated by Humphrey being frequently seen with Virginia Whiting who is Bill Stage Boyd's ex gal friend stop . . . Loretta Young now very much that way about Robert Williams in her next picture even though Ricardo Cortez is that way about Loretta stop . . . the Betty Compson, Hugh Trevor romance is definitely and finally off this time says Betty whose new heart is Irving Wineberg stop . . . Lois Moran and Gene Markey admit they are interested . . . Gene Markey is the writer who was interested in Ina Claire, then in Gloria Swanson. . . . Gloria is seen everywhere with Michael Farmer and Clifton Webb stop . . . Ruth Chatterton goes platinum blonde in her next picture "Once a Lady" ouch stop . . . Madge Evans replaces Carole Lombard in "The Greeks had a Word for It," Lombard being ill with pleurisy stop

Hollywood all upset about Connie Bennett having to check in at a New York hospital upon her arrival from Europe instead of coming West, complications due to an operation more than a year ago, it's said . . . the Marquis de La Falaise accompanied her to the hospital steps as did Morton Downey, her brother-in-law, and Barbara Bennett Downey . . . That makes two Bennetts in the hospital . . . Joan, however, is doing nicely and learning to walk again . . . that same goes for Evalyn Knapp . . . stop . . . Now that Lupe Velez has announced that her heart isn't broken about her Garee Gary is letting the reports of his interest in Tallulah Bankhead get around . . . the real lowdown seems to be one Marjorie Wilson with whom he has been going about the bright spots of New York stop . . . Contract trouble between Edmund Lowe and Fox . . . Eddie is out of the cast of "Cheating" supposedly resting by the doctor's orders . . . it's option time for Eddie . . . Charlie Chaplin running around with the elite again is urging Mrs. Frank J. Gould to go into the movies, though Gould, American owner of the Riviera casinos, once made the wife promise she wouldn't stop . . . Robert Montgomery is to be starred in "Courage," the first screen story by Frederick Lonsdale, the playwright, who is also the first important writer who ever displayed any manners toward Hollywood by taking its money and delivering stop . . . Erich von Stroheim, storm center, directing "Walking Down Broadway" for Fox . . . remember when it was said he would never direct another because of extravagance stop . . . mother sets Jackie (Skippy) Cooper's necessary expenses at $1,600 a month, asks for his guardianship of his salary of $1,300 a week, his $50,000 endowment insurance policy, $8,000 in cash, wants him to live in proper style for movie star, she says . . . stop . . . Esther Ralston reducing so that she may get back into pictures now that her baby has been born . . . John Boles will make two more pictures for Universal, "Frankenstein" and "Murders in the Rue Morgue," and then good night stop . . .

Eddie Quillan had to stop working on his current film on account of he got poisoned by shrubbery imported for the back-lot exterior scenes. . . . this gets a couple of prop men at Pathé in dutch . . . they didn't know there was any poison-oak among the stuff . . . Larry Tibbett in the same kind of mix-up . . . he was strangely poisoned but an antidote was administered in time. . . . Larry has rented the old family mansion from Mrs. Tibbett while she is in Reno getting her divorce from him stop . . . Russell Gleason is now going places with Mary Brian how that boy does sub-deb stop . . . reported rift between Alice White and Cy Bartlett after all their billing and cooing stop . . . there'll be no more Wampas babies after 1931, producers declare . . . None of them want to be left out the way Fox was this year, so they say they'll all pick their own baby stars and everything will be nice and peaceful . . . the three Fox picked for themselves, Helen Mack, Conchita Montenegro, and Linda Watkins, are plenty cute. . . . Ronald Colman is enjoying his annual rumor of having fallen for another beautiful girl, Alison Lloyd, by name . . . not that Ronnie didn't know Alison when she was called Thelma Todd . . . can this have anything to do with the fact that Ronald has a new picture coming out and maybe publicity might be welcome stop. . . . Eleanor Hunt who separated from Rex Lease after nine days of married life and then forgave everything and came back is now suing Rex for a divorce after all . . . Edwina Booth absolved as love thief in the Duncan Renaldo case . . . the judge after asking Edwina many questions declared her quite innocent stop . . . the romance between Phillips Holmes and Mrs. Ethel Sutherland is over stop . . . Phil seen at Catalina with two Los Angeles society budlets, Dodo MacLain and Louise Sterry, most beautiful. . . . stop . . . but don't believe rumors about the Lew Ayres-Lola Lane romance being over . . . it's hotter than ever . . . over? heck, they're married! . . . stop and double stop.


WHAT WONDERFUL SUDS —SO THICK AND CREAMY!
THEY'RE MORE WONDERFUL THAN YOU THINK. THEY SAVE SCRUBBING


THEY WOULDN'T SAVE ME FROM SCRUBBING. MY BOYS GET THEIR CLOTHES BLACK AS COAL
RINSO GETS MY CHILDREN'S ROMPERS LIKE NEW! IT SOAKS OUT THE DIRT


YOU DON'T SAY! I MUST TRY IT
I USE RINSO FOR EVERYTHING. THERE'S NOTHING LIKE ITS RICH SUDS FOR DISHES
Rinso
The Granulated soap
soaks clothes whiter
C. A. Voight

AND Who else wants a whiter wash

• ...with no hard work?

THEN throw away your washboard today! Don't be a washday slave. For now you can *soak* clothes cleaner, snowier, whiter than you could ever *scrub* them.

The secret of this work-saving magic is Rinso—the famous granulated soap. Rinso's thick, lasting suds soak out every speck of dirt—spare the clothes—save your strength.

Mrs. James Nelson of Trenton, N. J. says: "I like the way Rinso whips instantly into a lot of thick, lively suds."

And—"It gets clothes the whitest white imaginable," writes Mrs. R. W. Dennis of Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

Saves you money, too

Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps. And even in the hardest water you need no softeners, chips or bar soaps. Any water becomes soft as rain when you use Rinso. Clothes stay new much longer this way, too. The makers of 40 famous washing machines recommend Rinso. Get the big household package.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

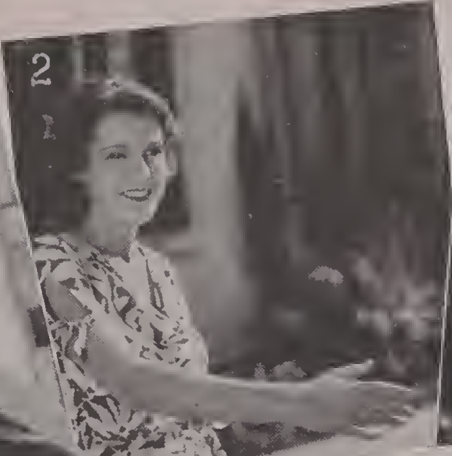
SAFE for your finest cottons and linens—white or colors

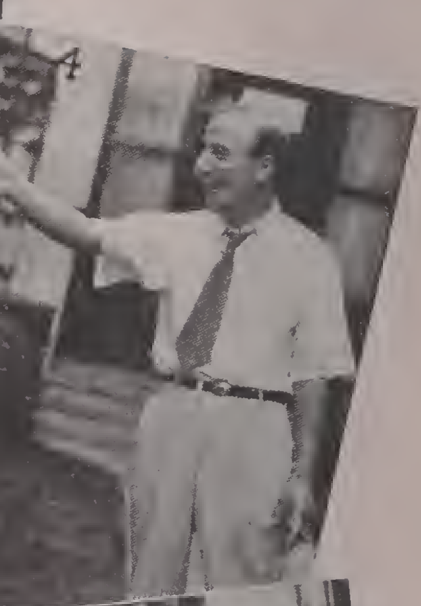
TUNE IN on Rinso Talkies "What Happened to Jane". Tues. & Thurs. 5:30 p.m., E.S.T. over the WEAF network.

Rinso
The Granulated soap

Millions use Rinso for whiter washes in tub or machine

Millions also use it for dishes, floors and all cleaning





10
M. W. HAINES

The Movie Stars Welcome Movie Mirror

They posed for these special pictures greeting us

1. *William Bakewell*; 2. *Frances Dee*; 3. *Judith Wood*; 4. *Jimmy Durante*; 5. *Lilyan Tashman*; 6. *Dorothy Jordan*; 7. *Clark Gable*; 8. *Jean Hersholt*; 9. *Charles Rogers*; 10. *William Haines*; 11. *Joan Crawford*; 12. *Leila Hyams*; 13. *Clive Brook*; 14. *Miriam Hopkins and Regis Toomey*

Movie Mirror

FILMLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE

THIS is the very first issue of Movie Mirror.

In it we feel just a little shy about admitting we have a Purpose. But we really have.

Movie Mirror—and its twin publication Love Mirror—herewith launch themselves in one thousand, three hundred and forty-eight department stores throughout America. Eleven million, four hundred thousand women make a purchase—and generally a whole bunch of purchases—in these stores at least once a week. Which is, you must admit, a lot of women buying a lot of things, and a pretty marvelous public for any publication.

Movie Mirror also hopes to represent the viewpoint of a large share of the movie-going public. It dares believe that it represents its viewpoint, since all the people concerned with getting this magazine together are such movie fans themselves. There isn't one of us who wouldn't rather see Garbo's profile once a month than the Taj Mahal by moonlight every night. And we think that is the way most people feel about Garbo or Joan Crawford or Gary Cooper or any number of stars.

Still, if Movie Mirror only represents the viewpoint of a smaller section of the picture public, it can get along. For there never was so great a public since the world began.

Do you know how many consistent movie fans there are in the United States alone? There are between seventy-five to one hundred and fifteen millions of us stepping up to the box-offices of some twenty-three thousand theatres once a week. And if fifty million Frenchmen can't be wrong in one song, we don't believe that one hundred million Americans can be wrong in one week.

Still and for all, there are a bunch of tedious people going around, patronizing us, doing what they call "debunking Hollywood," saying entertainment isn't enough, and that we should all be more interested in Art and Education than in the screened search for young love, beauty and happiness.

Which brings us to Movie Mirror's purpose. (We're going to talk about it just this once and never mention it again, we promise).

We're here to let you know that Hollywood is just as glamorous a place as you think it. We won't, of course, tell you that it is all love and roses and that all the stars are little angels—for it's much too real a place, filled with much too vivid people for that to be true. But we want to bring you the laughter—and the occasional tears—of Hollywood. We want to take you into a town where more than the average number of dreams come true. We want to bring you Hollywood's youth and high courage, its vigorous ambition, its inspiring enthusiasm.

Once in a while we'll do some knocking. We'd like to do a little knocking right now at producers who are giving us a lot of young stars we've never heard of and neglecting the older stars whom we long to see. Either way, we'll give you stories of both groups—the young stars and the older ones. We'll give you, too, stories of the movies themselves, of how they are made, and of the people who make them. We'll give you stories, from time to time, of the newsreels and such things. We're going to try very hard to give you one of the finest magazines about movies ever published. And if you only get half as much fun from reading it as we do from writing it, we'll all have a grand time.

That, new readers, is Movie Mirror's Purpose—and oh, how we do hope you like it!

Ruth Waterbury

Editor

Thomas Meighan never lets obstacles defeat him. When years ago, Paramount refused to make him a star, Tommy borrowed money enough to make "The Miracle Man" and became a star overnight. The leading lady was Betty Compson

The Man Who COULDN'T RETIRE

Tommy Meighan discovered that working hard at the job you love is the greatest fun in the world

By

HARRIET PARSONS

TWO years ago a man who had worked hard for over a quarter of a century retired. He had risen to the top of his profession, made a comfortable fortune—and so, though he was still young—he decided to take a permanent vacation. Not such a startling fact. Many a business man retires young nowadays to enjoy the fruits of his labor while he is still full of the joy of living. No—not such a startling fact unless you know that the man's name is Thomas Meighan.

Tommy Meighan had served his public and himself well. As leading man and as star of stage and screen he had given everything of talent and of energy that he possessed. And so after nearly three decades of trouping he felt that he was entitled to a rest. The glamour of headlines and the thrill of seeing his name in lights had worn off. He was not tired and he knew he still had much to offer—but Tommy figured that was a wise time to quit. Retire before the public gets tired of you was his maxim.

It never occurred to him that life without work would be "stale, flat and unprofitable." Or if it did he laughed it off. The world was full of interesting things and places—and above all, people. Tommy loves people; especially vital, interesting, stimulating people. And because he is himself an alive, dynamic person he has had the faculty all his life of attracting men and women of the highest calibre.

Thomas Meighan numbers among his friends more celebrated men and women than any other individual who comes to my mind. Nor are they simply acquaintances—they are loyal and devoted friends in the truest sense of the word. And they come from all walks of life.

To retire while you're still young, you have to be without ambition. And while he's a very rich man, Tommy is still as ambitious as a kid at Christmas time. That's why he simply had to come back to the screen. This scene is from "Young Sinners"

There are bank presidents and politicians, stage stars and novelists, painters and publishers. Booth Tarkington, George Ade, Warden Lawes of Sing Sing—scores of others—are his intimates. They recognize him for what he is—a man of great charm and high integrity, loyal, generous and understanding.

AND so, with such friends as these, with enough money to make life's diverse means of enjoyment accessible, and with an adored wife as his companion, how could Tommy dream that life would ever be dull? He embarked on the venture of being a man of leisure with the same determination to succeed which has characterized him in all his other ventures. And that is no way to go about being a playboy. It takes a very special talent to be idle gracefully. You can't work at it.

For one thing, you have to be born without ambition. And Tommy Meighan is as ambitious as a kid at Christmas time. He belongs to the determined, hard-working Irish—not the lazy roistering sons of Erin. He enjoys a good time as only an Irishman can, but when that good time is over he likes a job to go back to. He is an actor by profession—and a good one—but at heart he is a business man.

Essentially a doer, a man of action, it did not take Tommy long to weary of vacationing. He missed his work—and he missed it badly. Not with the sentimental longing of a once-famous actor for the footlights, but with the honest need of an active man for the work he loves and understands. Men of Tommy's type need the driving pressure of daily toil—mental toil. Getting things done, making decisions—that's the stuff of life to them. It doesn't matter whether it's a decision to buy a thousand shares of a certain stock or to play a rôle a certain way.

It was this need of work plus one other factor which brought Thomas Meighan back to the screen. That other factor was his friends. Not that they didn't stick to him once he was no longer a prominent film name. But they were active men of affairs, taking part in the world's work. Tommy wasn't. He was out of the swim. And he felt it keenly. When he sat in on a conversation between busy men who were engaged daily in following their careers, he felt left out. It seemed to him that he no longer had anything to offer to such discussions. He was an idler—and he sat back abashed and silent.

And that is why Tommy came back to the screen. That is why when Fox begged him to play the important rôle of the trainer in "Young Sinners" he accepted, though he had been deaf to all such propositions for two years.

UNDER his present agreement with Fox he will make four pictures. And if you fans respond he will remain on the screen. He is not sentimental about his comeback, however. He says—and means it—that he would not care if he never (*Continued on page* 116)

THREE GOOD LITTLE GIRLS

Jean Arthur

Fay Wray

Mary Brian

Does it *Pay*

By DORA

WHY were Mary Brian, Fay Wray and Jean Arthur released by Paramount?

They were exceptionally good little girls—all three of them.

Maybe that was why!

We all hear about good girls and the virtuous women that men want to marry—after they've finished playing around with the other kind—but if I have a faint doubt about its working out, either in real life or on the screen, you'll have to admit I have good cause.

Little Susie writes in to the lovelorn column that all her friends are popular because they go in for kissing and petting; that she never gets a date because she doesn't. And the lovelorn adviser writes right back saying she ought to wait and save her kisses for the right man and he'll be around by and by. But, of course, if Susie waits and stays at home nights she never meets him, or anyone else for that matter.

And on the screen Dietrich, Chatterton, Garbo and Constance Bennett play a group of sophisticated women and are successful, whereas the Fay Wrays who play sweet, innocent girls are not.

Does it pay to be good?

Mary Brian was known as the sweetheart of the Paramount lot. She was kind to everybody, including the electricians and prop boys. She never stole another girl's man in her life. Even women adored her.

Yet Paramount let her go.

Fay Wray might have been the girl you know next door. The kind of girl you'd like to have your brother or your son marry. The kind to whom no scandal ever attaches.

PARAMOUNT was worried about her. They sensed the fact that while she was pretty she wasn't alluring or different. Some people might even call her insipid. So every year they sent out publicity notices saying that Fay Wray had changed. "Just wait till you see her new picture!" they breathed. "She isn't just a sweet child any more. She's brilliant, fiery, different!" Showing that Paramount knew what it was all about. But so did the fans. They were never fooled when Paramount tried to give Fay Wray a glamour she didn't possess.

Jean Arthur tried a different tack. Virtuous she looked and virtuous she would be. The only time she ever really got the limelight was when she played Clara Bow's mean, selfish sister in "The Saturday Night Kid." She wasn't a good girl then! The critics said she stole the picture!

But she didn't learn anything from that. She didn't learn that the public is bored with sweet girls. She had been married once to Julian Ancker and her marriage had been annulled. She didn't want to talk much about it to interviewers. It might be harmful publicity.

Instead her prepared publicity read:

"Jean Arthur says, 'I want a farm with a big, rambling old house. I want a cow and at least one

to Be Good?

ALBERT

each of every other domestic animal.' She is that sort of person."

IT IS just too bad that the public doesn't like that sort of person. Just imagine Constance Bennett settling down on a farm—a female half-portion Noah—with nothing but a set of domestic animals for company! Or the exciting Dietrich milking a cow! It just isn't done. But poor Jean Arthur thought it paid to be good!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which knows its vegetables, wants to protect Joan Crawford from that sort of publicity. They feel that there's been too much of this gooey stuff about the reform of a dancing daughter and Joan being a model wife who knits hooked rugs. So in their latest pictures of her they're making Joan very, very pashy. They're showing her writhing like a serpent, with her hair ringed in Medusa-like curls around her head, and her fair skin revealed by the temptress-like dresses she wears. She's a riot; she's seductive; she's dangerous. She out-sirens Harlow. She out-sexes Dietrich. No doubt she's still a model wife. But Metro will see to it that she doesn't look like one.

Unless an actress is different from the ordinary type of leading lady, she gets the air after a few years. The explanation that went the rounds about Mary Brian, Fay Wray and Jean Arthur was that it wasn't worth while for Paramount to renew their options. The same thing may later happen to Anita Page and to Dorothy Jordan at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Each year under options their salaries increase. They are worth the increased salaries only if they can become stars. Mary Brian and the other actresses let out by Paramount didn't have the spark in them that would permit them to develop into stars. So, because they weren't Dietrichs or Chattertons or Garbos, because they were just nice girls like the ones you know, they really weren't worth keeping. Paramount could get three unfledged Fay Wrays for the price of one.

FAY WRAY first made a hit in "The Wedding March," in which she played an innocent girl who succumbed to the wiles of a sophisticated man. She gave the part an emotional poignancy that made people rave over her. But she has never lived up to that first promise. She keeps on playing sweet, innocent girls, and they are all pretty dull.

There's just one girl on the screen who's been able to get away with being good. Janet Gaynor. And there is only one reason why she has been able to do so. There is about her the glamour and freshness of a day in spring. She makes people think of the dew on the grass in the morning and of first love and of nature hushed and beautiful and silent. I know I'm being mushy, but that's the way Janet Gaynor makes you feel.

The other sweet heroines of the screen, like Mary Brian, are just pretty girls dressed up for a party. Janet Gaynor would be appealing even in rags. There is the quality of a waif about her. She makes men long to protect her.

Whether or not she was ever in love with Charles

THREE BIG BAD GIRLS

Ruth Chatterton

Clara Bow

Greta Garbo

Farrell, there was something idyllic about what appeared to be their romance. And her marriage with Lydell Peck, followed by Charles Farrell's marriage to Virginia Valli some time later, left the fans wondering whether Janet had been hurt and her heart bruised.

But if she were ever to be involved in a real scandal, it would take something from her, rob her of more than a little of her glamour.

Here is one of those exceptional cases where it pays to be good. If a star can make goodness glamorous, she must keep on being good to retain that glamour.

CLARA BOW is just the opposite. She must keep on being naughty, although her naughtiness is no longer the glamorous thing it was. It is becoming pitiful now.

Janet Gaynor, the only actress who gets away with being good. How does she do it? The other good little girls in Hollywood are like pretty young girls you might meet at a party. Janet Gaynor would be appealing in rags. She makes goodness glamorous. She has the same waif quality that Mary Pickford used to have. Men will always want to protect her. There is a lump in your throat when you watch Janet Gaynor

Don't think, though, that it was Clara's scrapes that led to her losing her contract with Paramount. It wasn't even so much her illness as it was her rôle in "Kick In." Regis Toomey was supposed to be an ex-convict in that picture. Clara Bow was his loyal and devoted wife. She had nothing to do but to go around inspiring him. She wasn't the Clara we knew—the girl with pep, vitality and fire. She was as tame as a pet Pekingese.

Well, the fans rebelled. The box-office reports showed it. Paramount, disappointed with what it had imagined was to be a great dramatic rôle for Clara, let her go shortly after she became ill. So that was what playing a good girl did for Clara!

Look at what happened to Alice White. As someone said, when she became a lady she ceased to be a star.

Marlene Dietrich didn't get where she is by being a lady. First the fans were angered and intrigued when she was brought forth as a rival to Greta Garbo. They saw her in "Morocco" and drew in their horns. From the start of her career she played women who were all, all bad. There was a lot of emphasis placed on her legs.

Now it would have been easy for Paramount to present Marlene Dietrich as a pleasant German *hausfrau* interested only in her husband and little daughter. Instead, it begged her not to mention her daughter at all. If it were not for Marlene Dietrich's own pride in her motherhood, we might to this day think of her as a young girl who had never known the supreme experience of womanhood.

MARLENE DIETRICH has been presented as a woman with an aura of wickedness. Although her husband, Rudolf Sieber, is with her in Hollywood even now, Von Sternberg's divorced wife has filed suit against her. This doesn't seem terribly serious, as Riza Royce von Sternberg was divorced from the director before Marlene entered the picture. Hollywood is intrigued and mystified.

Marlene is supposed to be Garbo's rival. Garbo smiles and says nothing. When Garbo first came to Hollywood she begged for a chance to play good women. How fortunate it was for her that she wasn't coddled in this wish!

Ruth Chatterton is called "The First Lady of the Screen." If she played only ladies, the fans would yawn.

Being mother's darling boy cost Charles Rogers his stardom

Richard Arlen is shunted into Westerns

Instead, she appears as "Anybody's Woman," then goes "Unfaithful," and lives "The Magnificent Lie." About her private life, too, there is the glamour of an unconventional career. Working with Henry Miller on the stage. Leaving him because of a handsome young juvenile, Ralph Forbes. Hints that Henry Miller died of heartbreak. Struggling to make a success of marriage. Storm and difficulties. A separation from her husband. And finally a happy ending, when she and Ralph Forbes, both successful, decided to bury the hatchet.

An actress must live up to her type to succeed. Too much emphasis on sex appeal may become sickening. Too little leaves the actress just a girl like a thousand others.

Men, too, have a deuce of a time getting away with the Boy Scout act. The nice, normal, everyday boys get to a certain point on the screen and then go out like a light.

Take Johnny Mack Brown. He was a typical American boy, fond of fried chicken and football. He was one of the handsomest heroes who ever joined a football team. Hollywood claimed him. He made a hit in "Coquette," with Mary Pickford. He had a cute Southern accent, and that helped.

BUT he wasn't an actor. He wasn't spectacular. He played opposite Joan Crawford in "Montana Moon," and he wasn't good and he wasn't bad. He played "Billy the Kid," and he had the devil of a time trying to appear anything but the nice boy he really was. He played a newspaper reporter in "The Secret Six," but his part seemed very unimportant. There was a boy in that picture who didn't have one-tenth of Johnny Mack Brown's good looks. But he attracted ten times as much attention. You know whom I mean. Clark Gable.

If you compare the careers of Johnny Mack Brown and Clark Gable, you'll find that they answer the question, "Does it pay to be good?"

Clark Gable stormed Hollywood as an extra about six years ago. But his real break came as the tough, hard-boiled gangster in "Dance, Fools, Dance." Joan Crawford gave a swell performance, but Clark Gable dominated the picture. Fans came away raving about him, wondering who he was, where he came from. They bought movie magazines just to find stories and pictures of him in them.

Handsome? Everyone admitted he wasn't that. But there was something about him!

We fans prefer a tough egg like Clark Gable or a fresh egg like Robert Montgomery to the handsomest heroes of the screen, who stand for sweetness and light.

A Southern accent and good looks didn't save Johnny Mack Brown when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer previewed "Torch Song" (later renamed "Laughing Sinners"), and said that Johnny's work was gosh-darn awful, and that all the scenes in which he played would have to be remade with Clark Gable in the part instead.

Now Johnny is doing Westerns for Universal, and in one of them, "Lasca of the Rio Grande," he played second lead to Leo Carrillo, whose sole claim to fame on the screen was his work as

(*Continued on page* 123)

Norma Shearer, who has made sophistication pay at the box-office and pay and pay and pay! She is one of many actresses who have done this. Shearer, however, does it in her own Shearerlike way. Garbo does it through mystery, Clara Bow through sex allure, and Ruth Chatterton by playing naughty ladies. Shearer does it by poise and glitter. Nevertheless, she may go back to being a lady in pictures soon

John Wayne, the discovery of the year, now plays second lead to Buck Jones

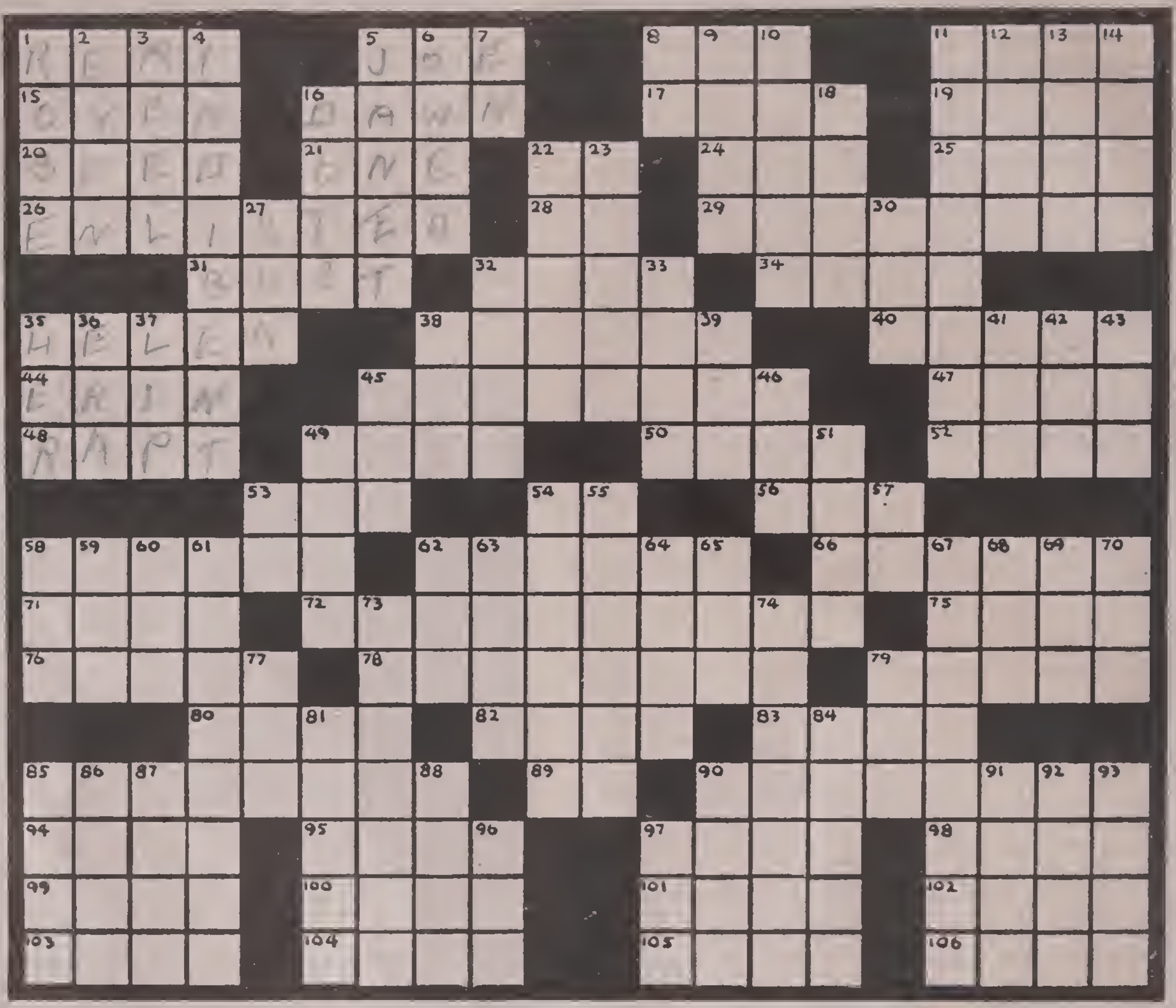
Johnny Mack Brown is playing in Westerns and free-lancing

MOVIE-FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Alma Talley

35 Across

39 Down



22 Down

72 Across

ACROSS

1 South Sea belle in "Tabu."
5 Broadly grinning star of "Broadminded."
8 Queen Morgan in "A Connecticut Yankee."
11 Soaks up.
15 Hot place.
16 "Came the . . ."
17 Soon.
19 The villain's intentions are this.
20 One of John Boles' recent films.
21 A number.
22 No one ever says this to Cecil B. DeMille.
24 Actor's signal to speak.
25 A sleeveless wrap.
26 Joined the army.
28 Conjunction.
29 Painted with shiny paint.
31 Sudden burst of wind.
32 Solo.
34 A grating.
35 Star of "A Woman of Experience."
38 A nut—not the kind in Hollywood.
40 Ate.
44 Maureen O'Sullivan's native land.
45 Dilated.
47 Heroine in the late Fred Thomson films.
48 Enraptured.
49 Evenings preceding holidays.
50 Period of time.
52 Color.
53 You see this in a jungle film.
54 Nearby.
56 Mire.
58 Player of "Dracula."
62 Hopes.
66 You carry this in your first aid kit.
71 Indigo dye.
72 "First Lady of the Screen."
75 Something it doesn't do in Hollywood.
76 Tenet.
78 Barrymore's yacht is this when in harbor.
79 What players sometimes sleep in on location.
80 To slight.
82 Possessive pronoun.
83 Star of "Kismet."
85 Feigns.
89 Railway—abbreviation.
90 The villain is this at end of a gangster picture.
94 Was borne.
95 By force of.
97 Jewelers' system of weights.
98 Star of "One Heavenly Night."
99 Russian film vamp now staging comeback.
100 South African sloth.
101 Burden.
102 Farmer's nickname (if he was christened Ebenezer).
103 Act.
104 Don't throw these at ham actors.
105 Mail.
106 The famous crooner who recently got married.

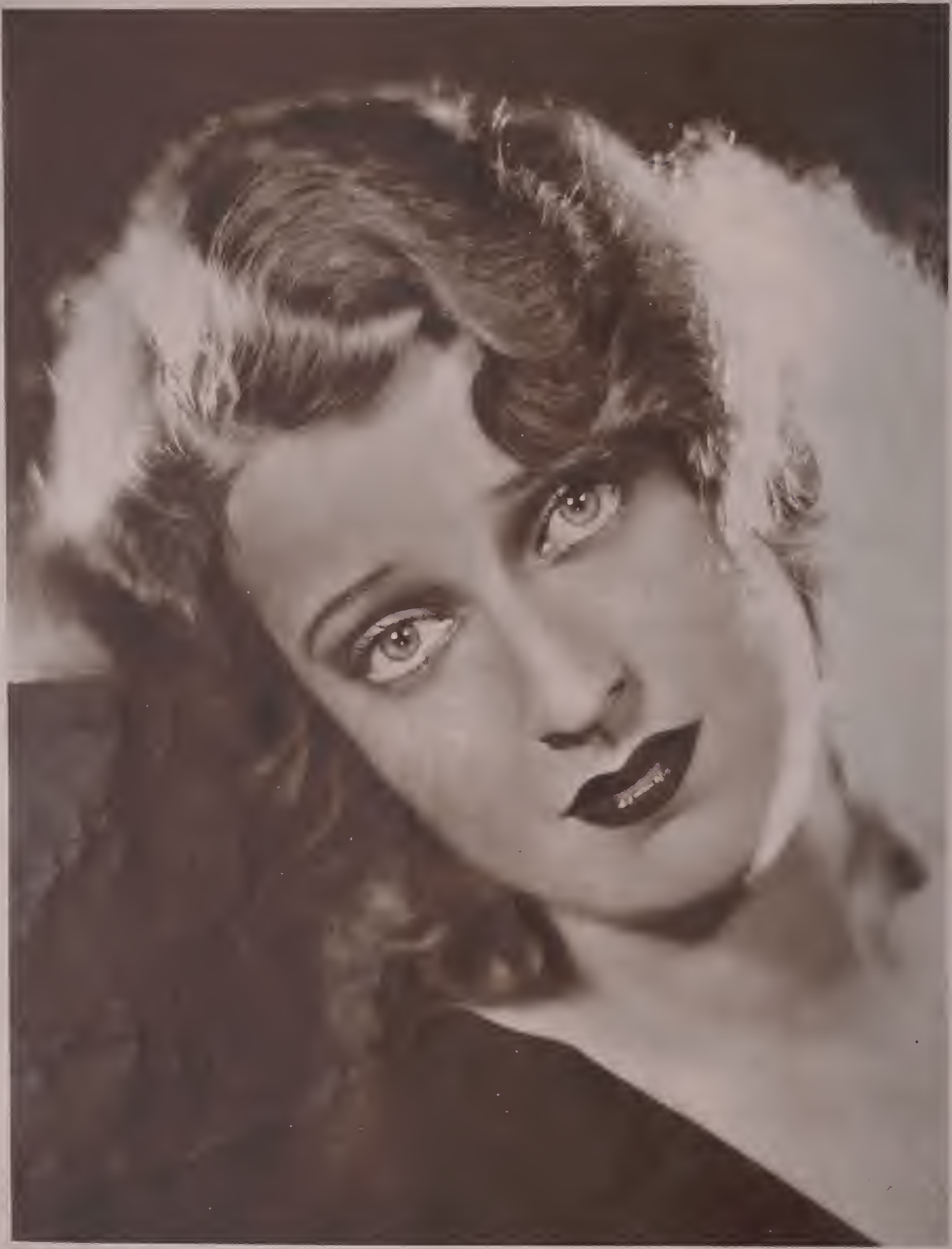
DOWN

1 Abie's Irish girl friend.
2 Level.
3 One section of a movie.
4 Needy.
5 Farrell's film-mate.
6 Was obligated.
7 Printer's measure (half an em).
8 Note of the scale.
9 Formerly.
10 Her mother didn't want her to marry Grant Withers.
11 Withdrawing from.
12 Elliptical.
13 A he-man star often smokes this.
14 A winter vehicle.
16 Periods.
18 Close.
22 Mrs. Irving Thalberg.
23 A constellation.
27 This always shines in Hollywood.
30 Among.
32 A mountain chain.
33 The boy who is often "regusted."
35 Pronoun.
36 Historical period.
37 An actress covers this with rouge.
38 A cutting implement.
39 Girl discovered by Chevalier.
41 Conjunction.
42 Before.
43 One seventh of a week.
45 Lady of the Shrine in "The Gaucho."
46 A water barrier.
49 A spectacular film is called this.
51 Destruction.
53 Since.
54 Mr. Vivian Duncan.
55 Supposition.
57 Perform.
58 Boy.
59 One, in a Spanish version.
60 Old-fashioned carriage.
61 Actress Robert Leonard married.
62 Pale.
63 You get this with poison ivy.
64 Makes mistakes.
65 A feminine saint (abbreviation).
67 Our favorite screen comedienne.
68 Hero in "The Boudoir Diplomat."
69 Insect egg.
70 Printers' measures.
73 Star of "East Lynne."
74 Reeking.
77 A beverage.
79 A male star wears this around his neck.
81 Exaggerated.
84 A rendezvous.
85 To spur.
86 An actor's part.
87 Rim.
88 Jagged point.
90 River in Italy.
91 A recent South Sea film.
92 Looked at.
93 To refute.
96 Contraction of it is.
97 Uppermost point.

The answer to this puzzle—and another new puzzle—will be published in next month's Movie Mirror

GRETA GARBO

THE first picture in a new magazine—it must be Greta Garbo. For Dietrichs may come and Dietrichs may go, but Garbo goes on forever. The mystery of Greta Garbo has been solved a thousand times, and it's still a mystery. Genius always is. In "Susan Lenox" she plays a girl who falls and rises. Her love scenes with Clark Gable are the scorchiest ever. That's because he's the first actor since Gilbert who isn't afraid of her. Remember now—whenever two people are on fire, say they're Garbo-Gableing



JEANETTE MACDONALD

JEANETTE looks serious and no wonder! She's been reported dead. She's been reported shot in the eye by a royal lady. And all the time Jeanette was in Hollywood making "Annabelle's Affairs"! Now she's turning sleuth and making her first trip to Europe to investigate these rumors. Before she left, Hollywood was talking about paying all players according to the parts they played—servants being paid a butler's wages, and so forth. "That's okay with me," said Jeanette. "My specialty is queens!"

NO, THIS isn't a picture of the Nut Brown Maid. It's Miriam Hopkins with a new coat of tan. Her hair is silvery gold. She's a Southern girl from Georgia. Two towns claim her, Savannah and Bainbridge. She was born in Savannah but brought up in Bainbridge. She's now in Hollywood. So is her husband, Austin Parker, the novelist. They've announced their separation. One of her ancestors signed the Declaration of Independence. Miriam Hopkins is now appearing in "Two Kinds of Women"

MIRIAM HOPKINS

This is HOLLYWOOD

Hollywood's Not a Town. It's a State of Mind. It's Mad. It's Glamorous. To Understand Hollywood Read This Gay Story

By MARQUIS BUSBY

HOLLYWOOD isn't a town at all. You can't buy a railway ticket there. You can't find it on the map with your ma's opry glasses. It's part of Los Angeles and Los Angeles is something like the hen that hatched out a duck. Mother Los Angeles, sedate and middle western, and Flapper Daughter, Hollywood, leaving her cigarettes burning on the grand pianny and telling you-know stories. Hollywood, as far as viewpoint is concerned, is 9,000,000 miles from Los Angeles.

If you can bear it, I'm going to repeat. Hollywood isn't a town. It's a state of mind. It's an extravaganza. It's Arabian Nights, unexpurgated. It's a big, expensive set just waiting for someone to come around and change the scenery for the next act.

The skies are always blue. Colors run riot. Palm trees wave, magnificent motors tear up and down the boulevard, and the dressmakers have a heckuva time collecting for those frou-frou frocks.

It never seems real for a minute. But it's grand. And it is never dull unless you take too big a dose. Hollywood gets in the blood like malaria and no one looks sadder than a movie star who has been a long time away from Never-Never land. Everyone pats everyone else on the back, and everyone knows he's good.

A walk down Hollywood Boulevard is bigger and better than the biggest show on earth. Keep your eyes open. You'll see these things: A live, honest-to-gosh lion riding in the tonneau of a touring car, and pretty bored with the whole business. An extra girl in a broken-down Ford, and another extra dressed in elaborate evening attire, walking while the sun beams down on her paste jewels and platinum hair. You'll see a dog fight in front of the Montmartre and an Indian in golf knickers, with a braid of hair hanging down his back.

A GIRL goes by who looks like Garbo and isn't. A girl goes by who doesn't look like Garbo and is. Garbo wearing disreputable tweeds and passing unnoticed. No small feat that, for a movie fan would recognize most actresses in the middle of the Gobi desert.

Things happen in Hollywood that have never happened elsewhere outside of books—Elinor Glyn works included. It's fabulous, fantastic, but it's Hollywood.

Solid gold tiles are distributed about in the Tom Mix swimming pool. In fact, Tom is the soul of Hollywood—the spirit of its circus. There are lots of stories about Tom—his white, and plum colored evening clothes; the time he drove to the swell wedding in a coach and four; the swanky wedding supper where the host screamed frantically at the lady who was cutting into a luscious turkey.

"Don't cut that, f'heaven's sake. It has to go back to the cafeteria."

Beverly Hills people complain because they can't sleep late in the mornings. The peacocks awaken them. Peacocks! Whoops!

Then consider Beverly's trick mansions. A Spanish hacienda snuggling up to a Southern Colonial house. A Georgian manor looking askance at something which resembles King Tut's tomb. The grandiose Grauman architecture. The Chinese Theater, and the sad-faced English author who wanted to know when it went off.

And the premières, those startling openings of pictures which may die overnight. Miles of Rolls-Royces. Yards of satin. Gallons of French perfume. Gardens of orchids. Bushels of diamonds and pearls. Enough ermine pelts to cover the nakedness of the entire Stone Age. Lights. Thousands of lights sweeping the skies. The famous remark which grew out of the myriad of searchlights——

"Just a Hollywood mother putting out a light for her wandering boy."

The lavish practical joker who left his car as a tip for the doorman at the theater. And the most beautiful faces and legs in the world.

Just Hollywood!

You could write forever about the personalities. There is La Belle Swanson, Gloria, the ex-Marquise de la Falaise: the ex-Mrs. Somborn: the ex-Mrs. Wallace Beery. The boys, Wally, and Herb Somborn, and Hank, the Marquis, all call each other brother-in-law. Gloria is fabulous, and more interesting than the last chapter of a Van Dine thriller.

TAKE the story about Gloria's patio in her Beverly Hills castle. It had to be finished for a garden party. Day and night shifts of workmen toiled away. One night the sand ran out, and there wasn't enough cement to finish. A whole fleet of taxicabs were chartered to drive to the beach and carry back the golden sands of California. Figure the cost for yourself. Then think of the time Gloria was stony broke and chartered a private car to return to Hollywood from New York with the borrowed money.

Even the paupers are magnificent. A once great star rides in a limousine, borrows money for gas, and owes his chauffeur three months' wages.

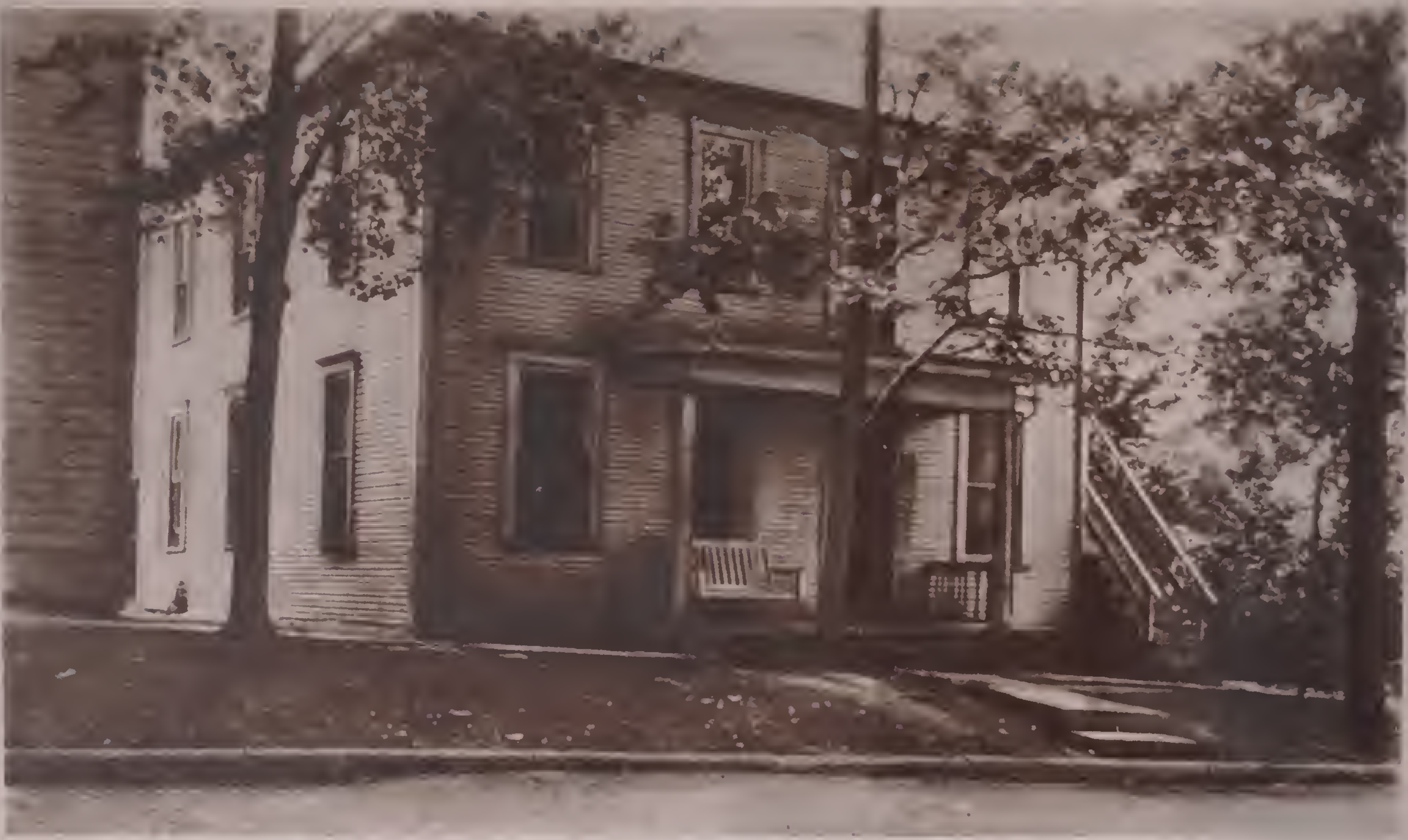
There was the star that gave the grandest party of all. It cost $25,000. The next morning's papers carried the story of his bankruptcy.

George Bancroft, big he-man with hair on his chest, has himself waked up by a crushed orange being waved gently back and forth under his nose. The same man eats a delicate lunch of raw chopped beef, chopped onions and raw eggs. At least it's contrast.

HOLLYWOOD can't be true, but it is. There are the movie stars' houses. The moonlight flood which gives romance to the dining room of Chester Morris. A movie library in another star's residence. The bookshelf swings out and there is the cutest bar you've ever seen. It boasts the Harvard classics, a Kipling set, and a complete collection of Michael Arlen. The Michael Arlens look well read. And you've probably heard of Lupe Velez's famous library with just a stuffed owl in it. There's a bust of John Barrymore in the living room of John's house with the profile turned toward the room.

(*Continued on page* 112)

HOLLYWOOD. Little homes snuggle in the valleys. Movie palaces climb the hills. That's Ann Harding's castle up there on the highest peak. Wealth and starvation walk side by side in Movieland with laughter and tears



I was born in a white frame house on a quiet street in Cadiz, Ohio. While I was still a baby, I lost my mother

The Story of My Life

Clark Gable

As told to Jane Meredith

THIS business of writing a life story certainly gives you an eye-opening view of yourself. The average person goes along year after year, sort of taking things for granted, far more concerned with the future and the present than with the past. Then, when you suddenly sit down to put into words the events of that past, you find yourself looking at yourself with different eyes.

It's a great experience. When you've finished, you understand things much more thoroughly. Events, which at the time of their happening seemed of vast importance, become meaningless. And apparently small things take on a new and deserved consequence.

For instance, I have always been vaguely conscious of a strange feeling of homesickness, of depression, of a queer sadness whenever I have smelled the spicy odor of cooking tomatoes. I never bothered to wonder about it. Then, all of a sudden, while I was talking and thinking about my childhood, I suddenly remembered a dreary, rainy September day, when I sat on a stool in a big farmhouse kitchen while I watched my grandmother stirring a kettle filled with old-fashioned tomato ketchup. I must have been about four at the time and as I sat and listened and smelled the warm, spiced steam from the kettle, my grandmother talked to me.

"You can be as big or as small as you think you are, Clark," she said.

I HAVEN'T thought of that afternoon or those words for years. But now, remembering them, I realize what a deep and lasting impression they made on my consciousness.

There are two kinds of life stories. One is a mere statement of events, set down in the order of their happening. The other is a more or less emotional history. But when you start to talk about yourself, you get confused between the two.

I was born in Cadiz, a small Ohio town, on the first of February. But the first thing I really remember is watching a blinding snow storm through the windows of a Pennsylvania farmhouse. One lone chicken, lost in the snow, was squawking frantically as it tried to find its way back to the coop. I can remember begging my grandfather to bring it into the house.

Both my father and my mother were of German parentage. My mother, Adeline Hershelmen, was born in the very farmhouse in Pennsylvania where I spent the first five years of my life. She had studied art, and I still have sketches and water color paintings, carefully treasured, as a memory of the mother whom I never saw.

My father, William Gable, was an oil contractor, working in the oil fields of Ohio and making his headquarters in Cadiz. I was born in a white frame house on a quiet street of the typically mid-western little town. But Cadiz means to me only the last resting place of my mother, who died seven months after I was born.

DAD sold the white house and took me to the farm of my mother's parents, near Meadville, Pennsylvania. It was a beautiful, rambling old place, running along the shore of Conneaut Lake. My white-haired grandparents spoke German to each other and English to me. They loved me and scolded me, rocked me to sleep and spanked me when necessary, did everything in their power to do the right thing for the only child of their only daughter.

From a call boy at the theatre without salary I gradually drifted into playing lineless parts in a stock company. In a small road company I got two years of experience that I wouldn't trade for a million dollars—though I was often flat broke and didn't know where I was going to eat or sleep

There weren't any little boys near our house, so I grew up without playmates. I followed my grandfather around the farm, sat with my grandmother in the kitchen by the big coal stove, lay on the grass under the maple trees, chased squirrels in the woods behind the house, learned to swim in the cool waters of the lake, hunted for eggs and slid down the warm hay in the big barn. But best of all I liked the cold winter days when the snow was deep on the ground and when my breath made smoke in the air. I can still remember the red cap and mittens which my grandmother knitted for me.

Every Sunday we drove to Meadville to church. Grandfather and grandmother were as strict in their religious duties as they were fair and just to the motherless little boy who had come to live with them.

Then, when I was five years old, father married again. Naturally, he wanted me to live with him in his new home. And my grandparents agreed with him. I shall never forget the day when Dad came to get me. It had been very exciting, packing my clothes and my toys and saying good-bye to the farm. But, when the moment for saying good-bye to grandmother came, all the excitement left me. I didn't want to go. I clung to her and begged Dad to let me stay with her. I shall always see my grandmother as she stood against the white pickets of the fence by the road, waving to me while grandfather drove us to the station.

I LIKED my new mother the very minute I saw her. She was so young and so pretty and so sweet. She knew just the right way to treat a homesick little boy. No real mother could have been kinder or more affectionate and understanding than she was to me. I never thought of her as a stepmother. She was just Mother.

My new home was in the little town of Hopedale, Ohio, a village of five hundred people. There, for the first time, I learned to play with other little boys. My best friends were Holly and Tommy. We grew up together, sharing each other's troubles and fun.

I started to go to school when I was six years old. Every summer during vacation time, Mother took me back to Pennsylvania to visit my grandmother. One year we took Holly and Tommy with us, and what a time we had on the farm!

When I was eight years old I had firmly decided to be a doctor. One day, playing in the street, I had been run over by a heavy-wheeled wagon and my head was badly cut. The family physician and I became great friends during his daily visits. There was so much exciting mystery about him and the little black bag, with all its bottles of pills and its sharp instruments. Mother and the doctor agreed with me that it would be a wonderful profession. To study medicine was my one all-absorbing ambition until the stage bug crept into my blood.

I was always large and sort of awkward, but I was fairly good at athletics. When I was in the eighth grade they allowed me to play on the high school football team. There weren't any conference rules in Hopedale. Both the grammar school and the high school were small, so I played on all the teams, baseball, football, basketball and track.

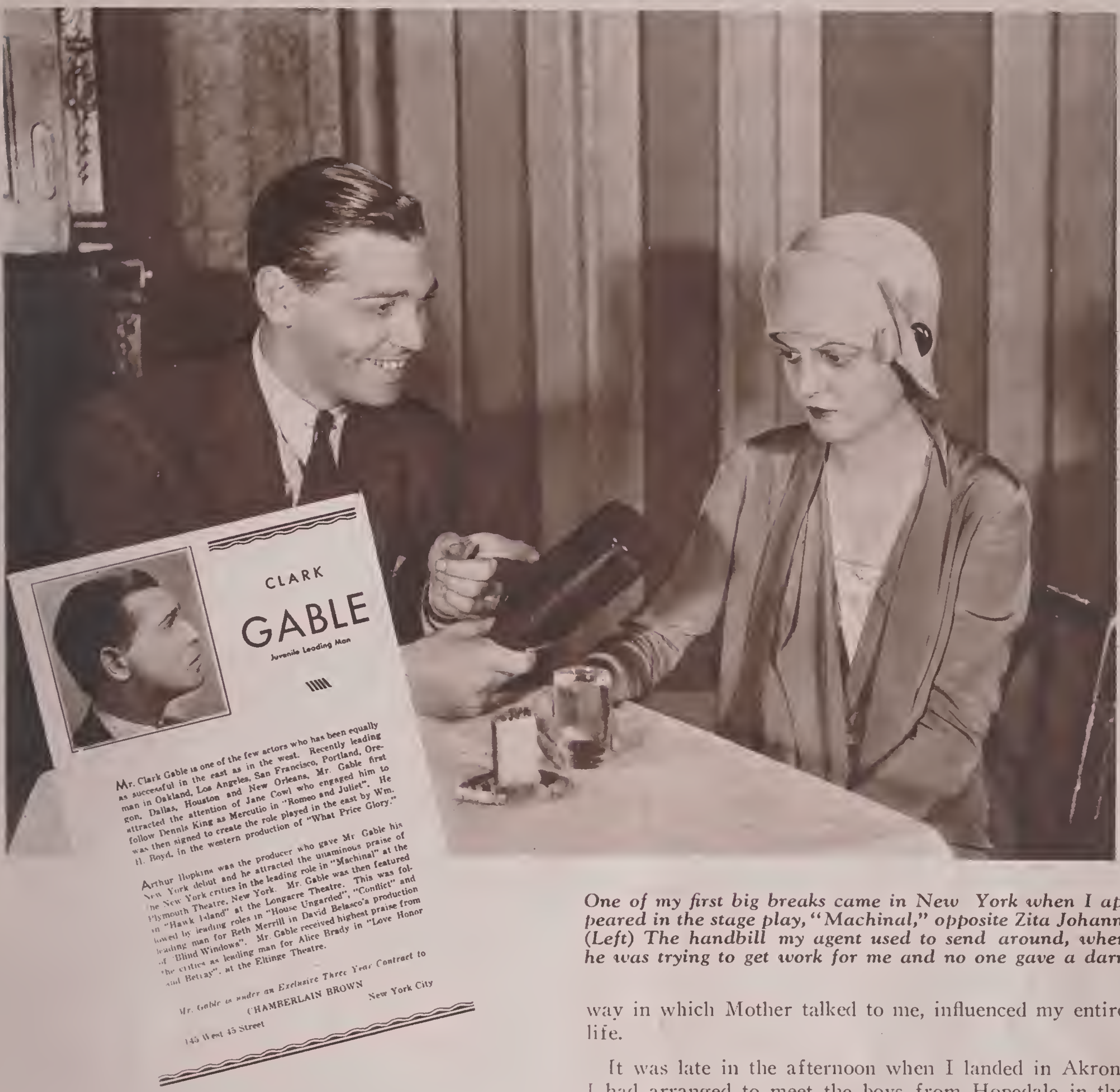
School was all right, but I was never particularly crazy about it. I guess that I wasn't much of a student. Mathematics was always hard for me, but I liked languages and history. I was a pretty average student.

AS a social light, I didn't shine very brightly. I was an awkward, over-grown boy who was never quite sure what to do with his hands and his feet. I liked girls, but I was afraid of them. I used to envy the boys who could walk up to them and laugh and talk without blushing and stammering.

I guess that I never was what you would call a "good mixer." I always had two or three close, intimate friends, and I'd rather spend my time with them than with a whole gang. And always I had a crush on some one girl. Most of the time no one knew it, least of all the girl, herself.

During my junior year in high school Dad decided to

"You can be as big or as small as you think you are," my grandmother once said to me. I wonder if she ever realized how much her words influenced my life!



CLARK

GABLE

Juvenile Leading Man

Mr. Clark Gable is one of the few actors who has been equally as successful in the east as in the west. Recently leading man in Oakland, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Oregon, Dallas, Houston and New Orleans. Mr. Gable first attracted the attention of Jane Cowl who engaged him to follow Dennis King as Mercutio in "Romeo and Juliet". He was then signed to create the role played in the east by Wm. H. Boyd, in the western production of "What Price Glory."

Arthur Hopkins was the producer who gave Mr Gable his New York debut and he attracted the unaminous praise of the New York critics in the leading role in "Machinal" at the Plymouth Theatre, New York. Mr. Gable was then featured in "Hawk Island" at the Longacre Theatre. This was followed by leading roles in "House Ungarded", "Conflict" and leading man for Beth Merrill in David Belasco's production of "Blind Windows". Mr. Gable received highest praise from the critics as leading man for Alice Brady in "Love Honor and Betray", at the Eltinge Theatre.

Mr. Gable is under an Exclusive Three Year Contract to

CHAMBERLAIN BROWN

145 West 45 Street

New York City

One of my first big breaks came in New York when I appeared in the stage play, "Machinal," opposite Zita Johann. (Left) The handbill my agent used to send around, when he was trying to get work for me and no one gave a darn

give up the oil business for farming. He bought a peach of a place near Ravenna, Ohio. I hated to leave Hopedale and all the boys, but after a few weeks I was crazy about the farm. Mother liked it, too, and there were lots of things about it which reminded me of the other farm in Pennsylvania.

Dad gave me a Ford to drive the six miles to the high school at Claremont. That was great stuff. On Saturdays I used to drive back to Hopedale to see the old gang. Hopedale High was always more home to me than the Claremont School.

When I was graduated Dad and Mother and I had a long talk. I wanted to go on to school and to study medicine. I certainly had no desire to be a farmer. But I realized that I would have to earn my own way through medical school. With all the enthusiasm of sixteen I was willing and anxious to tackle anything, and earning my way through school seemed a very simple matter.

FINALLY, I persuaded the folks to let me go to Akron to get a job. Two boys from Hopedale were planning to do the same thing and we decided to go together. I shall never forget the long talk Mother and I had that last day at home while we packed my clothes. The advice which she gave me, the simple, understanding way in which Mother talked to me, influenced my entire life.

It was late in the afternoon when I landed in Akron. I had arranged to meet the boys from Hopedale in the station. My train reached there an hour before they arrived. That hour in that strange station was one of the longest of my life. After all, I was only sixteen and it was my first trip all alone away from home.

The three of us found rooms at the hotel and spent the evening wandering around the town. Not one of us would confess to the others that he was scared to death. It had been easy and thrilling to talk about going out on our own, but it was a pretty serious business to be there.

The next day I got a job as a timekeeper in a big rubber factory. The other boys found similar work and we all left the hotel for rooms in private families. I let every one think that I was twenty years old, and I earned the huge salary of one hundred dollars a month. That was the largest salary I was to earn for many a year.

I hadn't forgotten my plan to study medicine and I enrolled immediately in the night school of the University of Akron, taking pre-med courses. It was our plan to go to night school until we had saved enough money to enter the regular university classes.

At that time Akron boasted a very popular stock company. Every week, when I did not have classes in the evening, I went to the theatre. (*Continued on page* 120)

MARLENE DIETRICH

HOLLYWOOD'S Other Mystery Woman. She has the most lyric legs ever revealed—and doesn't care. She is being sued by a jealous woman—and isn't talking. Her blond husband, Rudolf Sieber, and her little daughter, Maria, are now with her in this country—and that is very important to her. She is a strange and lovely creature, a positive personality, and you will find the finest story ever written about her on the opposite page

Off-screen Marlene, the Mother and Wife. On-screen Dietrich, the siren and destroyer of men. Which is the real woman, which the actress? That is her beloved little daughter, Maria, between Marlene and her husband, Rudolf Sieber. Von Sternberg, Marlene's discoverer, is the other man

DIETRICH—Woman of Contrasts

By
SARA
HAMILTON

MARLENE DIETRICH has six faint freckles across the bridge of her nose and a habit of squirting lightly scented toilet water all over everything.

Especially when she's slightly agitated. She is never agitated more than slightly.

She possesses a stout Teutonic calm that's beyond belief. She never gurgles or bubbles. She's seldom animated. She's just calm.

Calm in her happiness. Calm in her wretchedness.

Her two legs are known from Siam to Lapland. Which amazes and amuses the lady no end.

She simply states her type of rôles demands legs and what of it and how's your uncle.

She never posed once for a leg picture in the gallery of the studio. Which is more than most movie stars can boast.

As a matter of fact, she seems entirely unconscious of their allure. (The legs, I mean.)

She sits on people's desks with her feet on people's chairs and twists and turns those legs into as awkward positions as possible. She is totally unaware of their dynamic existence. Off the screen, that is.

And hats bore her to death.

She wears one just so long. Then off it comes. No matter where.

For instance, if Marlene feels the urge to remove her hat at a formal luncheon at the exclusive Embassy, off it comes. And let who will be horror struck. She simply isn't bothered.

She never pats or pets her hair in place. She yanks it violently backward with a swift jerk. It stays yanked for hours. And looks gorgeous. In strange contrast to the passive (*Continued on page* 127)

ROBERT MONTGOMERY

IT has taken Bob Montgomery just two years to step into stardom. Maybe that's because he can not only act but think, can not only read but write. He does everything with a flair. He is one of Hollywood's best tennis players and sings a hot tenor. His closest friend is Robert Williams, the Pathé player. His favorite book is Donn Byrne's "Messer Marco Polo." Since "The Man in Possession" his salary has jumped from $750 to $2,500 and he bought a new car to celebrate. His next is "Private Lives," with Norma Shearer

HURRELL

Inside Stuff

Contracts? Bah!

What is this . . . an epidemic?

Barbara Stanwyck walks out on Columbia's "Forbidden," just as they are ready to shoot. Says Barbara: "No more pictures until there is more money for Stanwyck."

Columbia says: "The contract stands as is." And they are both being stubborn about it.

Then along comes the case of James Cagney. He said he was not going to work for Warners unless they paid him more than his contract specified. Warners were feeling a little hurt, and quite a little mad about it. They blamed Jimmy's new manager for all the trouble. And said they would stand pat. With the backing, it is reported, of the executive of one of the other major studios, who had offered to lend Warners THE ace player of his studio to replace Cagney, in hopes of teaching Jimmy a lesson. But Jimmy finally agreed to be good.

. . . And then Nancy Carroll refused to play the lead in Paramount's "The Man I Killed." Not, she is said to have made plain, for monetary reasons, but because she insisted on having star billing, and declined to share it with Phil Holmes. Peace was finally declared.

A lot of hungry extras look on and wonder how They get that way.

Private-Life Note:

Ruth Chatterton, who off screen is the wife of Ralph Forbes, is always addressed as "Mrs. Forbes" in her home. Even her servants are so instructed, when they are taken into employment.

Miss Chatterton (beg pardon, Mrs. Forbes) doing a little finger-snapping at the Lucy Stoners.

Colman No. 2?

It seems that a young Englishman, Laurence Olivier, (and that second "i" is not a typographical error) is causing quite a stir.

Coming direct from the stage to pictures, he is said to possess the same charm that has made Ronald Colman one of the best box-office bets. It's just a tip. For this can't be all press-agenting. There must be something this young man has, and if it is a Colmanish something, it will do him no harm. He is to be Pola Negri's leading man in "A Woman Commands."

Dat Ol' Babble Sea

Go to Europe if you will, but you need not think you won't have talkies en route. Three of the largest transatlantic liners have just installed talking picture equipment.

It's Too, Too, Much!

Are you a Jean Harlow fan? If you are, you can just go into a nice quiet corner and have a good cry.

The Harlow has gone LADY! And it seems nothing can be done about it.

You'll see those hips tightly swathed in slinky satin no longer. Jean's gowns are fitted, still, but not SO fitted as you have seen.

And as for her neck-line—well, it is just too bad! Demure, modest necks only are to be worn in the future, replacing those very décolletté décollettés by which you have viewed so much epidermis.

And so another two Hollywood institutions go poof!

"VALENTINO THE NEW" is the label
That the press agents hang on Clark Gable;
That's praise high enough——
But it's really quite tough
To fill Rudy's place. Is Clark able?

Three-Heart Bid

This Clark Gable vogue is not confined to the fans alone. It's common Hollywood rumor that three of the most important feminine stars on one lot are feeling the Gable lure. One's a blonde; one's a brunette; the other's a red-head. Clark has his choice—IF he wants it.

The Talmadges Rally

Mother (Hollywood knows her as "Peg") of the famous Talmadge trio—Norma, Constance, Natalie—was rushed to the hospital for a major operation.

Norma in Honolulu took the first boat home.

Constance in Europe kept the telephone wires hot getting bulletins.

Operation successful and all is well. With "Peg" at the home of Natalie Talmadge Keaton staging a perfect comeback.

Reids Carry On

Does this make you realize the years are piling up?

The son of Wallace Reid, William Wallace Reid, age 14, is making a series of radio broadcast recordings. Series to typify the things his father succeeded in putting into his early pictures—Youth and Romance.

Mrs. Wallace Reid, looking worn, harassed, is checking the business details.

Inside Stuff

Vode Is the Vogue

Vaudeville tours by screen stars have been all the vogue this summer. But some of Hollywood's Great are glad Lupe Velez is back from hers. The little chile pepper did positively poisonous impersonations of such as Swanson, Chatterton, Garbo.

Fifi Dorsay did a three months' cruise of the two-a-day that netted her just three thousand a week.

Edward G. Robinson sallies forth with some scenes from his pictures which will pay him $5,000 a week.

Bessie Love is doing a song and dance act. Alice White played four weeks in Chicago alone.

Footlight dollars buy just as much as klieglight ones.

Helen Bawls Helen

Helen Hayes knows the difference between stage and screen technique now. And she knows, too, that awful feeling that screen actors suffer when they see themselves on the screen doing a scene poorly—a helpless feeling of being unable to do anything about it.

It was while she was watching her first rushes—a test screening of one of her stage scenes. She sat in the dark projection room and watched as she spoke her line and then turned for a long walk backstage. She had done it often; on the stage it was effective, but on the screen the walk was impossibly long.

Helen sat and watched herself walk—walk—walk. When she could stand it no longer, she leaped to her feet and shrieked at her screen image:

"For Heaven's sake, TURN AROUND!"

Eyes For Me Alone

Olsen and Johnson emerging from a preview of their recent picture.

Olsen to Johnson: "I thought we looked pretty good, didn't you?"

Johnson to Olsen: "Sorry; I didn't see YOU."

Fashion Note

So many film people vacationed in Hawaii this year that the Hawaiian influence dictated a new fad in moviedom. The feminine members of cinema society appear at formal functions with leis of flowers hung around their necks. There were a number of them at the Embassy Club roof recently, Norma Talmadge sponsoring the fad.

And—

Anna May Wong's return introduces a Chinese note into Hollywood styles. Anna May is causing quite a stir at social gatherings. She has acquired great poise and charm, plus a startlingly individual wardrobe peculiarly fitted to her dark beauty.

At a recent première, she was gorgeous in a long Chinese ceremonial robe of cream colored silk, flowers and dragons embroidered on it in gold.

A most international baby comes home. Little Evelyn Asther, daughter of cute Vivian Duncan and Nils Asther, was born in Germany. But her daddy's a Swede and Mother Vivian is an American and little Miss Asther was admitted to the United States under a very special permit. All pretty silly that, says Little Eva

Hickory, Dickery, Doo;
For divorce Mae Murray did sue,
But the world hardly knew it
Before she withdrew it;
O, Hickory, Dickery, Doo!

The Price of Fame

Garbo has moved again. She took Marie Prevost's tree-sheltered bungalow on Camden Drive in Beverly Hills. Sight-seeing buses seldom passed down this street and Greta felt safe. However, it wasn't long before she discovered that street cars passing two blocks away disturbed her night's rest. Despite a year's lease, Garbo forfeited the $750 per month rent, packed her belongings and betook herself to a house on San Vincente Blvd., far back from the road and surrounded by high white-washed walls.

There are street car tracks on San Vincente and it is a favorite thoroughfare for sight-seeing buses bound for Santa Monica. Real estate agents are already scanning their lists of vacancies.

Bone Cracks; Wise Cracks

There was no rehearsal of this scene.

Joan Bennett was on location with "She Wanted a Millionaire" troupe. She was riding a horse. A scene has just been shot, and Joan was riding back for a retake. Suddenly the horse shied, throwing Joan and breaking her hip.

There was confusion in the telephone call to the hospital, and the ambulance was "lost" for two hours trying to find the place.

If you think stars are always high-hat, look at Mrs. Woody in the woods. Oh, sure you know her. She's Helen Twelvetrees when she's all ritzed up and on the set, but here she is, just being a human being, enjoying herself at a simple camp in the High Sierras, with her charming new husband, Frank Woody

During those two hours, members of the company were afraid to move Joan, lest more damage be done. And during those two hours, she lay on the ground, conscious, gamely chatting, wise-cracking.

"She Wanted a Millionaire" has been shelved until Joan can work again, which will probably be very soon. She had to learn to walk all over again.

Such is Gloria

Gloria Swanson's return from her European vacation was halted in Paris for a minor operation and a major romance. Both were successful. Gloria and the children arrived in New York accompanied by Michael Farmer, the dashing young Irishman to whom Marilyn Miller was engaged a short time ago and wedding bells are heard dimly in the offing. Her marriage to the Marquis will be dissolved in November. Gloria stayed in New York just one night and took the train to California to start on her newest picture "Tonight or Never"—the New York stage success.

Who'd Have Believed It?

Edna May (Sniff) Oliver is granted divorce from D. W. Pratt, New York business man.

Hollywood thought she had never married.

But that's the way in Hollywood. You stumble on wives and husbands so unexpectedly.

Greta Greeted

Greta Garbo on a vacation in the high Sierras was serenaded by a group of boys employed at a power plant near the lake island where La Garbo sought rustic seclusion. The boys rented a boat and a phonograph and went about the serenading in a thorough manner.

But whether Greta was afraid they were autograph addicts, or suspected they were hanging around for no good, the boys will never know. They never even got so much as a glimpse of her.

Joel Wins Four Fans

Joel McCrea plunged into the Pacific and rescued two children who had waded out beyond their depth. And then modestly fled before their names were ascertained. It's a cinch there's one family group that won't miss any McCrea pictures from now on.

Husband Makes Good

——and speaking of the Pacific, it has a very nasty undertow that Evelyn Brent can tell you is no laughing matter.

At Malibu, recently, Evelyn swam out, was caught in the tow, and had gone under three times when her hubby, Harry Edwards, reached her and brought her to shore. She was badly bruised and for once in her life pretty well frightened. It took three or four days' rest to straighten her out.

The "Boo" in Malibu

——and to proceed further with this discussion of oceans and beaches, it seems that Malibu is losing its lure—at least for some of the film colony. Ronald Colman, who was one of the Malibu pioneer settlers, now chooses Santa Barbara when he wants a breath of sea air. Reason: says he is NOT snobbish, but likes his privacy and there isn't any of it at Malibu any more.

Colman is not alone in his attitude. Ruth Chatterton, Marilyn Miller, Genevieve Tobin, Helen Hayes prefer Santa Barbara.

Reading left to right, top row, are Mrs. Seiter and Mrs. La Plante. Reading left to right, bottom row, are Mr. Seiter and Miss La Plante, or, bottom row, Mr. and Mrs. Seiter, or top row, Hollywood's favorite mothers-in-law, or—well—work it out for yourself. Anyhow, it's a swell family group and they're all happy

Talking of Love, It Seems—

——that Ina Claire got her divorce from Jack Gilbert, while newshounds and cameramen thronged the judge's chamber. Cause: Jack told her they were temperamentally unsuited and asked her to leave.

——that Lenita Lane announces she will marry Crane Wilbur. Wasn't he the handsome heartbreaker?

——that the Robert Armstrongs couldn't get along, so Bob got a divorce.

——that Lillian Gish was greeted with a gentle kiss from George Jean Nathan when she stepped down the gangplank of the Ile de France on her return from Germany where she underwent treatment for, of all things—heart trouble.

——that the Lawrence Tibbetts have come to the parting of the ways. Quote Grace Tibbett: "Fame and family happiness are not consistent."

——that Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle will wed Addie McPhail. When she gets her final.

——that it may be somebody else with Lupe Velez but it's definitely NOT Gary Cooper any more. Gary admits he asked her to marry him. But she said no.

——that Billie Dove is silent when questioned about possibilities of marriage.

——that under an agreement with his ex-wife, Hoot Gibson will control the education of his seven-year-old daughter.

——that William Wellman ("Wings," "Public Enemy"), will marry Marjorie Crawford, famous aviatrix.

——that Otto Matieson was divorced. Grounds, "Arrogance."

——that neither Connie Bennett nor the Marquis Henri de la ex-Gloria Swanson Falaise will make a definite statement about whether or not they'll marry, but is there a doubt?

——that Sylvia Breamer and Edmund Bohan, business man, are Mr. and Mrs.

——that the Tim McCoys (Westerns) were unmarried at Thermopolis, Wyoming.

——that Mae Clarke denied reports she plans to marry Henry Freulich, cameraman.

——that Lloyd Hamilton saved himself from jail by getting his back alimony payment into court three minutes before deadline.

——that Creighton Hale and Kathleen Bering (society) said their "I do's."

——That Ginger Rogers bemoaned that her husband, E. J. Culpepper, was cruel, unfaithful and habitually drunk, and the judge was sympathetic to the extent of a decree.

——that Grant Withers will not oppose the divorce suit of Loretta Young (co-starred in "Too Young to Marry").

——that Grace Moore ("Jenny Lind") and young Spanish motion-picture actor, Valentine Parara, were married at Cannes, France, with Gloria Swanson, Charlie Chaplin and other celebs present.

——that Peverell Marley says there is no possibility that he and Lina Basquette will ever smooth out their

Gosh, what's Hollywood coming to—bicycles, no less! They've organized a cycling club out at Toluca Lake—the place Dick Arlen and Charlie Farrell put on the map. Every night after working, the club gathers for a wild burst of speed. These charter members are Mr. Arlen, himself, and the wife, Joby Ralston. The broadly smiling he-man in the center is Walter Huston and the other couple are Frances Dee and Phillips (American Tragedy) Holmes

differences and remarry, and that Lina is reported interested in another cameraman anyway.

——that "Finis" has been written to the second marriage of John McCormick. His wife, Renobound, says he still has a Colleen Moore complex.

——that all that sort of thing goes on and on and on and on. . . .

Just a Pair of Ex's

Mary, wife of "Bool" Montana, wrestler and professional screen ugly man, filed suit for divorce on the very same day Ina Claire was getting her decree.

Said Bool: "I guess I ain't no better'n John Gilbert."

Just an Old Custom

Careers may come and careers may go, but here's one institution that goes on forever:

The Reginald Dennys (Bubbles Steiffel) expect the stork and even ventured to set the exact day—October 23.

Neal Burns heralds the arrival of a Neal Junior.

Raymond Griffith is the proud papa of a nine-pound baby boy.

Shirley Mason (Mrs. Sidney Lanfield, sister of Viola Dana) presents a six pound, eight and a half ounce baby girl to the word.

Esther Ralston's baby turned out to be an eight pound, four ounce girl.

What's in a Name?

Thelma Todd may be Alison Lloyd on the United Artists lot, but she's still Thelma Todd to Hal Roach, and he's going to court about it. It happened this way:

Roland West, director of "Corsair," borrowed Thelma for a rôle. It was straight drama, and West wanted her to use a name not associated with such lowlife things as Roach comedies. So he retitled her.

Roach claims she thereby loses publicity and he, holding her contract, loses, too. So Shakespeare's oft-quoted riddle may be answered.

Oh, Hardy is so fat,
And Laurel is so lean—
And so, between them both,
They licked the movie screen.

Chest Jest

Nit: "Why doesn't Platinum Jean catch cold in her chest?"

Wit: "Not a Cough in a Harlow!"

Tonsillectomy Note

Alan Mowbray, English actor who was George Washington in Arliss' "Alexander Hamilton," had his tonsils

Inside Stuff

Jim Kirkwood is staging a comeback in Fox's "She Wanted a Millionaire." All Hollywood is glad. The little boy is Jim's young son. His mother is Lila Lee, you remember

out. When he emerged from the ether the surgeons told him they'd found a freak condition—and found THREE tonsils instead of two.

"You're wrong," said Mowbray. "That wasn't an extra tonsil. That was a lump in my throat when I thought of how much you were going to charge me!"

But They Do Come Back

Lila Lee, looking gloriously fit, sailed with Patsy Ruth Miller for two months in Tahiti. In two months she'll come back to Hollywood—and movies.

Indian Giver?

Jack Dempsey's brother Joe took Estelle Taylor's $15,000 car away from her chauffeur while Estelle was at a Hollywood lawn fête, and the chauffeur had to take a bus home and bring the other car before Estelle could leave.

Estelle says Jack gave her the car last Christmas; that it had her initials on it, and it's hers, that she'll have it back. Or else.

Joe says it's not Estelle's, that it never was, that it belongs to the Barbara Corporation (the name of his and Jack's joint business venture), that Estelle won't get it back.

Jack says nothing.

Collector's Item

Lilyan Tashman is an authority on milk glass. Her house in Beverly Hills contains some beautiful pieces. At one of her parties someone broke a rare and priceless vase. The result was chaos.

A little while ago Lilyan gave another party. Buddy de Sylva arrived with an interesting package, which he presented to Lil with a flourish. The package contained a milk bottle.

Puppy Love

Janet Gaynor has a collie dog which she has named Moki. Just the Honolulu influence.

Good Boy

Ever since Johnny Mack Brown played opposite Mary Pickford in "Coquette" he has been one of her staunchest admirers. A few Sundays ago he was observed coming out of church. He stood at the entrance and waited, looking eagerly at each person who emerged. Finally he was rewarded. Mary Pickford came out, saw Johnny, and a warm greeting took place. Mary's waiting chauffeur was dismissed and Johnny escorted her home. Proud? Oh, my, yes!

What-A-Man

Carmel Myers and a girl friend were discussing their respective husbands.

"My husband talks in his sleep," volunteered Carmel.

"What a break for you," said the g. f.

"Oh, no," said Carmel. "He's smart even when he sleeps."

Sporting Blood

Lois Wilson hit her toe against a chair leg when getting out of bed a few mornings ago and sprained it (her own leg). It was very painful, but Lois hopped around the room holding the injured foot up and repeating, "Oh, I'm a good girl. I didn't even say 'darn'!"

It might be added that Lois was a good sport, too, for she went to the studio and posed for publicity pictures all morning while the injured foot swelled to huge proportions. At noon, after all the pictures had been taken, she went to a doctor.

More Fun

Hollywood is going polo mad. Ricardo Cortez is the latest star to take up the game. He is starting modestly with two polo ponies.

Keeping Fit

Since Mary Astor's illness a year ago she is taking no chances of having a relapse. After each picture, Mary takes a rest. She has taken a house at Toluca Lake, and every morning she takes a ride on horseback around the lake before breakfast.

Good Scents

What do you think is the delight of the property man at Universal? A Georgian dining-room set? A Queen Anne bed? Wrong. His particular pride is a supply of garlic which cost $85. It was purchased for a Slim

Wedding Ring BLUES

What Is Happening to Love in Hollywood? Is It, With Its Blithe Unconventionality About "Engagements," Working Out a Better Marriage Standard?

By CONSTANCE BLAKE

Gary Cooper loved Lupe Velez. Lupe loved her Garee. They told the world. But they never married. And now they both proclaim themselves in love with a couple of other people

IN almost any town anywhere when two people of opposite sexes fall in love they get married. That is, they get married unless there is somebody in the way, like an extra husband or wife. And even then, more likely than not, in this year of 1931, they still get married, after the preliminaries of the special divorce have been gone through.

That is the way most people act in most towns. But not the way they act in Hollywood.

They fall in love in Hollywood. And how! They tell the world about it. And how! They love in the moonlight and they love in the spotlight. They love to the tune of a thousand cameras and two dozen daily syndicated newspaper columns. But do they marry? Not very often.

In Hollywood today the wedding ring is probably less popular than any place else in the country and the Wedding March is just a theme song for the final shot of a seven-reel production. Marriage, in so many instances they are not worth counting, is giving way to the "long engagement," to vague murmurs that "some day if Lew and I get along we will wed" or to the downright frank statement, "We love each other but we would never risk marriage."

I went around asking questions about this and I found out that, contrary to what many people may believe, there is a great deal of idealism

ACME

Jeanette MacDonald and Robert Ritchie are oh, so much in love. They are inseparable. They recently sailed abroad together. Yet they are still dodging the wedding ring

REX BELL is the love of Clara Bow's life. Rex is a grand guy. Right now Clara is on Rex's ranch regaining her health. Rex plainly adores the little It-girl. Both of them are afraid of what a lack of freedom might do to their love

ACME

Eleanor Boardman and King Vidor have had an ideal marriage. But King had to be very persuasive to convince Eleanor she wanted to become just plain Mrs.

Two kids who adore one another—Alice White and Syd Bartlett. Nevertheless, they safeguard their romance from what they regard as the "danger" of permanent ties

ACME

in this attitude and that—believe it or not—the girls have started most of this marriage dodging.

Now everybody knows that marriage is in a very bad state throughout the country. The divorce rate is mounting steadily. Couples don't seem to be happy together for any length of time. There is something wrong with the matrimonial picture in the town I came from, probably in the towns most of you came from, or still live in.

I don't see how anybody can argue but that Hollywood is the most twentieth-century town in existence. Certainly there is nowhere where life goes on at such a terrific pace, where sex is turned out in quantity lots for quantity consumption, where men and women work side by side, draw big incomes with, in most cases, the beautiful young woman having the financial advantage over the handsome young man. To say that Hollywood isn't terrifically affected by this is nonsense.

It is affected by it, but after a lot of observation I'm convinced it's affected in an idealistic, though very different, way.

Romance hangs in the very air of Hollywood. Its days are long, hot and tropical. Its evenings are crystal clear, blue skyed, and cool. You'd think of it as a place where no one would murmur anything but "love, love." But they don't.

Consider the state of affairs in Hollywood right now. Consider those "engagements."

Practically all of Lupe Velez's spare moments the past two years have been devoted to denying rumors that she and Gary Cooper are wed.

"We are too good friends. I lov' heem too much to marry," Lupe has always said when questioned about it. "Why should we marry? We are happy."

Right at this moment they are not so happy. Lupe says she is in love again, (*Continued on page* 110)

Breaks good and bad have come Sylvia's way — everything from her own broken ankles to Clara Bow's broken career

Sylvia Sidney Gets the "Breaks"

By JERRY LANE

THIS is the story little Sylvia Sidney told me as we sat across from one another at a luncheon table on the Paramount lot. Sylvia, you know, is Paramount's current excitement, particularly since her performance in "An American Tragedy." They say Paramount plans to star her.

But let Sylvia tell it to you in her own words.

"I'm *not* another Hollywood Cinderella. That's nonsense. In the first place there never has been any particular misery or heartache in my life—except what I created for myself and enjoyed experiencing. There can't be when you're the only child of fond parents as I am. And in the second place I was not especially elated when the so-called 'magic wand' waved four days after my arrival here and I was given Clara Bow's part in 'City Streets.' I was only bewildered. If people expected me to have the exciting Bow personality on the screen, they were going to be disappointed . . . and my second venture into the movies would be a second flop. I ran away the first time, you know."

Sylvia smiled across at me puckishly and I found myself laughing back. She makes you do that, this young Sidney person. She has green eyes that fascinate and hold you (they must be deadly to the male). Her nose is shiny and she doesn't do anything about it. In fact, the only make-up she uses is a bright red lipstick. She is of Russian descent . . . but there simply *must* have been an Irishman somewhere among her ancestors to endow her with that Gaelic wit.

"HAVE you ever run away?" Sylvia asked. "No? You've missed a lot of fun. It's great sport to kick up your heels and say, 'I won't!' Two years ago one of the studios brought me west and put me on ice. I think they had me labeled in the front office—

'Future Possibility.' Anyway, I didn't do anything for weeks and when they did give me a part in 'Through Different Eyes,' I didn't like it. I asked them to release me—to let me go home. I said, 'Please, gentlemen, if I give you back all the money you've given me, can I return to New York?' and they shook their heads and solemnly replied that they couldn't do that. I'd have to be a good girl and go through with the rôle. 'All right,' I warned them, 'but you'll be sorry!' And they were. Awfully. I was pretty terrible in it. I vanished from Hollywood before they came to.

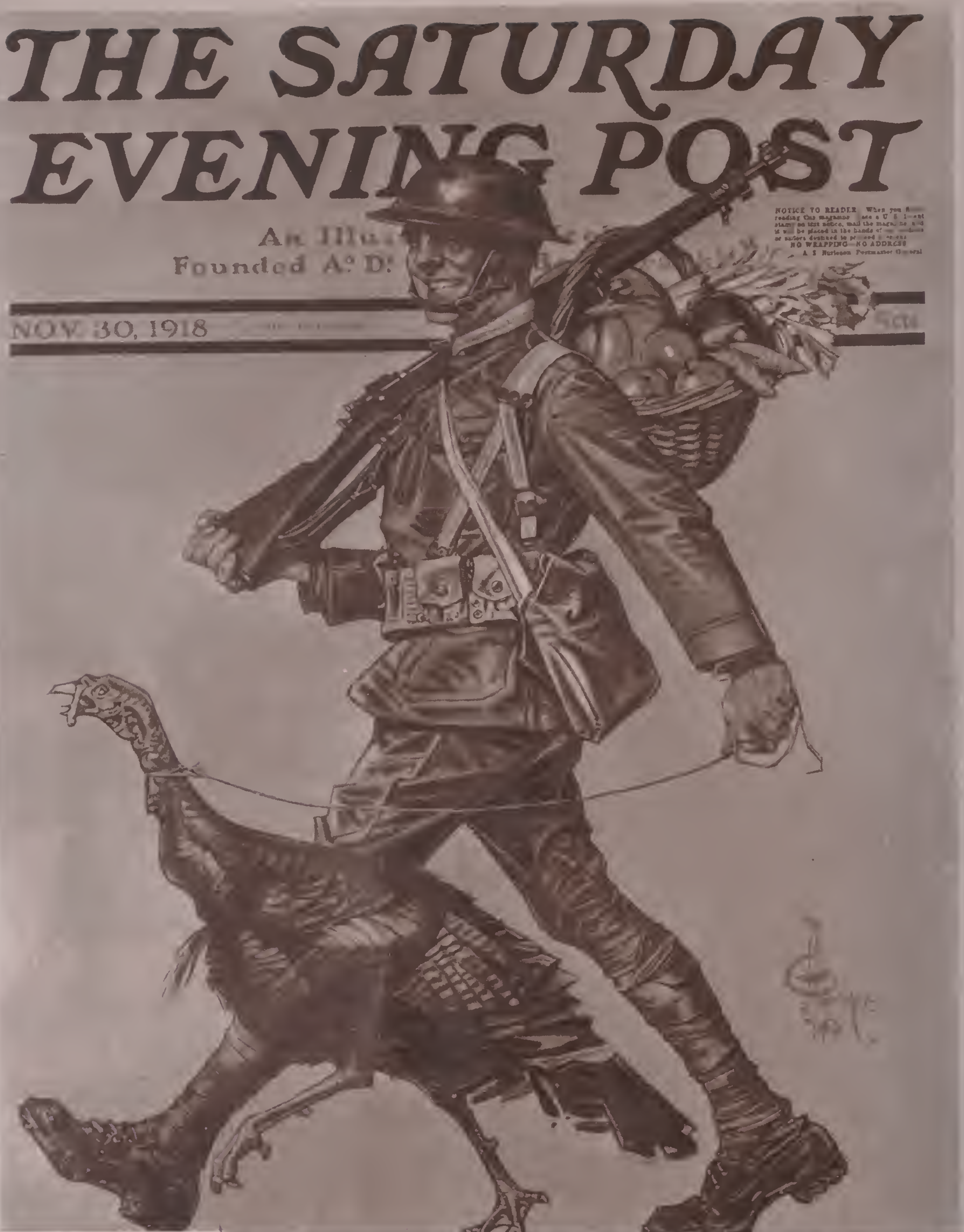
"MY career, such as it is, started when I was fifteen, at the precise moment that I decided three years of high school were sufficient. Cut-and-dried book knowledge appalled me. I had been attending the Washington Irving school—where Anita Page went—and every time an English teacher asked me to join the Dramatic Club I looked hurt. I wanted to be a *professional* actress, not an amateur.

"The Theatre Guild had opened a school of the drama, perfect in theory but quite impractical. You were enrolled if you had a hundred dollars. If you didn't have a hundred dollars, they tried to get a scholarship for you or carried you along anyhow, hoping you might be a 'find.' You can see why it's out of existence today. While it lasted, though, it was ideal. Dad gave me a check, and along with a hundred and fifty others I began studying stage technique. That included everything—from lighting effects to selling tickets. By the end of six months there were just forty-nine of us left. We were fortunate in having Winthrop Ames as director. He produced 'Prunella' and gave me the title rôle. Immediately I saw my name in huge electric lights on Broadway; success was mine! The play proved something of a sensation under his masterful guidance and I received some excellent notices. I felt I was star of the company . . . but not for long.

Sylvia brought her own characteristics of courage and daring to the rôle of the too-loving Roberta of "An American Tragedy." (Above) Sylvia Sidney in her current rôle in "Street Scene"

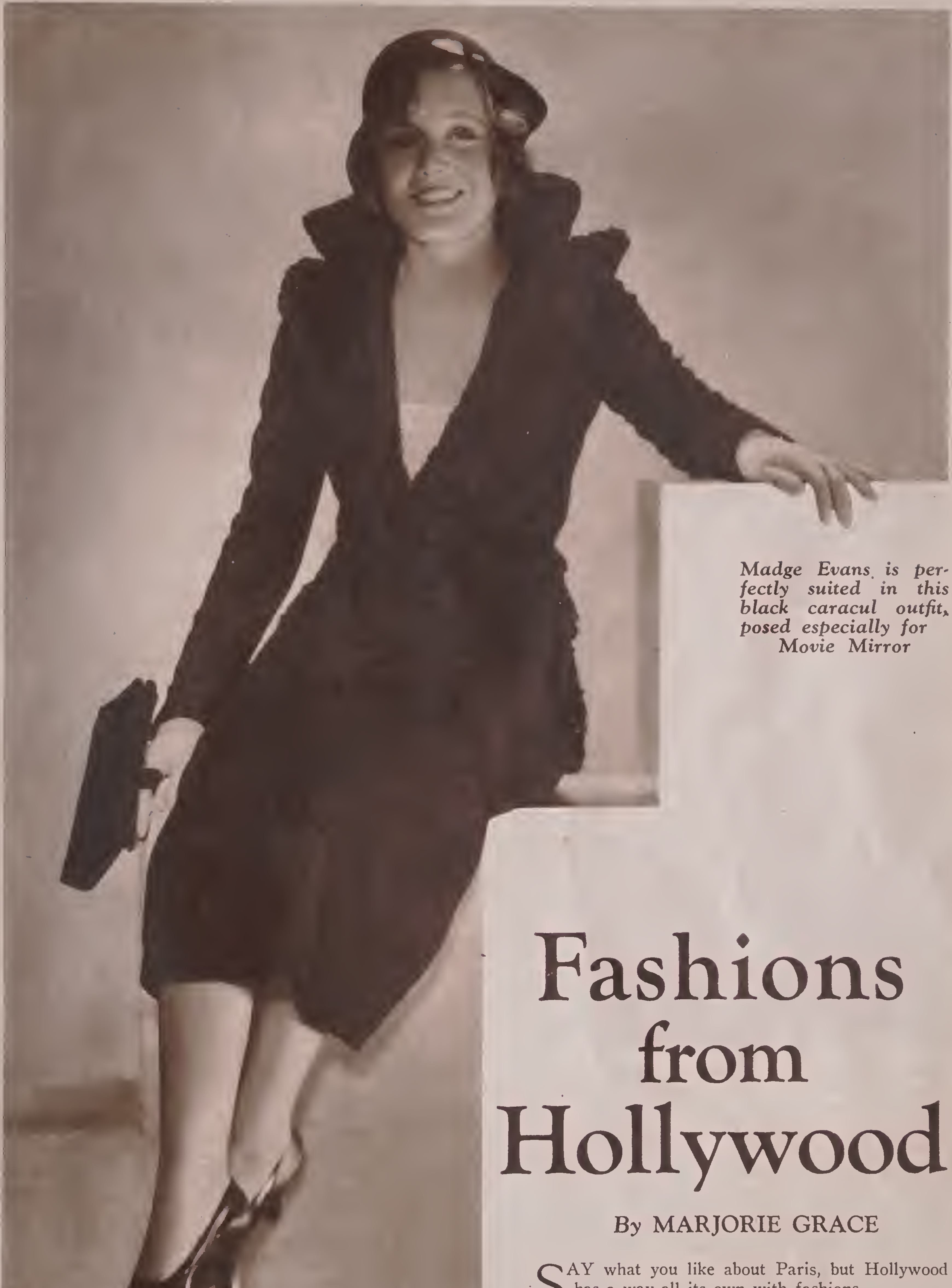
"We went up to Mr. Frank Vanderlip's estate at Scarborough-on-the-Hudson to work in his outdoor theatre. Mr. Ames began rehearsing 'Liliom' and I was not even in the cast. It was my duty to dress the hair of the leading lady—whose part I had coveted—and to paint scenery day after day in messy old overalls. All a bit of our thorough training, but after four weeks I grew tired of this unglamorous end of it. The opening night I broke a strict rule by taking a drive with the boy who lived opposite Mr. Vanderlip. We arrived back at the guest house where my classmates and I were quartered, at the late hour of eleven. I don't remember the boy's name or what he looked like, but the ride I took with him in a spirit of defiance cost me my graduation papers. I was expelled the next morning.

"Oh, it hurt dreadfully. I just *knew* they refused to recognize genius when they saw it. Unhappily I trotted (*Continued on page* 113)


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
An Illu…
Founded A° D…
NOV. 30, 1918
NOTICE TO READER
NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS

NEIL HAMILTON bringing home the turkey (and the bacon) thirteen years ago. Then he was just a poor actor struggling to get along. In between pictures he posed for collar ads and covers like the one shown here. When Neil made "The Dawn Patrol," a year ago, he was still pretty much the same laughing boy.

Thanksgiving Day, 1931, you have the new Neil Hamilton (on the right). Sophisticated, mustached, debonair, he's one of fandom's favorite leading men. He broke Norma's heart in "Strangers May Kiss," and now he's breaking Helen Hayes' heart in "Lullaby." This Thanksgiving he gives thanks for swell breaks, a devoted wife, Elsa, and Patricia, his adopted baby.



Madge Evans is perfectly suited in this black caracul outfit, posed especially for Movie Mirror

Fashions from Hollywood

By MARJORIE GRACE

SAY what you like about Paris, but Hollywood has a way all its own with fashions.

Paris says it with lines and Hollywood says it with laughter. Hollywood makes clothes with a ravishing air, with youthful lightness and romantic charm. Hollywood makes clothes with glamour and with personality and it beats Paris to it three times out of four.

Don't let them fool you. The smartest evening things this winter will still be simple and the best of them will be white

If you doubt that, consider, for just one thing, the present vogue for the so-called "Empress Eugenie" hats. The most prominent woman in the world wore a set of Empress Eugenie hats more than a year ago, in July, 1930, to be exact. She wore them for the whole world to see. And so, a year after, Paris sends out a flock of hats of the same style and announces itself as launching a fashion.

Who was the lady? Greta Garbo. Where did she wear the hats? She wore them in "Romance." And where did those hats first originate? They originated—or came back to life—in Hollywood. The Hollywood fashion designer has to "feel" when the world wants a change of fashion much more than the Paris designer ever has had to "feel" it. Paris, generally speaking, works for just a few women. Hollywood must express the desires of all women. Hollywood a year ago realized that the world of women wanted a taste of romance. So it gave them romance, lovely trailing evening gowns, tiny hats, curling locks, flower trimming. And now all women are adapting those fashions to their wardrobes, with Paris trying to take all the credit.

I'm writing all this because I think it is about time fashion designers began taking Hollywood fashions with the proper seriousness. I know all of the styles that come from there aren't good. But neither are all the styles that come from Paris.

The Paris fashions are very carefully "edited" before they get to this country. And that is just what I'm going to try to do for you in Movie Mirror each month. I'm going to try to give you the best of Hollywood fashions, so that you can adapt them to your own wardrobe and your own personality. I'm going to tell you which pictures to watch for the best clothes and which stars I believe are the best dressed of our actresses. I'll do it without all this preamble other months, too. This month I simply had to have all this space to let you know what I was planning.

NOW, there is a big problem that faces almost every girl almost every winter—the problem of a new winter coat. It must be smart. It must be warm. It ought to wear for a couple of winters—and usually doesn't—and it ought not to be too expensive—and usually is.

Item two on coats. Should the coat be cloth or fur? Should it be dressy or a sports model? And how should you wear it? And when? And with what?

As you probably know, jackets—little separate jackets of every variety—started a big vogue this summer. They are going to continue to be just as smart this winter, so if you can possibly plan it out for yourself, you should have at least two coats this winter and just as many more as you can possibly afford.

Another thing is that the one-piece dress with a short matching fur-trimmed coat will be ultra-smart. When it is worn on the street it looks exactly like a suit, but indoors you take off the coat and have on a very smart dress. Nice, isn't it? If your clothes allowance is tiny, I think this is the very best buy you could make. It will make you smartly dressed for any occasion, except the most formal evening affair, naturally. It will be warm and it will wear well.

WITH these big thoughts in mind, I got Madge Evans to pose in some of the newest coats and dress-coat combinations for you. Madge is so nearly the average girl's type you can follow most of these fashions exactly and be sure of being correct. Another nice thing about Madge as a model is that she is sweet without being stupid. She's girlish, and yet she wears her clothes smartly—and that isn't such an easy combination to achieve. Lots of women are smart at the expense of all feminine charm. And certainly we all know lots of girls who are dears but dowdy.

Please look at the little kidskin coat Madge is wearing on page 49 and the jacket-dress model she has on in the picture on page 47. (Incidentally, these fashions are exclusive to Movie Mirror and you won't see them appearing anywhere else.)

The grey kidskin coat is a sports coat, with a big scarf to wrap around your neck on coldish days. It has a muff and a tiny hat to match. The coat lining is a plaided wool, and the whole thing is belted close to the figure

Three coats for three occasions—and each one will make a new girl of you. This is for sports wear

Madge Evans is young and beautiful but she's also brainy, and shows it by choosing this fox-trimmed coat for afternoon wear

Isn't this a darling outfit? Practical, too, as this article proves; also warm, and also inexpensive

with a green braided leather belt. Doesn't that sound ducky? But you don't know the half of it. The very nicest thing about kidskin is that it wears and wears and wears. It stands up under rains and snows. It is very warm, and best of all, it isn't too high-priced. You should be able to assemble this whole outfit for a little over a hundred dollars and it ought to last you for several seasons. It is a model, too, that won't go out of style too soon.

That last can't be said about the jacket-dress. It *is* expensive. It *is* very definitely this year and probably won't be right for next. But if you can afford it, how I advise it. It's so chic! It's so new!

The dress proper is made of a very fine black woolen cloth, thin but warm.

The Hollywood touch is the contrast between (*Continued on page* 119)

Fake danger sometimes becomes real danger. Louise Fazenda, playing a scene, saw the acetylene torches flaming too soon. She could have escaped safely but she stayed to rescue a little child actor—and lost her eyebrows!

Real Heroes of HOLLYWOOD

By GORDON R. SILVER

HEROISM on the screen, ever since the beginning of motion pictures, has been displayed to countless millions the world over.

You have all seen Harold Handsome race through the burning building to rescue little Lottie Lovely. You have gasped when Harold plunged head-first into the raging rapids to rescue some other fair damsel. And then you probably wondered whether it was Harold or Harold's double who was doing the dirty work.

Heroism in *real* life is something else again. Yet Hollywood has her real, "unsung" heroes whose exploits have heretofore remained a closed chapter. Real heroes are generally supposed to have a marked degree of modesty. Those in Hollywood are no exception to the rule. For the most part, they have guarded their brave actions far more closely than any secret of the United States War Department. In fact, were it not for actual eye-witnesses of these acts of heroism, this story would in all probability never have been written.

This is a fact and revealed for the first time. Richard Dix saved a small boy from almost certain death in the huge land rush scenes of "Cimarron," filmed near Bakersfield, California. Dix was watching the filming of the scenes from the sidelines and noticed the boy crawl from the rear end of one of the countless "covered wagons" that were lined up for the rush. This wagon was well in front of the thousands of horses and vehicles grouped for the rush and awaiting only Director Wesley Ruggles' pistol shot to start.

Just at that moment Richard saw the boy fall from the wagon and sprawl flat on the ground. There was no time to get to Ruggles or to stop the rush. Dix was not supposed to participate in this scene, but he seized a horse and spurred into the crowd just as the shot was fired. The wagon started up; the boy tried to catch it, failed and fell again. One horse behind leaped over him, and then Dix arrived. Reaching over, he picked up the lad and slung him across his saddle. Catching up with the wagon, he tossed him safely into it and then, since there was no riding back, he joined the rush scene in which only the extras and hired cowboys were supposed to appear.

This great "land rush" scene has been seen by thousands — probably will be seen by many millions—but none knew of the near-tragedy connected with it . . . of how Richard Dix saved this boy from death. As far as is known, only two people noticed Dix's heroic act and they were the two cameramen who told us the story.

Ken Maynard and Dorothy Dwan were playing in a Western and got mixed up with a lot of water. Dorothy nearly drowned. Ken was the rescuer. Irene Rich reversed this life-saving process. She saved an old man who was going down for the third time—and got a cold in the head

IRENE RICH was making a picture with Will Rogers on location at the San Lorenzo River, near Santa Cruz, a few days ago. She was doing a scene in a boat. The cameras on shore were grinding steadily. Suddenly, she happened to look upstream and saw an old man approaching in a canoe. As she watched, she saw him lose his paddle, reach for it and land in the water. It was a bitter cold day, but Irene never gave that a thought. She dove into the water and with rapid strokes reached the man's side as he was sinking for the third time. Holding him up, she managed to get him ashore—safe and sound, with only the danger of pneumonia facing him. Irene spoiled that whole scene, of course, ruined her clothes and contracted a severe cold, but she didn't mind—for as the old man afterwards confessed, he couldn't swim the least bit, and she had saved his life. The studio crew bundled them into a car and rushed them back to the town, where Miss Rich was soon surrounded by steaming hot water bottles. To this day, though, she insists she is no heroine, but—well, what do you say about it?

RICARDO CORTEZ, in 1918, was an amateur fighter—welterweight champion of New York State. He knocked out fourteen opponents that year, and a fifteenth and sixteenth unrecorded on official records—and thereby hangs a tale of heroism not in the least mitigated by the fact that "Ric"

Cortez really loves to use his fists.

One night he was doing road work near the little town of Freeport. He was jogging along a lane and saw a bit of excitement ahead of him on an auto roadway that crossed his path. It was a great place for petters to park—and such a couple was just being interviewed by two burly gents of the road, one of them flourishing a gun—when young Ric, full of chivalry and boxing skill, jogged up. One of the men hauled a limp and already punch-groggy young boy from the car, while the other brought out the kicking, struggling girl—and both turned suddenly to see a husky-looking, sweater-and-flannel clad fellow bearing down upon them.

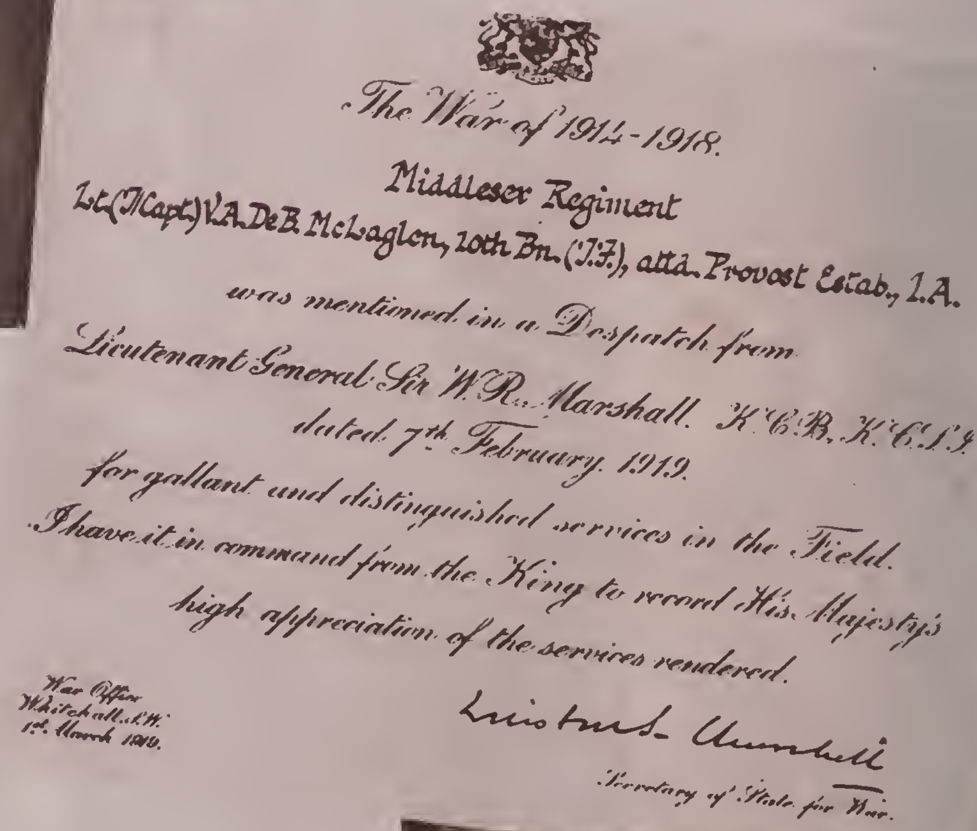
THEY dropped their victims and tried to make a joint attack, but the car was between them. Before they could get together, Cortez had arrived—both feet and one fist, heading for the gent with the gun. The gun flew in one direction and the gent in the other! The other thug saw what had happened so suddenly to his pal and started to run, but he didn't get far. He, too, was soon added to Ric's unofficial list of knockouts. The police took note of the affair and a motor "cop" was assigned to cover the district thereafter, for fear Ric might not be working out there next time he was needed!

BELA LUGOSI may be a human vampire, a weird, mysterious figure, to theatergoers who have seen him in "Dracula," "The Black Camel" and other sensational films, but to one woman, at least, he is anything but a terrifying, uncanny character.

A number of years ago he happened to be on a sight-seeing tour of a small country town. Down the main street came a lumbering farm wagon, pulled by two frightened horses. They leaped ahead, completely out of control, and rushed through the town, knocking down several children and brushing aside pedestrians.

Bela was one of the people standing on the sidewalk as the wagon roared by. He raced after it for two blocks, finally overtaking the horses. Making a quick lunge for the bit of one of them, he somehow got hold of it and hung on. He was dragged on for over a block, but he at last stopped that wagon. That little incident sent Lugosi to the hospital with many severe cuts and bruises—but it proved him a hero.

Now Claudia Dell doesn't look like a heroine, does she? But she is. The fragile, decorative Claudia saved a young high school boy from drowning in the undertow at Atlantic City in 1926. Miss Dell



The War of 1914-1918.

Middlesex Regiment

Lt.(T/Capt.) V.A. De B. McLaglen, 10th Bn. (T.F.), attd. Provost Estab., I.A.

was mentioned in a Despatch from

Lieutenant General Sir W. R. Marshall. K.C.B., K.C.S.I.

dated 7th February 1919.

for gallant and distinguished services in the Field.

I have it in command from the King to record His Majesty's high appreciation of the services rendered.

War Office
Whitehall, S.W.
1st March 1919.

Winston S. Churchill
Secretary of State for War.

A thank-you note from the King and a chest load of medals. Those are what Victor McLaglen brought back from the War, and very deserved they were, too!

Millions have seen the great "land-rush" scene from "Cimarron," but no one knew of the near-tragedy connected with it and how Richard Dix, by endangering his own life, saved a small boy from death

was then in the Ziegfeld Follies, and had recently won considerable publicity when grouped by Ziegfeld with Muriel Findley and Noel Francis as the three most beautiful girls in America. When she saved the young man from the ocean—he was a sixteen-year-old student from Newark, New Jersey—Ziegfeld himself personally complimented her highly for it.

But Claudia didn't stop there. The girl had, it seems, a real penchant for rescuing people from drowning. For, a few years later, she saved the life of a small girl in San Antonio, Texas. She was visiting a local friend and happened to be a spectator at a huge indoor swimming pool. As she sat watching the swimmers, a little girl suddenly called for help from deep water—a cramped leg making her helpless. No one made a move, so Claudia jumped, fully clothed, into the water and brought her quickly to the edge of the pool. The child was in a bad way, but after several minutes was finally revived. For this act of Miss Dell's the mayor, on behalf of the city of San Antonio, presented her with a magnificent gold medal.

Bela Lugosi faced mad horses to rescue an unknown country woman. His heroism sent him to the hospital, but proved to one woman at least that he is not the menacing person he seems on the screen

LEW CODY always has driven high-powered cars and probably always will. Once while he was making a trip through the country, the road he was on ran parallel to the railroad tracks. In the distance he heard the screeching of a whistle and knew a train was approaching. Looking ahead, he suddenly let out a sharp cry—for, walking unconcerned along the tracks ahead, was a

A scream would have spoiled this scene from "The Big Trail." So Marguerite Churchill, (head in circle), half buried beneath dirt, rocks and "pioneers," didn't cry out, though dangerously hurt

little child who was probably about seven years of age.

Horrified, Lew stepped on the gas and the car leaped forward, the train now being quite near. Racing, gaining slowly but surely, Lew reached the cross-bridge. Running ahead, he soon reached the child. Grabbing him in his arms, he tightened his hold and then jumped over the embankment, landing on the soft earth several feet below, just as the train thundered by.

After waiting a few minutes to get his breath and recover in some measure his composure, Lew asked the child where he lived and then took him home. There the parents learned of their son's experience and they couldn't express their thanks to Cody in mere words—they told him their home was always open to him and he could come and live there forever if he only would! Lew, however, just spent the afternoon there, resting from his experience—but from that day began a firm friendship between him and the child which has lasted through all these years.

Lew has never told this story—*would never* tell it, in fact. But the child—now a young man and living in Hollywood—proudly told it. Lew Cody is his one hero and he wants all the world to know it!

You perhaps wouldn't think of the clowning Louise Fazenda as being a genuine heroine, but she certainly showed herself to be just that.

While making a picture she was to be rescued, along with a tiny baby, from a flaming building. Acetylene torches were supposed to be used to produce the desired fire, but something went wrong—a new studio hand substituted gasoline and plenty of it! Louise, in the building, was soon terrified by the explosion and the shooting of real flames in all directions. She knew something was wrong and rushed out of the place, not waiting to be "rescued." Outside, she learned of the mistake and then cried: "The baby! the baby!" Before anyone could stop her, she was once more in the roaring inferno of flames and presently staggered forth with the baby (practically forgotten in the mêlée) tucked under her arm, safe and sound except for a few minor burns.

Louise didn't fare so well—she was minus her eyebrows and lashes and most of her hair! She says she didn't mind that, though, and considers her action heroic only because she didn't drop that baby!

Dorothy Dwan told me this one on Ken Maynard. When she was his leading lady, they once were on location at Red River. They were shooting a night scene of her coming across the river in a small boat, with cowboys and Ken standing on shore to meet her. The rapids were extremely swift and Dorothy had to row the boat. In the middle of the stream, it capsized.

She was practically unable to swim, as she was in a western costume, wearing very heavy boots and a thick leather skirt. She felt herself being swept down the stream. She screamed in fear and then lost consciousness. The next thing she knew she was being dragged out of the raging water by Ken. She saw the cowboys looking on, paralyzed with fear. Ken had plunged in, clothed in his heavy riding togs, and struggled through the torrents to her aid, rescuing her after a mighty fight. He was too modest to want any credit for this and begged all the boys to remain silent—they did—but Dorothy didn't!

HELEN Chandler was appearing on the stage when the theatre caught fire. She was but a young girl, yet she came to the front and calmly called to the children to remain seated and she would sing to them. Men and women were already rushing madly about, tramping over everything, when she began to sing in a loud voice. They thought the cry of "Fire!" must be part of the show and so stopped rushing. Finishing her little song, Helen walked into the pit and asked the children if they would quietly file to the stage. They did this and she led them out of a rear stage door to safety. Then she went back and asked the adults if they would kindly file out of the side exits quietly. The result of Miss Chandler's braveness and coolness of mind was that not a single life was lost, although the theatre burned to the ground!

The World War was, quite naturally, responsible for a number of Hollywood heroes.

Victor McLaglen, for instance, rushed into a hell of fire with the Middlesex Regiment at Mons in 1914 and then was sent to Mesopotamia with the Irish Fusiliers, engaging the fierce Arabs and Turks in battle, and being decorated for extreme bravery with the Mons star, the Victory Medal of the British Empire and the General War Service Medal of the British War Department. Until the Armistice was signed, Vic was Provost-Marshall of Bagdad. The big fight over, he journeyed home with his regiment and received a citation direct from the War Secretary by order of the King!

William Harrigan, Fox featured player and McLaglen's pal in "On the Level," was also in the thick of things. He was the man who went to the rescue of The Lost Battalion during the war, for which he was decorated and came out a full-fledged Major.

John Loder, another Fox actor, and often termed Hollywood's handsomest man, was one of a group of British prisoners caught during the early days of the War and lined up before German officers—to be shot down. As he stood in line, he watched the machine gun that was to mean his death and the death of his comrades being made ready for

(*Continued on page* 121)

Ivan Lebedeff today is Hollywood's champion tea-dancer and romantic. But read what he did in the World War. Claudia Dell, who looks too beautiful to be useful, has proven herself a heroine many times

Movies of the Month

"*Street Scene" is a slice of life*

Eddie Cantor is a riot in "Palmy Days"

(Check ✓ for the good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss.)

The producers have turned over a new leaf this month. After a season of dull and mediocre pictures, Hollywood is sending out her most glittering product. And the best part of it all is that the producers aren't concentrating on any one type of pictures, but are varying them beautifully. Musical comedies are once more on the horizon. They probably won't go to the extremes the first ones went to, judging by Eddie Cantor's swell picture, "Palmy Days," and advance reports about "Flying High." There are a few gangster pictures for thrills, and two brutally realistic dramas. Essentially, however, this is a month of comedies, for which there exists a real need.

✓✓**Street Scene** (United Artists). "Street Scene" on the screen is a triumph of direction. King Vidor may well be proud of it—even though the box-office may not.

That's nothing against the picture, that remark about the box-office. It's simply that people who go to the theatre to be *amused* may balk at "Street Scene." It's too fiercely true to life—the sort of life that's found in the tenements.

That's where the whole thing is placed—in the tenement districts. And, in its story of illicit and licit loves and their consequences, it deals with the more sordid side of tenement life. In this setting, King Vidor has played a shuddery symphony of love and hate, trust and jealousy, life and death—bullet-riding death that comes to a wife who cheats and her pitiful lover.

A Hollywood critic who saw this came away muttering about a slice of life; about how Vidor, with masterly craftsmanship, held up a succession of small souls and took them apart before the camera's eye. It's brutal stuff.

Sylvia Sidney is magnificent as the young girl in love with a Jewish boy—their love foredoomed by their racial and religious differences. Buster Collier is the boy, and does himself proud in a difficult rôle. Estelle Taylor as the faithless wife manages a fine characterization. Aside from these, you movie fans will find few familiar faces, for much of the cast is made up of the stage players who made the footlights version of "Street Scene" so big. They've more than repeated on the screen.

✓**Palmy Days** (United Artists). Eddie Cantor, the darned fool, comes through with another outright scream that's easily funnier and better than "Whoopee" was. As long as they're Cantors, lunatics should be allowed to remain at large.

This is an utterly improbable and unbelievable tale about a bakery of a kind that never could exist. It's manned (or womanned) by a staff of outrageously pulchritudinous damsels who seem to have a positive dislike for clothing. If you can imagine Parker House rolls being made by September Morns, you get a faint idea.

In this frame, Eddie Cantor goes delightfully mad. There's a faint trace of a plot, but it never interferes with the main idea—which appears to be to make the picture as hilariously idiotic as possible. Eddie works a whole filmful of gags, fresh-born and ancient alike. He revives the old chiropractor and operation sequences, with

Billie Dove's comeback picture, "The Age For Love," is disappointing

Imagine Ronny Colman as a gangster! He is in "The Unholy Garden"

"Waterloo Bridge" is touching and beautiful

the long-legged help of Charlotte Greenwood, and it's a sure bet you'll have a pain in your diaphragm. Barbara Weeks, Cantor's leading lady, is new to the screen, but she won't remain so. She's so sweet she's dangerous!

This is the first film musical to come out of Hollywood in a long time. If they run true to form, it's a safe bet that all the Hollywood producers will take one look at this, and forthwith proceed to flood screens with more musical films and revues again. If they're half as good as "Palmy Days," it'll be a treat after the present era of shoot-'em-and-leave-'em thrillers.

✓✓**Waterloo Bridge** (Universal). One of the finest pictures Universal has turned out since "All Quiet on the Western Front" is this "Waterloo Bridge"—the story of the spiritual reformation of a girl of the streets through her unselfish, deep love for a young soldier.

Sounds trite—but it has been handled and acted so that there's no touch of triteness in the screening. Mae Clarke as the pathetic little streetwalker, and Kent Douglass as the idealistic lad are splendid, and in certain scenes, are utterly superb. If you don't have to choke down a lump in the throat and fight back a tear, then there's something wrong. You're probably just a darned old cynic, and you may as well stay home and sneer at yourself in the mirror.

The story depends for its motivation on the girl's realization that her love for the boy—and his for her—mean no good to him, in the long run. As long as she can be to him the means to transient happiness, she gives him everything that can be gotten out of love. But when she is faced with the certainty that his devotion to her will bring him unhappiness in the end, she somehow finds the courage to save him from that certainty.

It is a startling scene, that finish — when, knowing what a light in air-raid-darkened London will mean, she deliberately strikes a match. The tiny flare, which can be readily seen by the Zeppelin lookouts, brings quick action in the cabin of the German dirigible and down hurtles a bomb that solves her problem.

James Whale, who handled the splendid "Journey's End," has rung the bell again with his magnificently sympathetic direction of this.

The Age for Love (Caddo). Billie Dove, long off the screen, makes her talkie return in an old-plotted story that wavers between being good and not so good. It is interesting that she is now working for the Caddo company, which is Howard Hughes, millionaire maker of "Hell's Angels" and long-time reputed fiancé of Billie. But——

Anyway, to return to the picture, it will be a disappointing thing for ultra-Dove-fans. Billie is not at her best in this. She has, for one thing, taken off a great deal of weight, and it shows. The camera catches it a little too fully, and that much-talked-about Billie Dove beauty isn't there in anywhere near the degree it was in her earlier pictures.

The story concerns the conflict between a 1931 girl, who wants to be actively an individual, and her husband, who wants her to be just Mrs. It wades through a lot of situations in a typical American suburban community wherein the ages-old battle between Home-and-Babies and Office-and-Career are filmically made the most of. And in the end, the boy returns to the girl, or something like that.

"Larceny Lane" is a pet and beautifully acted

"Transatlantic" is different and thrilling

Jack Gilbert does what he can with "West of Broadway"

Billie Dove does nice work. Her leading man, Charles Starrett, is not overly convincing, however, and you may wish that some one more sympathetic had been chosen for the rôle. Edward Everett Horton, capable master of comedy, does wonders with the rôle of the lazy boss who lets his assistant, (yes, Billie), do all the work. And then there are Lois Wilson, Mary Duncan, and others.

"The Age for Love" won't exactly thrill you to death, but all the same, you'll figure you've been entertained your money's worth.

The Unholy Garden (United Artists). Well, well, well! Here's our Ronnie Colman, starring in a newfangled sort of gangster-thriller. The scene, instead of being Chicago or New York, is the Sahara Desert, believe it or not!

Colman, as a fugitive murderer, hies himself to a cut-throats' refuge there—a half-ruined desert castle that is run by a hard-bitten wench as a refuge for fugitives from justice. Among her tenants are a big-shot bank embezzler and his lovely granddaughter.

Yes, you've guessed it—she's the love interest. It works out like this: the other crooks, thieves, killers in the place are aware that the embezzler has his embezzled fortune with him—but its hiding place is a secret. Colman, conspiring with them, is chosen to find it by making love to the girl. He does—but falls in love with her, really.

How he saves the fortune for her, through a lot of gunplay shenanigans during which her papa is killed, makes fairly exciting melodrama. There have been better Colman pictures, to be sure, but Colman fans won't complain too bitterly about this one. Somehow, Ronnie manages to remain his suave self, even though he doesn't wear a collar or tie. The man is an actor with a certain allure, that's certain.

Fay Wray is the girl, and a lovable one she is. The rest of the cast includes a lot of well-known actors, who work more or less effectively to depict an ease-wrecking gang of ne'er-do-wells.

Larceny Lane (Warner Bros.). Here's "Larceny Lane." Perhaps it isn't a gang picture. But it certainly is a crook picture. It's a mighty diverting piece of screen entertainment.

It deals with a bellboy in a small hotel, and his girl, a chambermaid. Their one idea of getting the most out of life is to become "big" racketeers. So they set out to achieve that goal.

In the process, you are treated to detailed exposures of a number of genteel rackets—not excluding the badger game.

However, in the end the moral is dutifully flashed on the screen. The "hero" gets shot in the back for his trickery, and the girl discovers that she is old-fashionedly in love with him. And it's all very sad and shows that the wages of sin is death, or something like that.

James Cagney and Joan Blondell have the leading rôles. They're both perfect in this sort of characterization, and as a team, will take their place on the screen's list of boy-and-girl combinations that gladden the box-office.

Recommended for laughter—Buster Keaton in "Sidewalks of New York"

"The Public Defender" doesn't do right by Richard Dix

The Guardsman (M-G-M). Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, the legitimate stage's most famous Mr. and Mrs., prove that their artistry is more effective in the theatre than before the camera. They are good actors, but not quite as exciting in appearance as you might wish.

The story concerns a jealous actor who suspects his wife. He tests her loyalty by disguising himself as a guardsman and flirting with her. She, unknown to him, sees through the disguise, and succeeds in making an idiot of the doubting hubby.

The dialogue of "The Guardsman" is certainly delicious. Molnar's play, screen-adapted by Ernest Vajda, is a marvel of words well-chosen, well-placed and well-spoken by the actors here. Sidney Franklin directed it, and seems to have caught the spirit of the thing. What a pity, then, that the illusion which should have been maintained was ruined by a trick of the camera—the fact that its stars did not screen well!

Grown-ups—and this means not people over 21, alone, but only people over 21 mentally—may enjoy this. But by all means, leave the children at home.

West of Broadway (M-G-M). John Gilbert's bad luck seems to continue. "West of Broadway" is another of those things that won't help him a bit.

As a picture, understand, it isn't bad. It has some excellent performances, some fine photography, and it's entertaining enough. But as a definite comback vehicle—and that's what Gilbert desperately requires—it just is NOT.

The trouble is that the character Gilbert plays isn't sufficiently sympathetic, likable. He is a war-wounded veteran who, in a drunken peeve over his pre-war sweetheart's defection, marries a casual girl in a café. Then he comes out of his alcoholic fog and proceeds to be uncalled-for nasty to the girl, who is too fine a sport to be treated that way and have the audience like it. So you resent the rôle Gilbert has to play, and that's Gilbert's tough luck.

The story carries them to a western ranch, where, in the end, Gilbert realizes that he really loves the girl—but only after a ranchhand's affection for her has done the eye-opening trick. The climax comes when Gilbert rags the girl about, physically and vocally, and then suddenly (too suddenly for credulity) realizes his mistake and johngilberts: "I love you."

"The Guardsman" offers the stage stars, Lunt and Fontanne

The much-discussed voice has come down to a normal masculine bass. Besides that, Gilbert's acting is adequate. But the rôle is unfortunate for him. Lois Moran as the girl is much more the center of the picture. She does magnificent work. El Brendel, borrowed from Fox, plays Gilbert's Scandinavian war buddy for a series of laughs.

✓**Sidewalks of New York** (M-G-M). Reverting to good old slapstick, without trying to make any pretense at capital-A Art, this Buster Keaton comedy is a wow! It's almost entirely MOVIE comedy—which means that there's plenty of movement, action. There's a bit of drama and pathos woven in, and well done, too. It's 99.44 percent laughs.

Keaton, with his usual congealed façade, appears as a wealthy tenement owner. He gets "that way" about a pretty, but tough tenement gal, and it makes him go philanthropic. In the course of what results, Buster has a panic of a battle with a tough guy; proposes à la phonograph record; introduces a trick show, and manages to get into an amazing number of physical dilemmas.

His performance is outstanding—easily one of his very best. But he gets a run for the chief credits—from Anita Page, Cliff Edwards and Norman Phillips, Jr. Young Phillips has the dramatic cream rôle, and makes the most of the chances it gives him. Anita Page, as the hard little moll, scores a better performance than she has ever achieved since "The Broadway Melody." And Cliff Edwards is always funny, the oaf!

There's a huge cast of kids to round out the action, and for the capable handling of these, particularly in the mass action scenes, much credit is due Jules White and Zion Meyers. Strange thing, incidentally, that these two should have been allowed to do this long without demonstrating their talents with human actors. You know, they're the pair who made that gorgeous series of comedies with the M-G-M dog actors.

Transatlantic (Fox). The "Grand Hotel" idea applied to an ocean liner. A drama in every cabin, with all the dramas having some relation to each other. Among the *dramata personae* are a gentleman crook, an absconding banker and his unhappy wife, a dancer with whom the banker is having an affair, and a lens grinder and his daughter. All the acting is good. With the exception of Jean Hersholt, however, the women are even better than the men. Greta Nissen, Lois Moran and Myrna Loy are interesting, contrasting types. You'll be surprised at how much drama they get out of their parts. Edmund Lowe as the gentleman crook is just a wee bit too pat. The picture is cleverly directed, cleverly photographed, and cleverly interpreted. After you've seen it, you'll say, "This is a very good picture." It has just one flaw. While you're watching it, you'll find it a slight strain to follow all the action and the dialogue.

Will Rogers tries hard to make "Business and Pleasure" better

"Graft" is cluttered with newspaper men and gangsters

"Daughter of the Dragon" will please "Fu Manchu" fans

The Spider (Fox). Though this goes melodramatic and silly at times, it's exciting. It deals with a murder that is committed in a crowded theatre during the act of a magician. The title refers to a spider ring worn by the murderer.

The magician (Edmund Lowe) gains permission to stage a séance which will cause the murderer to betray himself. He puts his assistant into a trance and tries to get him to name the section of the theatre in which the murderer is sitting. The suspense at this point is well maintained. The lighting and effects are excellent. The picture is weakened somewhat by miscasting of its principal rôle. Nevertheless, it's fairly good entertainment.

Business and Pleasure (Fox). Solely by merit of being a Will Rogers picture, "Business and Pleasure" (which was shot under the title of "The Plutocrat") is a fairish sort of movie. Without Will, it would be quite pediculous. You needn't look that up; it means lousy.

"Friends and Lovers" has three good actors in a weak picture

The plot deals with a razor-blade magnate from the middle west, who goes traveling to the desert to corner the market in Damascus steel. He gets mixed up with a troupe of bellicose Arabs, and seems headed for early execution. However, he induces the sheiks to shave with his razor blades, and when they can't insult each other by yanking their beards, the ill-feeling is all off and all ends happily.

Silly, isn't it?—and not so funny. Without Will Rogers, it'd be boresome. With his clowning and his wisecracking, it becomes tolerable throughout, and colossally funny in spots. When Rogers puts on fake whiskers and apes a fortune teller and his own wife comes in to have her future told, it's a riot.

"Silence" is remade again with Clive Brook this time

Dorothy Peterson suffers from bad make-up. Joel McCrea hasn't enough to do to make you remember him. There's a vamp sequence in the picture, without much reason, and Jetta Goudal does it. 'Jetta in all right in her way, but if you recall Fifi Dorsay too much, you rather wish she were back with Rogers again: somehow, they fit together so well. The photography is particularly good.

Graft (Universal). There's one thing you've got to admit about "Graft"—it has speed, speed and more speed. And that makes up for any faults in the story.

It's old-fashioned melodrama, the sort of story that used to form the backbone of moving pictures back in the old days when moving pictures moved instead of sounded. It all concerns a rather dumb cub reporter who, by his very dumbness, falls into the inside of the biggest story of the year—the murder of the district attorney, how and why. There's a kidnapping of a beautiful woman; there's the love story between the cub and the daughter of the reform candidate; there's the stop-at-nothing evil politician and his henchmen; there's deviltry aboard a yacht; there's the nick-of-time rescue by the police; and there's the just-before-the-deadline scoop turned in by the lowly but heroic cub reporter. Oh, if you feel demonstrative, you'll probably stand up in the aisle and whoop and cheer it up when the big moment comes off. It's that sort of stuff.

Regis Toomey is the young reporter, and a swell job he makes of it, too. Sue Carol is the girl, and why there isn't more of Sue on the screens these days is a darned shame. She's a pretty girl—not too pretty, either—and a competent actress, and the screen has need for her. Outside of that, there are such actors as Dorothy Revier, sinister Boris Karloff, and others. They make the most out of what's been given them to do, and you'll not complain if you spend your theatre money on it.

Daughter of the Dragon (Paramount). "Daughter of the Dragon" is notable, for one thing, because it is the talking picture début of two favorites of the silent days—Anna May Wong, the American-born Chinese beauty, and Sessue Hayakawa, the Japanese. And as though that weren't enough of a national mix-up, there's Warner Oland, the Swede, playing a Chinaman rôle again!

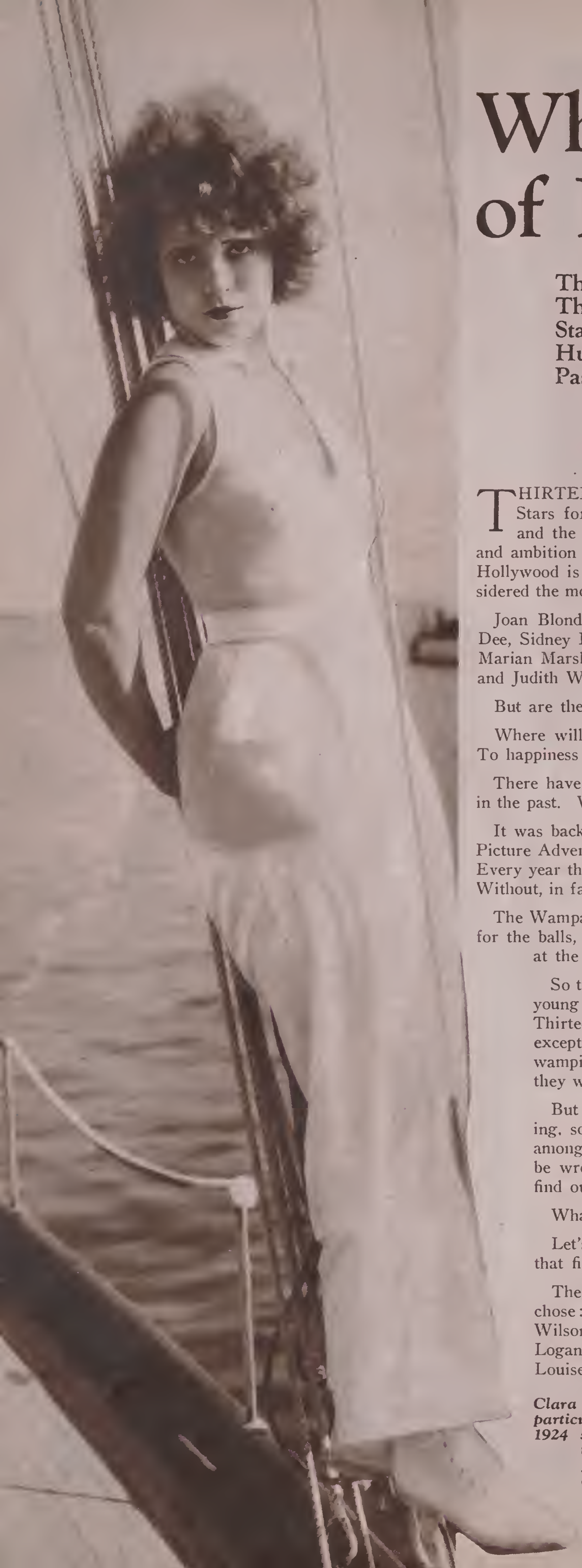
The story is about the (*Continued on page* 115)

"Monkey Business" — it's crazy; it's nutty. You ought to love it

What Becomes of Baby Stars?

This Year the Wampas Pick Thirteen More Girls for Potential Stardom. They've Picked One Hundred and Four Girls in the Past. Here's the Story of What Happened to Them All

By ALMA TALLEY



THIRTEEN lucky girls have been selected as Wampas Baby Stars for 1931. Thirteen lucky girls now face the camera and the future with heads and hopes a little higher, eyes and ambition a little brighter, because they are the chosen few. Hollywood is full of promising young actresses; they are considered the most promising of all.

Joan Blondell, Constance Cummings, Frances Dade, Frances Dee, Sidney Fox, Rochelle Hudson, Anita Louise, Joan Marsh, Marian Marsh, Karen Morley, Marion Shilling, Barbara Weeks and Judith Wood—these are the lucky thirteen.

But are they so lucky, these thirteen?

Where will they go from here—to stardom, or to oblivion? To happiness or tragedy?

There have been one hundred and four Wampas Baby Stars in the past. Where are they now?

It was back in 1922 that the Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers—Wampas to you—began picking baby stars. Every year they hold a ball. And what is a ball without a belle? Without, in fact, several belles?

The Wampas, being press agents, set out to get not only belles for the balls, but publicity for their companies' future stars all at the same time.

So the first Wampas Baby Stars were selected, thirteen young women players for whom success was predicted. Thirteen new players have been chosen every year since, except 1930, when the Wampas boys decided to do no wamping. They were too tuckered out to vote, or maybe they went on a fishing trip instead.

But you can't keep a chronic predicter from predicting, so now here they are again, telling us who is who among the new actresses for 1931. The Wampas may be wrong or right, but it will take us several years to find out which.

What then lies in store for this year's lucky thirteen?

Let's go back, if you can spare a moment, to 1922 and that first lucky thirteen.

The Wampas were good guessers that year. They chose: Colleen Moore, Lila Lee, Bessie Love, Lois Wilson, Mary Philbin, Patsy Ruth Miller, Jacqueline Logan, Claire Windsor, Pauline Starke, Helen Ferguson, Louise Lorraine, Kathryn McGuire, and Marion Aye.

Colleen Moore. Of all that year's young new stars, Colleen rose to the dizziest heights. For years Colleen was one of the very brightest stars in Hollywood.

Clara Bow was the bright particular darling of the 1924 selection. She attained the greatest fame of them all—and the greatest heartbreak

Helen Twelvetrees was a baby star of 1929. They called her a "second Gish." Helen shook that label off by going in for heavy, sexy drama

Marian Nixon was chosen the same year that Clara Bow took the Wampas honors, 1924. Her career has been neither a skyrocket nor a dud

Postmen staggered to her doorstep with fan mail.

But where are those fans now? Colleen is now trying to acquire stage experience, her professional life ruined by the talkies, her home life ruined by her divorce from John McCormick, whom many believe she still loves. Colleen was a lucky girl. Today she is a rich woman, but a disillusioned one.

Lila Lee. The girl who was once known as Cuddles went straight to the hearts of the fans. Lila acquired a public, a devoted husband, and a young son, James Kirkwood, Jr. In public life, in private life, Lila had everything to make her happy. Luck was with her. Even when she began to slip, talkies came in and Lila could talk! She was in new demand for pictures. And then came the crash! Divorce from James Kirkwood. A new, heart-breaking love affair. Too many pictures in too few months. And Lila, who had been such a lucky girl, spent months and months in an Arizona sanitarium mending a broken heart and a broken body.

Lois Wilson. For years Lois held her own as a featured player, and is still holding it. If she has never attained stardom, if she has never been too happy in her rôles, at least she has gone on and on, when bigger stars have risen and fallen.

Bessie Love. A true trouper, who has had her ups and her downs. Bessie was all but through in pictures, after a steady but not brilliant success. She no longer stood out on the screen, but how she stood out in the parlor! Bessie could hoof the fanciest Charleston in Hollywood. Paramount was casting "The Song and Dance Man," which needed a song and dance girl. Bessie got the part and hot-footed it back into screen popularity. "The Broadway Melody" proved that she could talk as well as dance. Now, married to William Hawks, Bessie plays sometimes in pictures, sometimes in vaudeville.

Mary Philbin. The ethereal heroine of "The Phantom of the Opera" justified the Wampas prediction. She rose to stardom, but the end of her career came with talkies. Her engagement to Paul Kohler was broken off, no one knows why, and now somewhere Mary is living the quiet life of the star who is forgotten.

Pauline Starke. For years Pauline was a well-known leading woman. After Gloria Swanson left Paramount, Pauline was groomed as her successor, to look and act like Gloria. Pauline was a good actress, an interesting girl. She got the "breaks" many times and yet they seemed valueless to her. Once even a picture that was meant for the great Garbo—it was called "Women Love Diamonds"—was given to Pauline instead. But somehow things never broke quite right for her. Her career lasted about eight years; her marriage to Jack White lasted four. We don't hear much of Pauline now.

Claire Windsor, Jacqueline Logan. Both knew years of success, and both were talked out of it. Jacqueline tried picture-making in Europe, but without outstanding success. She is now Mrs. Larry Winston, and Claire, divorced from Bert Lytell, is living in New York.

Helen Ferguson. Western fans will remember her as the girl the cowboy hero used to rescue. Then Helen married William Russell and settled down to home life. But Helen had to face real tragedy when she lost her husband by death. Helen is still settled down, in the limbo of stars who never were.

Louise Lorraine, a serial queen. Married and divorced from Art Acord. Now he is dead, and she is all but forgotten.

Kathryn McGuire, a pretty girl on the First National lot, married George Landy, formerly of the publicity department, a Wampa himself. Here was her chance for publicity and stardom. She got publicity. She never got the stardom.

And last, was little Marion Aye, who flickered for one brief evening as a baby star and was never really heard of again.

The 1923 group achieved a smaller percentage of fame: Eleanor Boardman, Evelyn Brent, Dorothy Devore, Laura La Plante, Pauline Garon, Betty Francisco, Virginia Brown Faire, Jobyna Ralston, Kathleen Key, Ethel Shannon, Derelys Perdue, Helen Lynch, and Margaret Leahy.

Eleanor Boardman, successful actress, successful as Mrs. King Vidor, wife and mother, now under contract to Paramount and more beautiful than ever. We won't worry about *her!*

Evelyn Brent. The former Mrs. B. P. Fineman is now Mrs. Harry Edwards. Her home life is very happy and so is her career. Evelyn works constantly, in rôles she likes.

Laura La Plante, since talkies, hasn't been a star, as she was in silent days. Yet she's making as many pictures as she desires, and her off-screen life as Mrs. William A. Seiter, wife of the director, is gay and debonair, she and Bill being the best of pals.

Dorothy Devore has sparkled through reels and reels and years and years of comedies, and if she works at a small studio, at least she is the queen of it.

Jobyna Ralston got half way up the ladder of fame, saw Dick Arlen and kicked the ladder out from under her. Thousands of girls feel that being Mrs. Arlen is luck enough for any girl—and Joby feels so, too.

Pauline Garon. In the heyday of flappers, Pauline was the hey-hey-est of them all. While flappers were in vogue, Pauline was "that cute little girl" in hundreds of pictures. Only recently Pauline, the erstwhile Mrs. Lowell Sherman, has ceased to hit the fans in a big way, and decided to hit a baseball instead. She and a group of other young Hollywood women went on tour as ball players. The flappers flopped as a ball team, and when last heard from had wired Hollywood for money to get home.

Betty Francisco has achieved only secondary rôles, but at any rate she is still achieving them.

Virginia Brown Faire's years of minor leads did not enable her to save enough money to prevent a recent bankruptcy.

Kathleen Key got lots of publicity when she played in "Ben Hur." But she hasn't had any since, until last winter when Buster Keaton accused her, in newspaper headlines, of trying to extort money from him.

Helen Lynch has settled down to obscurity and her husband, Carroll Nye. Ethel Shannon, Derelys Perdue—their names are scarcely remembered.

Margaret Leahy. She was that English girl who won a beauty contest conducted in England by the Talmadges, Norma and Constance. Surrounded by Talmadges and reporters she arrived in America, to play opposite Buster Keaton in one film, get elected as a baby star, and subside again into obscurity.

The Wampas boys in 1924 selected Clara Bow, Dorothy Mackaill, Marian Nixon, Alberta Vaughn, Lucille Ricksen, Elinor Faire, Blanche Mehaffey, Margaret Morris, Hazel Keener, Carmelita Geraghty, Gloria Grey, Julanne Johnston, and Ruth Hiatt.

Clara Bow. They guessed right on Clara, but she hasn't been so lucky. Despite her popularity, one can only think of Clara as a very tragic figure. Clara, beloved by millions, but hurt by very bad publicity. Clara, America's girl friend, betrayed by her own girl friend. Clara's history remains unfinished. Perhaps she will achieve a new success on the screen, a new happiness in her love for Rex Bell.

Dorothy Mackaill is doing very nicely,

1922. The girl's name was Colleen Moore. She was a flapper type, distinctive, different. She had an astute husband as her manager. 1931, a star who used to be, rich, divorced, lonely

Mary Philbin was one of the Pickford successors, with the same curls, the same sweetness. She couldn't make the talkie grade

Another baby star of 1922 was Claire Windsor, the most beautiful of them all. But Hollywood never sees her now

thank you. Her marriage to Lothar Mendes was unhappy and terminated in divorce. But Dot has forgotten all that. You remember her string of engagements in Honolulu this summer, don't you?

While Marian Nixon's fame has never gone up like a skyrocket, neither has it ever gone up in smoke. She holds her place on the screen and she holds her husband, the very nice Edward Hillman, Jr., and what more could any girl ask?

Alberta Vaughan showed all the promise the Wampas boys predicted for her. Alberta worked hard and demanded nothing. But an over-officious manager harmed her career. He followed Alberta to the studios, complained about her dressing room, complained about her hours, until he complained Alberta right out of work.

Lucille Ricksen. There was a real child of tragedy. A brilliant actress, with a brilliant future. Until suddenly pneumonia seized upon her and there was no future at all. Poor little Lucille, dead at sixteen.

As for Elinor Faire, Blanche Mehaffey, Margaret Morris, Ruth Hiatt, Julanne Johnston, Hazel Keener, Carmelita Geraghty, and Gloria Grey, none of them lived up to their first initial promise.

In the 1925 group were Olive Borden, June Marlowe, Madeline Hurlock, Dorothy Revier, Natalie Joyce, Duane Thompson, Lola Todd, Anne Cornwall, Ena Gregory, Joan Meredith, Evelyn Pierce, Betty Arlen, and Violet Avon.

The Wampas were very bad guessers indeed, that year, because of all that lucky thirteen Olive Borden was the only one to achieve stardom. And Olive's stardom was neither very great nor very lasting.

Dorothy Revier was for years the queen of Poverty Row, the leading light in quickies, pictures which are quickly made and quickly forgotten. She stepped out a bit—or spoke out a bit—in talkies, and though her present success is not striking, she does continue with her career.

June Marlowe appeared for several years in Warner pictures, usually with her arm around Rin-tin-tin, the dog star. But even Rin-tin-tin was licked by sound effects.

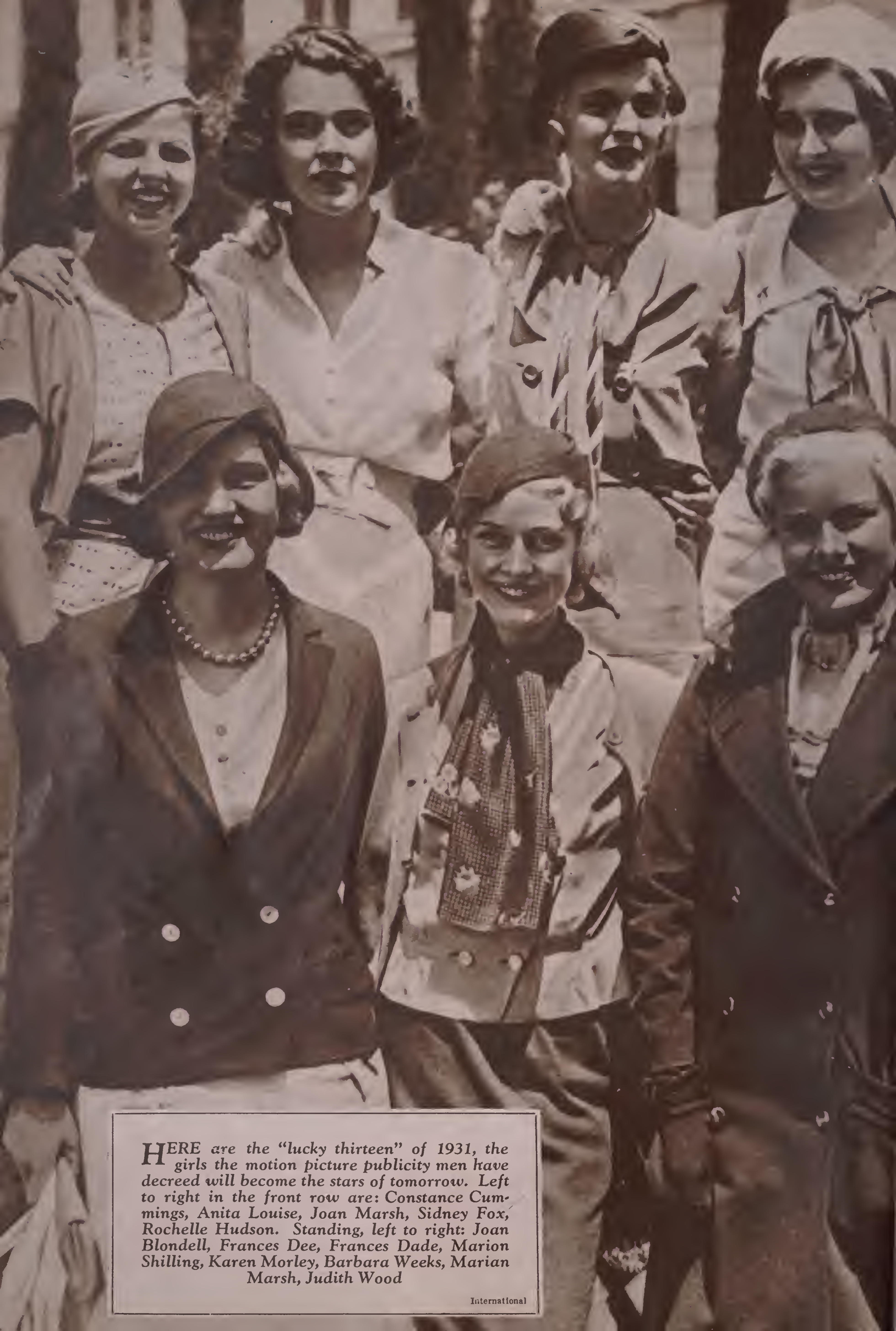
As for the others of that 1925 group, do you even remember Violet Avon or Betty Arlen or Joan Meredith or Evelyn Pierce? Anne Cornwall, of course, got along mildly well for awhile. Duane Thompson and Lola Todd were horse opera heroines; Ena Gregory had a few minor rôles—indeed after changing her name to Marion Douglas she almost proved there was something in numerology after all! But her moderate success did not last. Now she is Mrs. Al Rogell. I wonder whether her husband calls her Ena or Marion.

Natalie Joyce played minor rôles. Madeline Hurlock stayed with the Mack Sennett troupe, the highest priced of the comedy bathing girls, but at length gave up and has left her career behind as the wife of Marc Connelly, the playwright.

But in 1926, the Wampas proved that sometimes one guess is better than another. For just look whom they produced for that year: Janet Gaynor, Joan Crawford, Dolores Costello, Mary Brian, Fay Wray, Dolores Del Rio, Sally O'Neil, Mary Astor, Marceline Day, Vera Reynolds, Joyce Compton, Sally Long, and Edna Marion.

All but three of those girls established real names for themselves—oh, well, perhaps not their *real* names!

Janet Gaynor. "Seventh Heaven" was heaven for her because it made her one of the biggest stars in pictures. And Mrs. Lydell Peck still (*Continued on page* 130)



HERE are the "lucky thirteen" of 1931, the girls the motion picture publicity men have decreed will become the stars of tomorrow. Left to right in the front row are: Constance Cummings, Anita Louise, Joan Marsh, Sidney Fox, Rochelle Hudson. Standing, left to right: Joan Blondell, Frances Dee, Frances Dade, Marion Shilling, Karen Morley, Barbara Weeks, Marian Marsh, Judith Wood

International

Perc Westmore in his make-up room at the First National Studio teaches lovely girls how to become more beautiful. And he'll teach you, too, in this article

BEAUTY *and* YOUR EYES

By PERC WESTMORE

NOTE: *The author of this article is chief make-up expert for Warner Brothers-First National Pictures, and president of the Motion Picture Studio Make-up Artists Association, a body of famous experts on make-up and beauty; whose work as reflected from the screen today, virtually dictates the world's beauty standards and practices.*

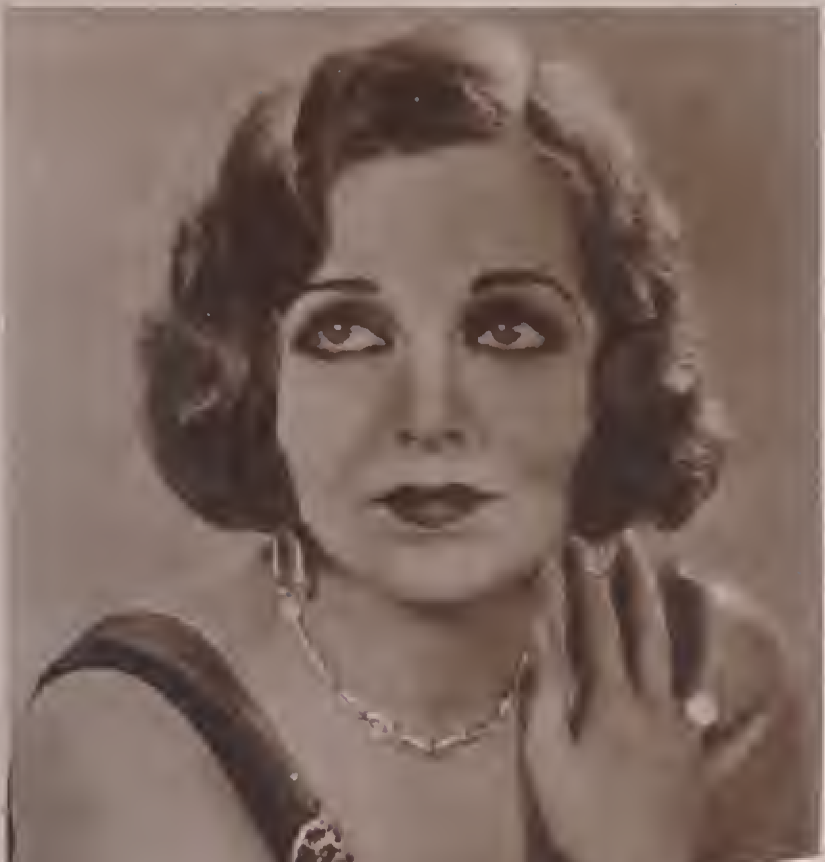
Movie Mirror will have one of these experts write you a new beauty secret each month. The articles are genuine and authoritative and if you follow them faithfully they will teach you how to bring forth your hidden beauty, just as exquisite girls like Joan Crawford or Norma Shearer, for example, have learned how to make themselves more lovely.

DO you ever stop to think that eyes have more than one purpose? Do you realize that your eyes are not only to see with? They must not only See but Be Seen. And they must not only See and Be Seen but they must Seem, which is something else again.

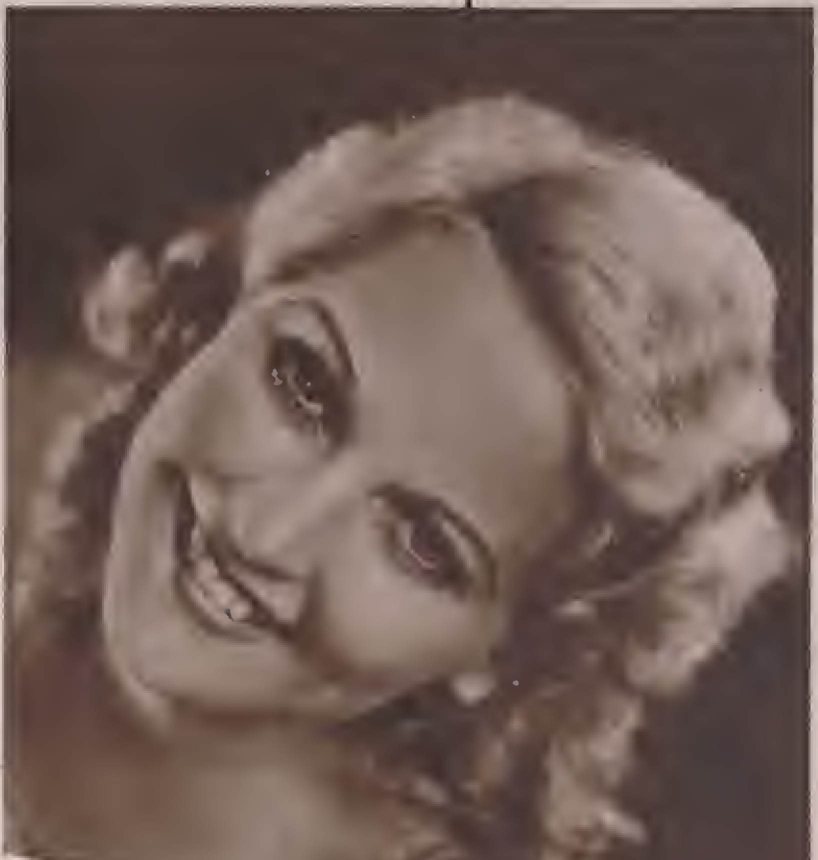
Here in Hollywood we know these first principles of beautiful eyes. Rightly cared for, rightly made-up, rightly emphasized eyes become the most important of all the features. We make-up men regard eye make-up as our Big Act. When some little newcomer appears for a first movie test, we know if we do not make-up her eyes correctly, she hasn't a chance. Also we know if we can find just the right eyeshadow, just the right touch of mascara, we make her into a beauty, even though Nature never intended her for anything of the sort.

Now I'll dash quickly over the pretty obvious fact that you must take reasonable care of your eyes if you want them to be beautiful. Don't expose them to needless eyestrain, particularly if you are a working girl and have to use your eyes steadily all day. There are a few simple tricks you can teach yourself that will be very helpful in overcoming eyestrain.

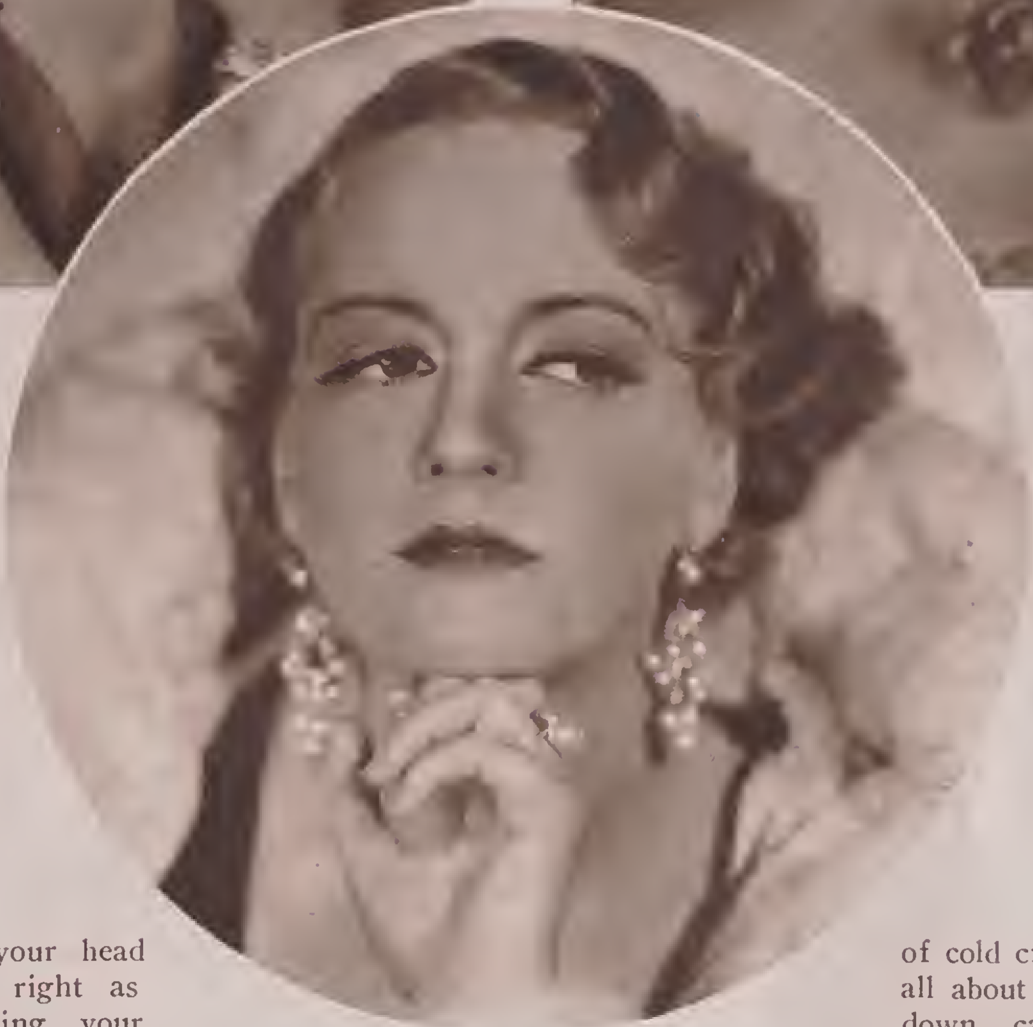
Trick one. When you have been looking concentratedly at something at close range, raise your eyes and look as far away as possible, out of the window, or something like that.



When eye make-up is bad, it's awful. Irene Delroy has foolishly drawn a black line around her eyes, which ages her whole face and makes her look hard



Thelma Todd reveals how perfectly lashes can be made up. Note the contrast with Irene Delroy. Thelma has used just the right degree of mascara and eyeshadow



Doris Kenyon's brows are perfect arches, as they follow exactly the bone structure of her forehead

Trick two. Hold your head erect. Look as far right as possible without moving your head, then as far left. Now describe a complete circle with the eyes, again without moving the head. Count ten and repeat, count another ten and repeat, doing the exercise in all three times.

Pretty simple, isn't it? Of course, if your eyes are really troubling you, or you are having frequent headaches which you attribute to eyestrain, consult a good oculist.

Enough of that, however. I'm going to assume from now on that you see perfectly well. I want to tell you how your eyes can Be Seen and how they can Seem to be something bigger and better and finer than they are.

THE best care of the eyes begins the night before. You don't understand what I'm talking about? Just this. Before retiring each night you should remove every bit of make-up from your eyes—and from your whole face for that matter—and then you should rub just a bit of cold cream or nourishing cream all about the eye. Get the cream down carefully into the eye sockets and over the lids. Then put just a touch of vaseline or olive oil on the brows and lashes. The first treatment keeps the skin about the eyes smooth. By nourishing the skin, it prevents you from getting those disastrous, fine wrinkles. The second treatment keeps the brows and lashes soft and pliable and helps them grow.

So much for that. Now we come to the big trick—that of fixing your eyes so that they will Be Seen!

Particulars? Details? Sure——

1—To make too-large eyes appear smaller, or to make too-small eyes appear large:

Achieve this primarily by proper placing of the eyebrows; secondarily with judicious use of eyeshadow.

A brow arched far and high over the eye tends greatly to make the eye appear much (*Continued on page* 118)

"The Brat," one of the most sought-after parts of the season, marks Sally's happy return. She has a five-year contract with Fox now. She still acts the gay, little clown, but underneath lies the artistry that sadness has taught her

You Can't Lick a Real Trouper

Sally O'Neil Comes Back After a Success That Was Too Easy and a Luck That Was Too Hard

By
SYLVIA
CONRAD

"I GUESS I won my first success at fourteen too easily. Maybe that was why I had such a tough time later on."

Sally O'Neil sat curled up in a big chair in her room at the Ritz, the most utterly utter hotel in New York. Her feet were tucked under her, gamin fashion. She had on French flannels, white trimmed with brown.

I had come to ask her about the strange career which lifted her to the heights of Hollywood success and then led to almost total oblivion. Now her career is zigzagging upward again. She captured one of the season's most sought for parts, in "The Brat." Fox thought so well of her performance that it begged her to sign on the dotted line for five years. And Sally O'Neil, who for the past two years has been pleading for a chance to play good rôles, Sally, who has been sick and discouraged and out of work altogether, sits curled up in her big chair and pinches herself to make sure that she is not dreaming.

A little over six years ago a girl with reddish brown hair and blue-gray eyes arrived in Hollywood. She didn't come in search of a picture career. She was frail and little. She had been ill most of her life. Her blue eyes were stabbed with pain.

Twice in her life she had been at the point of death. Twice the Last Sacrament had been administered to her. The first time when she was five. She was ill with scarlet fever. Her brother Jackie tiptoed into the room where she lay as white and still as death.

"Chotsie," he said (it was her nurse's pet name for her), "if I tell you a secret, will you promise not to tell anyone?"

Chotsie gave a barely perceptible signal.

"I'm not supposed to tell you, Chotsie, but you're going to die."

(*Continued on page* 114)

They called her Chotsie Noonan, this spunky little Irish girl whom Fame named Sally O'Neil—and then forgot. Read on the opposite page how she triumphed over the toughest breaks any girl ever had to face PHYFE

CONSTANCE BENNETT

HOLLYWOOD'S *most suffering heroine. Never was a girl so ill treated by men (in pictures only) or so well treated by the box-office. After her grand success in "Bought" for Warners', Connie thinks her future lies in playing "Lady With a Past"*

JUST "PROPS"

You Can't Stump a Prop Man. He Can Make a Cricket Stop Chirping, Grow Hair On Caterpillars Or Make Grass Spring Up Overnight

By LAURA LOUISE LOWRY

THE wisest person in all Hollywood is a studio property man—"Props" to you. Nothing stumps him. At least nothing has ever been known to. Prop men are a tribe like no other tribe on earth. You can pick out the individual one at Warners' or Columbia—and then you find his duplicate at Paramount or M-G-M. So this is the story of their tribe and not of any one of them—and the goofy things that make their jobs.

Some years ago a studio was in the middle of production of an automobile-racing picture. Sunday afternoon the director suddenly decided he would work the following day at Sawtelle, twenty miles away.

"I want," said he, "by nine o'clock tomorrow morning, fifty hives of bees, a load of straw and an old-fashioned water tank on wheels!"

"You mean you want live bees?" asked the property man.

"Oh. no indeed," the director attempted high sarcasm, "stuffed bees will do just as well."

Try and do it. The property man did. The bees, the straw and the water tank were there before nine o'clock Monday morning.

Fifty hives of live bees were found miles from the studio, at Sierra Madre, Sunday evening.

"Preposterous," said the bee man.

"Not at all," replied props.

And believe it or not, the property man convinced the bee man that an automobile tour of the country would be a fine holiday for his hard-working insects.

ANOTHER unique situation developed during this same picture. Miller racing automobiles were used. Came a scene in which miniature models of the car were required.

"We'll make you some," offered the property man.

"You will not," said the director. "It would take too long. Somewhere in the world there must be a man who has made models of Miller cars. Get 'em—remember, you're delaying this picture."

"Anyway," said props to his assistants, "we have the haystack, and we know the needle's in it somewhere—it shouldn't be so hard."

Being an exceedingly wise props, he started part of his crew making models while he and the rest went hunting.

Through the Miller factory they got a clue and finally traced down a mechanic who made models. With high glee they brought him to the director. At first he said they were great. Then he lifted the hood.

"Ye gods!" said he. "Where are the motors? These things have to run." Within two hours he had his cars, for it proved a simple matter to put spring motors in the models the property men had already made at the studio.

NOT always do situations like this arise because of someone's inefficiency. The making of a picture is like any other construction job. Unforeseen incidents will occur—remember the Culebra Cut at Panama which cost the government several millions not calculated in the original budget. The scenario writer simply did not foresee that the auto crash in the picture could not be staged without loss of life.

A director, for instance, who is going to film a tropical jungle scene, has no means of knowing whether the jungle is going to look tropical or not, until it is constructed and ready for use.

Then, suddenly, when the cameras are set, he realizes all is not well.

"We must," he will say, "have a tropical animal or two to make this scene look natural—Props! Get me a boa and a South American three-toed sloth, and get 'em quick!"

A GOOD illustration of such sudden developments occurred not long ago when a waterfront picture was in the course of filming.

A dirty, disreputable restaurant was built—and it was all of that. Even the director said it wasn't just dirty—it was perfect.

Then came the time to shoot the dénouement.

"There's something wrong here, some place," said the director. "Aha, I have it. Flies! There are no flies. Imagine a restaurant like this without flies! Preposterous! Props, get me a barrel of live flies!"

Props got the flies. Guess where. He got them at a slaughter house from the fly traps. How did he know a slaughter house keeps fly traps? Property men just know those things, that's all.

NOBODY has ever asked a props to get the Holy Grail, but that's because nobody has needed it. If someone does, it will be obtained.

Many things, no less difficult to secure, however, are asked for, all in the day's work.

During production of a costume special, the property man was calmly ordered to procure several decks of 1840 playing cards. Generally, such a problem is solved à la Sherlock Holmes—by reasoning and deduction. Most certainly one had to look where such cards were played in 1840.

Chicago was chosen as a likely spot—but who in Chicago would save one deck, let alone the several needed? The cards were finally secured from a historic gambling house, still making history, in perhaps the only town in America where one gambling house could flourish for so long.

In another picture having a German and Russian locale, the property man was faced with the problem of getting German and Russian coins and currency of the war era, letter heads, decorations and hundreds of other incidentals.

These were obtained from private collections all over the United States. How the property man learned who had them, and how he succeeded in borrowing or renting them, is of the magic peculiar to the property men.

NOT so long ago a studio made a picture which required a farm setting, corn silo and everything. And the silo, naturally, required corn. In fact, it had to be filled with corn on the cob.

Simple, on the face of it, but rather complicated by the fact that it was December, and California has few corns on the cob in December.

Though it appeared impossible, the silo was filled with corn on the cob, and it was accomplished by visiting practically every ranch in Southern California, collecting a few cobs here, and a few there.

Of similar nature and difficulty were the cases of:

The flame throwers, as used during the World War.

The automobile pushball.

The stuffed ostrich.

If you have a million dollars, try and buy some of these

The goofiness of props, with everything ready for use, from carpets to baby carriages. In one room is stored every imaginable kind of carpet. In another are all the antiques in the world, from bicycles to men in armor. And furniture, furniture, furniture fills one room, where you can find everything from a Georgian doorway to an American colonial table things on short notice. It would be easier to borrow the million.

CATERPILLARS are practically unknown commodities in California. Yet caterpillars were requested for one recent picture.

Props was sent on a search for the nearest existent embryonic butterflies. He found some a few hundred miles from Hollywood and proudly brought them back.

But there arose a difficulty. It seems that caterpillars from the region in which the story was laid were hairy brutes.

What to do? Why, put hair on them, of course.

Spirit gum and false hair were obtained. But these particular caterpillars didn't take to long beards. At least, they curled up their numerous toes and died.

Nothing was left but to import the genuine Eastern variety, whiskers and all. Here again nature checkmated props.

When the shipping case was opened, it was discovered all the caterpillars had spun cocoons.

Maybe props anticipated even that emergency. Anyhow, he had manufactured a number of stuffed caterpillars.

So the picture went merrily on.

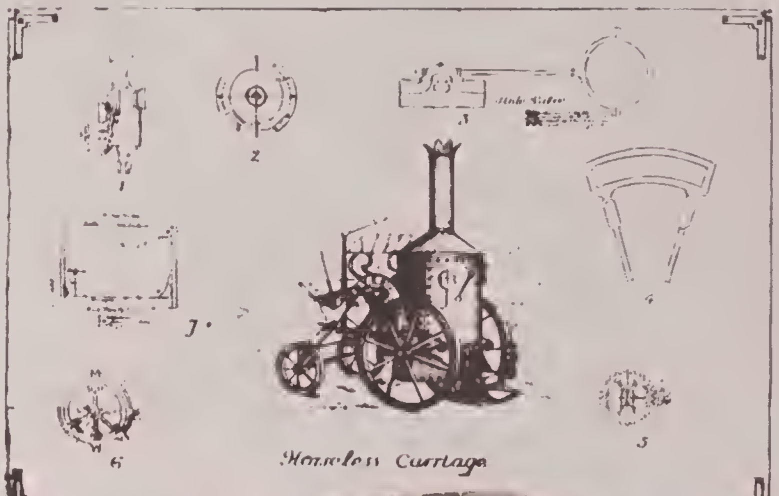
"AND the green grass growing all around" used to be the title of a popular song. It is also the achievement of a property man.

Some time ago, a director conceived a scene in which his hero was to mow grass in the front yard. The set had been built with a green mat floor in imitation of grass.

But you can't cut a green mat.

"Props, I want some real grass and a lawn mower." said the director.

(*Continued on page* 126)



Just tell a prop man to duplicate anything, and he'll have it for you in a jiffy. When "Props" was given that model up at the top, he came through with that jigger in the middle. "Props" has a bric-a-brac room like the one shown at the lower left, where he keeps every type of vase in the world, plus kitchen clocks, plus china. Nothing is sacred to him, not even the coach at the lower right, which was once an Emperor's Coach of State and is now just a wagon on the Paramount lot

A Honeymoon Housewarming

June Collyer and Stuart Erwin Give a Series of Parties

By BETTY NAGLE

THIS month's big party was not a single, specific event but rather a running series of events. It had to be unconventional because it concerned June Collyer and Stuart Erwin, and there has been nothing at all conventional about the affairs; but neither was the sudden elopement of June Collyer and Stuart Erwin conventional.

June and Stu simply decided to get married. So they motored to Yuma, Arizona—drove all night, and the following morning each said their "I do," while June's two brothers, Bud and Dick Heermance, stood up with them. Bud and Dick drew lots to see who would be best man.

It was as simple as that. They were gone three days and returned to set up housekeeping in Stu's Hollywood apartment. This, of course, was decided beforehand. June was all for occupying her Beverly Hills house, but Stu preferred the apartment. So together they chose new furniture for it.

In these arrangements, June ruled supreme. Their long living-room is furnished with sage-green chenille carpeting, the high arched windows hung with deep red velour and the overstuffed furniture reflecting the tones

At home in Stu's Hollywood apartment after their romantic runaway marriage at Yuma, Arizona, the very new Mr. and Mrs. Erwin found their friends waiting on the doorstep to receive them of green and wine red. The dining-room is in heavy carved oak with buffet and cabinet.

The cabinet gave Stu an idea for a wedding present for June. He gave her a complete set of glasses—long-stemmed cordial glasses, goblets, sherbet and wine glasses. They are of the most delicate amber, combined with crystal.

Her service plates of china are green and antique gold encrusted—also from Stu. From June's parents came complete silver service and a handsome lace and embroidered Italian linen banquet cloth. Her brothers presented her with two tailored Italian linen table-cloths, and a set of dishes of English bone china was a gift from Stu's manager.

A picturesque, circular stairway leads off the living-room to upstairs rooms, entered from a balcony, where one glimpses a high cabinet filled with books. The breakfast nook and kitchenette, off the dining-room, overlook terraced gardens.

The groom gave the bride glasses of the most delicate crystal and amber and service plates of green and antique gold

TO this apartment, then, Hollywood's newest newlyweds returned from their Yuma ceremony. Perhaps June—lovely, socially élite June—felt she and Stu had disappointed their Hollywood friends by not having a formal church wedding with real bridesmaids and all the fixings. At any rate, she looked over her new home going from room to room like a true housewife to see that everything was arranged as ordered. Then, turning to Stu, she said:

"We really should have a house-warming."

"It's okay with me, honey," Stu replied. "Anything you do will always be okay." Spoken like a happy groom.

There was no need, however, to thumb through Emily Post to discover the proper procedure for wedding receptions when couples had eloped.

Their friends decided for them. . . .

Mary Brian was the first to ring their door bell. She has long been a chum of June's and exercised the prerogative friendship of such long standing gave her by dropping in to wish the newlyweds happiness.

Russell Gleason was next to arrive. Russell had once been rumored as one of the Very Eligibles who was a contender for June's heart and hand.

Then came Buddy Rogers, Leon Errol, he of the rubber legs, and Gene Pallette. Gene came like a Greek bearing gifts. He caused to be delivered to the Erwin's kitchen an ice-box containing a hundred pound cake of ice. He even brought a pan to put underneath it.

The fact that the kitchen was well equipped with electric refrigeration, Gene waved aside. He did not trust those "new-fangled contraptions," he said. Besides, they did away with icemen. And what, he inquired, was home without an iceman?

So many people dropped in casually to eat that the June bride had to make up trays of food. Note that the pimientoes are cut heart-shaped. June's recipes for these goodies are in this article

Naturally one of the bride's first callers was her mother, Mrs. Clayton Heermance

GENE'S present still stands in the kitchenette, quite a white elephant in such restricted space as an apartment kitchen allows. But Stu and June wouldn't dispose of it for the world. They may even have to move into a new place to give the ice-box a proper home environment.

And so it went the first day the Erwins were at home.

The complete lack of formality which characterized that initial afternoon has continued in subsequent ones. Stu and June both know just about the same people and they are enormously popular.

The second day, however, June was prepared for the gang to drop in. She called the Brown Derby, Hollywood's exclusive café, and arranged for a catering service. And it is well she did, for tea-time found eleven guests present. It was mostly the Paramount bunch that day—everybody from Jack Oakie to Mitzi Green. They were served with hors d'oeuvres, sandwiches and French pastries.

The third day service was for fourteen, the fourth day, twenty-two. Half the time the hostess didn't know who all were there. There were just friends all over the place. Everybody in Hollywood, except Greta Garbo, was there all the time—and June wasn't too sure that Garbo wasn't present. As June grew to expect folks to call, she became more and more interested in planning what to serve them. Unlike most young brides, she experimented with recipes for her guests rather than her husband. Regular meals were entrusted to the servants, but June could not resist the temptation to make the tea-time things herself.

She carved tomato baskets in odd and amusing shapes, filling them with Thousand Island dressing and asparagus tips. She deviled eggs with caviar and figured new ways to cut bread for tiny sandwiches.

Her "Sardines à la Tartare" were a tremendous success. June's recipe for these hors d'oeuvres is as follows:

12 strips of bread
12 sardines
pimiento
tartare sauce
capers

Skin the sardines and remove the backbone. Cut strips of bread the same size and shape as the sardines and fry bread a golden brown. When cool, arrange fish on these croutons.

(Continued on page 125)

Here are the glasses Stu gave June—and they were all used daily

ELEANOR BOARDMAN

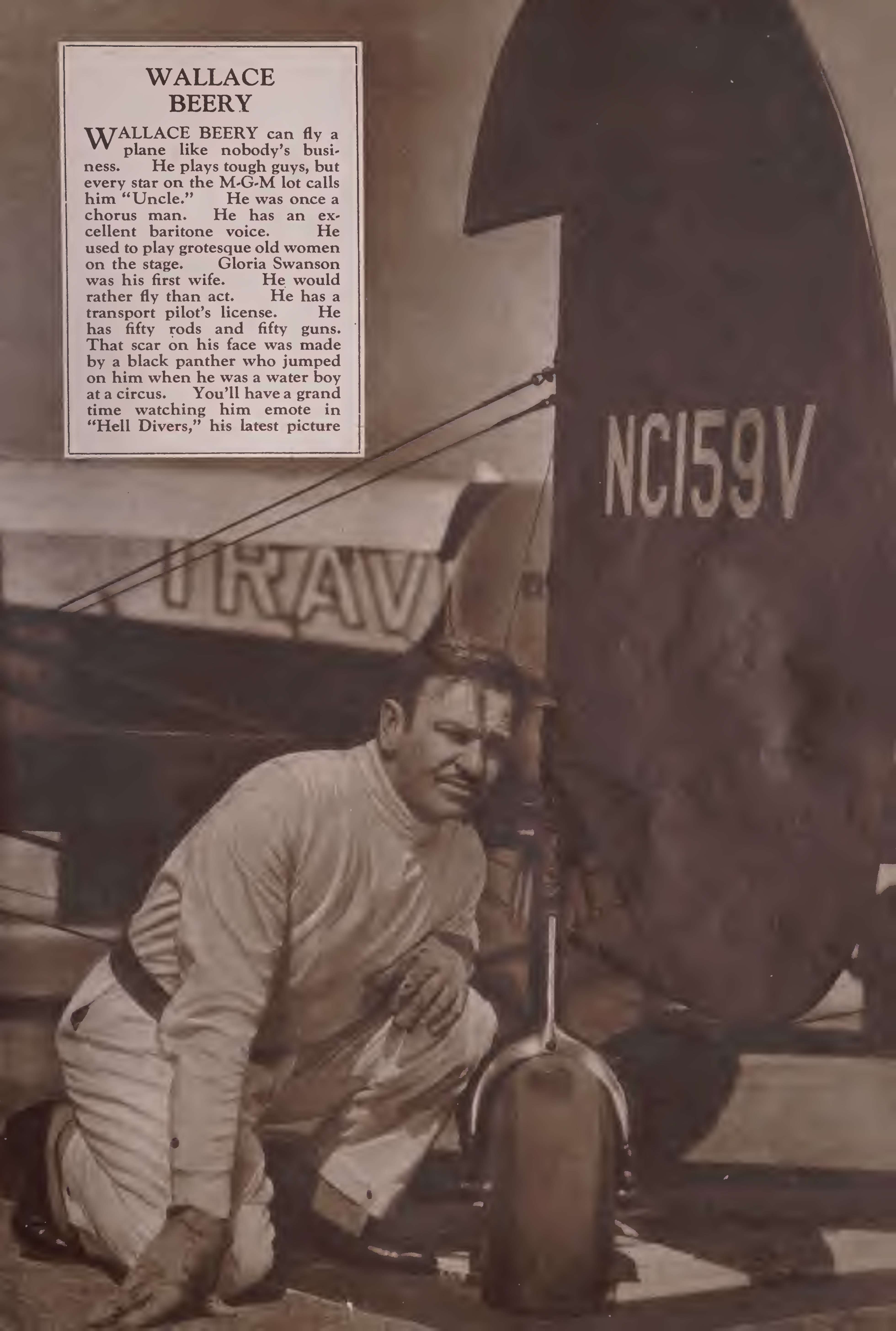
SHE has three careers and manages them all beautifully. She is actress, wife and mother, and pretty nearly perfect in each rôle. She is the most outspoken girl in pictures. She is simple and unaffected, but she knows what she wants—and gets it. Here she is outside the hilltop home of her husband, King Vidor, talking to her pet parrot. She has a nice new Paramount contract, and she is gay and romantic in "The Dover Road," her latest talkie

MARIE DRESSLER

HOLLYWOOD'S best loved actress in the garden of her Beverly Hills home. Nearing sixty, Marie Dressler gets a grand time out of life. She believes in three things—religion, laughter and work. She hasn't youth or beauty, but she's one of the most popular women in the world. She's come a long way from her childhood ambition, which was to be a woman chariot driver in a circus. Marie is now recovering from her recent illness, while "Emma," a swell drama, is being readied for her

WALLACE BEERY

WALLACE BEERY can fly a plane like nobody's business. He plays tough guys, but every star on the M-G-M lot calls him "Uncle." He was once a chorus man. He has an excellent baritone voice. He used to play grotesque old women on the stage. Gloria Swanson was his first wife. He would rather fly than act. He has a transport pilot's license. He has fifty rods and fifty guns. That scar on his face was made by a black panther who jumped on him when he was a water boy at a circus. You'll have a grand time watching him emote in "Hell Divers," his latest picture



CHARLES FARRELL
and
JANET GAYNOR

REAL love and screen love are sometimes worlds apart. "Merely Mary Ann" brings Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor back to the screen as lovers. But now Charles Farrell is married to Virginia Valli, and Janet Gaynor to Lydell Peck. The four of them have swell times together. At the première of "Daddy Long Legs" Charles Farrell was terribly excited. "I know this isn't my picture," he said, "but I always feel proud of Janet's success"

CHARLES
ROGERS
and
PEGGY
SHANNON
in
"The Road to Reno"

The LOVE DODGER

Joel McCrea Declares He Isn't Interested in Romance. He's All for Art

By RADIE HARRIS

SPEEDING along the Santa Monica Highway to keep my first rendezvous with Joel McCrea, I unconsciously began to catalogue all the salient facts I had heard about him during the past few months.

Item: He is a native son of California.

Item: He is of Scotch-Irish descent. He doesn't touch a drop, so I won't see any evidences of Scotch in him. If he has a sense of humor, I can be sure of the Irish.

Item: He is the beau gallant of all the glamorous ladies in town—Bennett, Swanson, Mackaill, et al. He must be good . . . I mean bad!

With this last reflection, I hastily refurbished my make-up and hugged myself expectantly, as I swung into the entrance of the Beach Club, where Joel McCrea sat waiting for me.

Bang, went the first illusion!

This six feet two of manhood in sweat shirt and linen, with hair permanently uncombed because of permanent cowlicks, wasn't an actor. He was the halfback in that last football game at Yale Bowl . . . or a mountain guide in Yellowstone Park . . . or David Putnam just returned from Greenland. Absurd to think of him in grease paint, making faces into a camera!

Yet, wasn't it this same familiar figure that I had seen flashed across the screen in such chef-d'oeuvres as "Dynamite," "Lightnin'," "The Silver Horde," "Once a Sinner," "Kept Husbands," "Born to Love" and "The Common Law"?

So, in the words of Jimmy Durante, "I ups to him" and asks, "How come?"

"It was my fate, I guess. I was born in Hollywood," was his retort. "Seriously, though, Bill Hart is to blame. When I was nine years old, I saw him in my first movie and decided then and there that when I grew up, I was going to follow in his horsesteps—for, of course, I was much more intrigued with his superb horsemanship than his histrionic ability.

“Yes, my family registered the usual parental objection, so in order to appease them (temporarily, mind you!) I graduated from Hollywood High and got my B. A. at Pomona College. Naturally, I joined the Dramatic Society right off the bat and majored in never being late for rehearsal. During my senior year, Sam Wood, director at M-G-M, caught a performance in which I played opposite his daughter, Patricia. He asked me to look him up at the studio after I graduated. He didn't have to ask twice.

“BESIDES this meeting with Sam Woods, I also knew most of the movie colony in a social way, so I took it for granted that my career, once started, would be clear sailing. Optimistically yours! For months I didn't do a darn thing but sit around in a ‘soup and fish’ exuding atmosphere of the idle rich at $7.50 per. Finally, I landed a small part in ‘Dynamite.’ My career with capital letters and quotation marks was beginning at last . . . or so I thought. But it is difference of opinion that breaks contracts—which explains why M-G-M didn't renew mine!

“Then, as the movie subtitles would have it, ‘came the dawn.’ Bill Le Baron signed me for a long termer at RKO. But again, I did nothing except collect a weekly salary check. I felt exactly like a gigolo without a dance partner.

“Once I took a test for the rôle of Boy Fenwick in ‘A Woman of Affairs.’ I played the scene with Garbo. I tank Garbo no like. Johnny Mack Brown played the part. Another time, I made a test for the title rôle in ‘Liliom.’ Before we made it, Frank Borsage took me aside and warned me that he had his heart set on Charlie Farrell. And since I couldn't be the substitute for Janet Gaynor . . .

“Around this time, RKO was casting the juvenile lead for ‘The Silver Horde.’ Ben Lyon, Robert Ames, Lew Ayres, Gary Cooper, Fredric March and Clark Gable were unavailable, so in sheer desperation, they chose me. P.S. I've been on the job ever since—with three pictures for Fox, two for Pathé, one for Warners and I'm starting at Paramount next in “Girls About Town,” opposite Kay Francis. George Cukor is directing and I'm hoping to learn a lot from him. I'm ‘chipped’ on the subject of directors—don't think they get half the credit they deserve. I'm just living for the day when I can be directed by Lubitsch, Vidor and Milestone.”

“What about your leading ladies? Do you prefer them blonde, brunette or titian?” I interrupted.

“How about a swim?” countered Mr. McCrea.

“Not until you've told me about your Love Life,” I retorted.

“Well, that won't take very long. I haven't any! Come on, I'll race you to the breakwater!”

Even before Joel McCrea made this scene with Connie Bennett in “The Common Law,” Connie said Joel was her favorite leading man. Dorothy Mackaill was once reported engaged to him. Now there's talk of Ina Claire being interested. But Joel says he's never been in love

Nothing would have pleased me more—I had already taken one nose dive. But I held firmly to my ground. And finally, I convinced Joel that if he wanted to refute all the manufactured stories about his “playboy” existence, here was his opportunity.

We talked until early dusk . . . of many things.

“I've never been in love,” Joel told me. “By that, I don't mean that I've never had a crush or an infatuation for someone. But I've never asked any girl to marry me. You see, I believe in marriage as an institution, not as a habit. When I marry, I expect it to be ‘till death do us part.’ I haven't any ‘dream girl’ in mind—you know the line—She must have the eyes of Claudette Colbert, Ann Harding's hair, June Collyer's dimples, Joan Crawford's figure, etc., etc., ad nauseam—nor have I any set views on whether or not she is to be a professional.

“In a marriage where both the husband and wife have the same career, there is always a professional understanding. If the husband kisses his leading lady fifty times during the course of his picture, his wife need have no cause for jealousy. In all probability, she kissed her leading man fifty times that. In any number of instances, it eliminates explanations that might be necessary to a non-professional wife . . . and I loathe explanations! On the other hand, when an actor comes home from the studio, tired, cross and emotionally pent up, it must be very comforting to air his grievances to a placid and sympathetic outsider rather than to an equally disgruntled wife whose only comment is, ‘You think *you* have a terrible director and awful dialogue—you should see what I have to put up with!’

“How I achieved my reputation of the great lover and playboy, I have yet to (*Continued on page* 117)

Richest Kids

$25,000 a picture for two or three pictures a year. Mere pin money to Jackie Coogan, who has been a millionaire for years

$3,000 a week from Paramount is Nancy Carroll's wage. Married, divorced, re-married, mother of a small daughter, she's little more than a child herself

By JAY DOUGLASS

GREAT fortunes in most cities are in the hands of older men to be passed on to their heirs. In Hollywood, youngsters earn their own millions to have and to spend long before they are thirty.

For youth rules Hollywood—always has—probably always will. The screen demands young blood, youthful faces. And the screen is willing to pay royally for what it wants.

You can't be too young to be in the big money. There is, for example, Jackie Cooper, whose years total a slim eight.

Jackie, better known as "Skippy," recently signed a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer which will pay him $104,000 for his services over a period of two years. The contract calls for forty weeks out of the fifty-two so that Jackie's earnings are really $1,300 a week. There are three yearly options for forty weeks each at $2,000, $2,500 and $3,000 a week.

Previous to his hit in "Skippy," Jackie was under contract to Hal Roach as a member of the "Our Gang" comedies. From Roach, he received $75 a week when working and $50 when idle. Truly Hollywood pays royally for what it wants, as witness this jump from $75 to $1,300. Jackie also received a $4,000 bonus for transferring his services from Roach to M-G-M.

Then, too, there is Mitzi Green, aged eleven, currently earning $625 a week at Paramount. Her option for next year calls for double the money or $1,250 weekly.

Jackie Searl, ten, but newer to the business, draws $150 every week. Young Mr. Searl is provided a $25 raise every six months so that the last half of his present Paramount contract will net him $300 every Saturday.

FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD Anita Louise has one of the strangest agreements ever written in the film industry. This year she is paid $200 a week for her services, but her salary may be reduced according to her behavior. Tardiness or absence is marked against

in the World

$200 a week at the age of fifteen comes to Anita Louise. If she is a good girl for five years, she'll be in the big money. She has the strangest of all contracts

$625 a week this year. A mere raise to $1,250 next. That's Mitzi Green's income. Who's that guy named Rockefeller, anyhow?

her on the same basis as it would be were she in school. And whenever Anita does not report on time, her pay check may be reduced by one-sixth.

Failure on Anita's part to keep an appointment or to do her work artistically also lops off a portion of her remuneration. She has likewise agreed to pay any damages she causes by holding up a production in which she is working. Under such a contract, Anita would have little chance to foster temperament, even were she so inclined. But it is worth while not to indulge temperament, if $1,750 is waiting for you every week of the fifth year.

The highest paid child player, however, is Jackie Coogan, now aged seventeen. The boy's contract is between Paramount and Jackie Coogan Productions, a corporation organized to handle the young star's affairs and watch the investments made with his money. Jackie is believed to be well in the millionaire class, due to his father's canny business judgment.

An example of the kind of bargain Coogan, Senior, is in the habit of negotiating for his son, is seen in the current Paramount agreement. It calls for $25,000 a picture for two pictures and an option for a third at the same price, to be filmed next summer during Jackie's vacation from school.

The contract specifies that each picture be made inside of nine weeks, one for rehearsal and eight for shooting. That means the young Coogan's salary is in excess of $2,775. But additional time on production pays Jackie $7,500 a week and if called for retakes, he gets $1,250 a day. Which is what I call a contract which is a contract.

Not that Jackie doesn't deserve it. He is paid on a ratio of what his name means at the box-office. It is merely his share of the handsome profits which his pictures will return to the producers who finance them. When his efforts fail to draw people into the theatres, Jackie will be considered through and that's that. No one ever heard of a sentimental producer.

THERE are a score of other young players of about Jackie's age who are starting at pin money by comparison. Betty Grable, recently discovered by Samuel

$800 an hour. That's what Connie Bennett gets when she works for Warner Bros. Besides that she works for Pathè. Besides that she has a million, anyway. She's twenty-six

$35 a week two years ago. $2,000 a week now. This is Lew Ayres' record and he still thinks he's being underpaid

Goldwyn, is sixteen. Her first six months will net her $50 weekly, then $100 and so on to $400 at the end of the fifth year. Yvonne Pelletier, fifteen, draws $75 from Fox on a similar rising contract scale. Both are unknowns to the general public. Jackie Coogan is a veteran despite his tender years and is compensated accordingly.

Of course, one becomes a veteran in this motion-picture business more quickly than in any other profession in the world. Mary Astor, for instance, is considered an old-line player. She has been appearing before the camera for eleven years. Yet Mary is only twenty-five today.

Another young-oldster, Lois Moran, is all of twenty-two. Joan Bennett is twenty, as are Sylvia Sidney, Maureen O'Sullivan, Jean Harlow and Molly O'Day. Molly's sister, Sally O'Neil, is a year older, and at twenty-one we also find Anita Page, Mae Clarke, Claudia Dell and Dorothy Jordan. Loretta Young is a brief eighteen and Dorothy Lee only a few months older.

Lupe Velez and Marguerite Churchill are twenty-two; Mary Brian, Fay Wray, Joan Crawford and Raquel Torres, twenty-three; Jeanette MacDonald, Alice White, Claudette Colbert and Fifi Dorsay all twenty-four. Nancy Carroll is twenty-five.

The one and only Garbo has seen twenty-six summers. Constance Bennett and Lila Lee are the same age. At twenty-six, we also find Clara Bow and Dolores Del Rio; at twenty-seven Norma Shearer, Billie

$104,000 for two years for this capitalist of eight summers. You know him. He's Jackie "Skippy" Cooper

$40,000 short of a million in the next three years is coming into Ann Harding's bank account. Think of not only looking like a million dollars but of earning it before you were thirty!

Dove, Dorothy Mackaill and Lily Damita. Ann Harding and Bebe Daniels face twenty-nine and Marion Davies and Marilyn Miller, thirty-one.

I hope I am not being ungallant in revealing these ladies' ages. But their youth amazes me. I had come to regard them as older in the light of their screen experience and, in some cases, the rôles they play.

We called Hollywood the city of the richest kids in the world. And so it is. Where else can a girl of twenty-six command $30,000 a week in real money as does Constance Bennett? Besides this, Connie works forty weeks a year for Pathé pictures at a salary that is helping her to accumulate her second million speedily.

CONNIE's two picture agreement with Warners sent salaries sky-rocketing again after producers had been talking economy. The Bennett draws $150,000 a feature on a five-week guaranteed shooting time. Her first on this scale was "Bought."

Marilyn Miller receives the same compensation, but the length of time is not specified. "Sally" and "Sunny" both were in production longer than five weeks.

Ann Harding recently signed a new contract with Pathé which will net her a total of $960,000 in the next three years. She has been earning $2,000 per on a forty-week agreement, but the new arrangement is for four pictures a year, the first group at $60,000 each, the second at $80,000 and the third at $100,000.

Ann Harding and Harry Bannister jointly bought the hillside home in which they live. The property, the house and everything in it they own outright, so Ann plans to bank nearly all she earns and invest against rainy weather. It will have to be a hurricane to upset the financial security another three years of film acting will bring.

Just what Greta Garbo receives every week in her pay envelope is difficult to ascertain. The last official figure is $3,500, which I believe is an underestimate today. Harry Edington, her business manager, also handles John Gilbert's affairs. Edington put Gilbert into the $10,000 class and it is thought he has done nearly as well by Garbo. At any rate, the glamorous Swede lives frugally on a small fraction of her pay and even Edington, usually as silent as his client, admits she has over a million salted away. Her investments are in American bonds, not in Swedish banks, as popularly supposed.

Robert Montgomery, when he was starred by M-G-M, signed a new ticket said to be at $2,500. He got only $750 as a leading man.

$1,250 a week was what Joan Crawford was struggling along on until just recently. Could a twenty-three-year-old get by on that? Hardly, said Joan, so M-G-M tripled it

JOAN CRAWFORD has also had a recent salary adjustment. Joan grew up on the M-G-M lot and until a few months ago was earning a comparatively small wage. That is, $1,250 is small in comparison with Marion Davies' $10,000; Norma Shearer's reported $6,000 and Ramon Novarro's $5,000, which amount is said to be also paid Marie Dressler, Wallace Beery and Buster Keaton.

Even Doug, Jr., Joan's husband, was drawing $2,500—twice Joan's scale. And young Doug didn't make his hit until long after Joan scored at the box-office. When another concern offered her $8,500, however, M-G-M realized her worth. The old agreement was torn up and another proffered which is said to come near to tripling her former salary.

Tearing up contracts is an old (*Continued on page* 122)

$150 a week. Mere pittance, Jackie Searl earns, but then he's new to the business and only ten. By the time he's twelve, though, he'll be somewhere

WHY men like Hollywood. Everywhere you turn in Cinemaland there are girls like this, beautiful, luscious and it-ish. These three are Frances Dee, Judith Wood and Adrienne Ames, Paramount's most promising sub-debs. That thingamajig they're leaning on is a rubber sea elephant, on which Hollywood girls float out upon the sea of dreams

JIMMY DURANTE

THE darling of the night clubs is now the darling of Hollywood. Jimmy Durante belonged to the New York night club team of Clayton, Jackson and Durante. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has him under contract. His director, Sam Wood, said to him, "Jimmy, we'll use you in some alley scenes to add a little class to them." Jimmy is officially known as "Schnozzle," because of his long, long nose. You'll have a chance to look him and it over in "The New Wallingford"

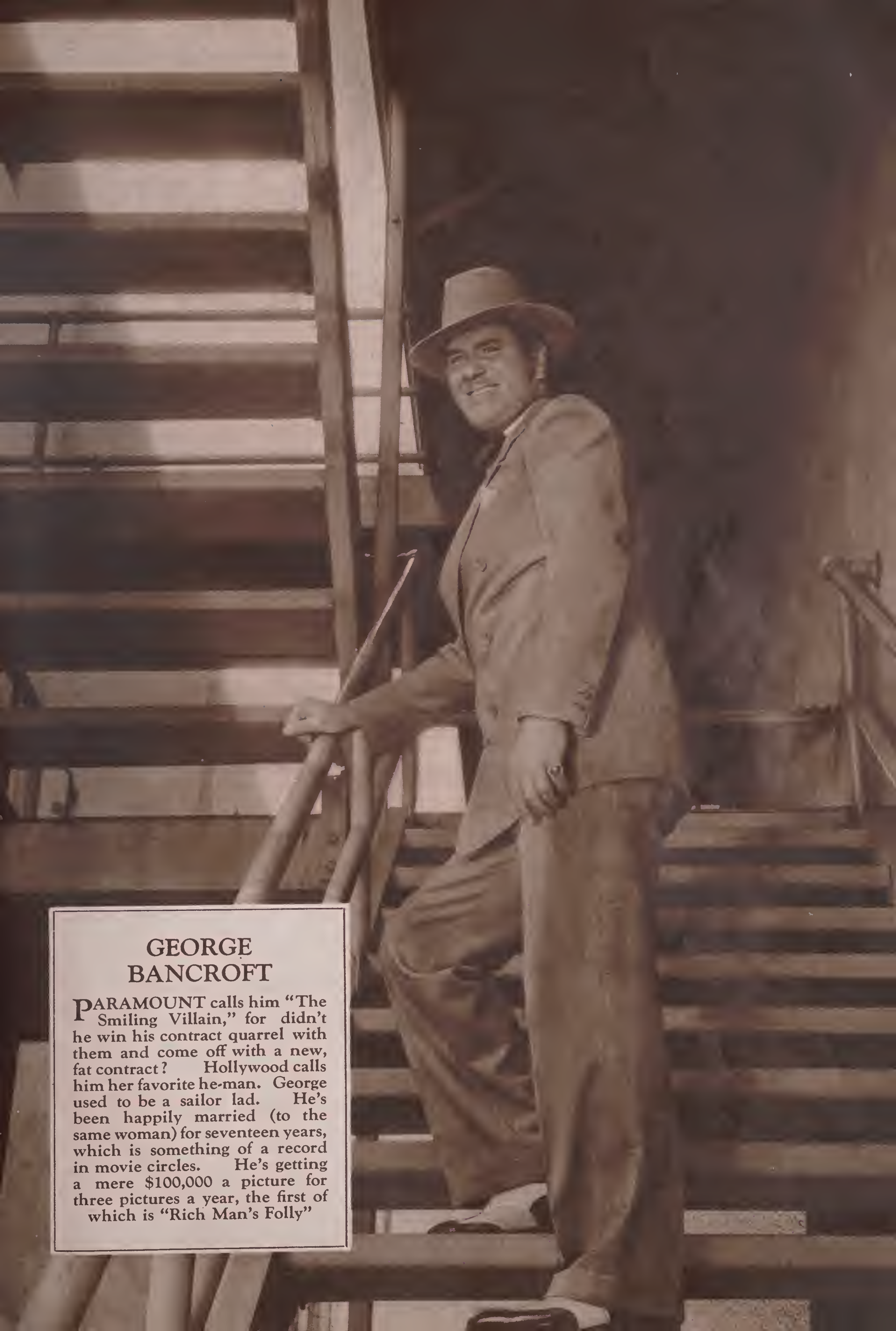
DOROTHY JORDAN

LOOK at what they're doing to our little Dorothy! They're sexing her up! Out of the window, girlhood dreams; sophistication—take its place. Dorothy is putting more emotion into her portrayals than ever, maybe because she herself has been touched by emotion. She's dividing her time between Donald Dillaway and Producer Howard Hughes. Dorothy can cook Southern dinners, has gray eyes, and a charming Southern accent, which you'll adore in "Boarding School"

ANNA MAY WONG

WITH her strange eyes and her dark hair, Anna May Wong is back in Hollywood again. She has an English accent and exotic clothes. She's been knocking Europe and Broadway for a loop. Now watch Hollywood rave about her in "Daughter of the Dragon"!

OTTO DYAR



GEORGE BANCROFT

PARAMOUNT calls him "The Smiling Villain," for didn't he win his contract quarrel with them and come off with a new, fat contract? Hollywood calls him her favorite he-man. George used to be a sailor lad. He's been happily married (to the same woman) for seventeen years, which is something of a record in movie circles. He's getting a mere $100,000 a picture for three pictures a year, the first of which is "Rich Man's Folly"

hi, readers . . . .

SPEAK for YOURSELF

This is your department. You can say what you want in it. You can rave or knock all you want. Just to make things more exciting, we're going to award seven prizes every month after this—$20 First Prize; $10 Second; and five prizes of $1 each. Prize letters in future issues must be 200 words or less. Prizes will be awarded and letters will be printed not because we agree with the writers, but because their letters are interesting and exciting. *Address:*
Movie Mirror, 8 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

FIRST PRIZE

Scraps of Conversation

Listen to these bits of talk—as the real critics (the average fans) tell in their own way—their estimation of a few pictures:

"Politics"

"Hal, did you have to laugh so loud? I felt so ashamed. Everyone was looking. . . ."

"Daddy Long Legs"

"Mother, I wish you and Dad would go see it. It . . . it's just the *sweetest* thing!"

"Laughing Sinners"

"Mabel, I never was so—so darned *disappointed!*"

"Young Donovan's Kid"

"And I . . . I couldn't find my handkerchief. Frank gave me his. He was sort of peeved about it. Told me to stop my snifflin'."

"Svengali"

"Br—r! Did I shiver! Barrymore had long whiskers and . . ."

"The Man in Possession"

"You won't like it, Sis. You can't squeeze a tear out of the whole thing."

"Indiscreet"

"Gloria's grand!"

"The Secret Six"

"Um-m—that fellow! What's his name? I thought sure I'd remember it. Carl—Ca—Clark Gable, that's it!"

"Skippy"

"Aw, Mom—let's see it twice. Pleeze, Mom!"

"Kick In"

"Regis Toomey has got the cutest grin!"

Mary L. Mathews,
Richmond, Ind.

SECOND PRIZE

An Open Letter About Clara Bow

We fans are not only human, but realize those on the screen are also. Oh, there are some who expect the impossible from our actors and actresses, but they are in the minority. Most of us can see that Clara is not to blame for her unpleasant publicity. While on that bugbear, *is* it so unpleasant? So different from that which might be given others, if made known to the public? I refer to all of us, not only those in the public eye. Clara Bow has just been unfortunate in her connections, and, poor girl, had nothing with which to combat rumors or those publishing them. Why? Because inside of her young woman's body, there is a hurt child. All her life she has been groping for love; not that bruising passion called love, but the beautiful, understanding blessing that is mother love. My heart goes out to her. I fear there are few men who will be strong enough, when understanding this unhappy, thwarted woman-child, to give her the love she needs. I know her many fans hope as I do, that there is no more hurt for her, for my great fear is that her trust be again abused.

Miss Bow is not through by any means. Her fans are standing by, waiting loyally for the director who has discernment enough to see the great possibilities in this capable, heart-broken girl.

Evan Lane,
Succasunna, N. J.

High-Hat Stars

I wonder if any star who has gone high-hat can continue to be successful. It seems to me that there is something in the very quality of high-hattedness that militates against success.

If rumor can be trusted, Lew Ayres' head has grown many sizes too large for his headgear. And look what has happened to him! His prize-fight picture, "Iron

Man," is stolen by Robert Armstrong. He plays with Genevieve Tobin in "Up for Murder," and Genevieve gets all the plaudits. Is this the same boy we saw in "All Quiet on the Western Front"? I think not! Success has ruined him.

Arthur Gavrin,
Washington, D. C.

Choosing a Girl Friend

If you could choose a favorite girl friend from the ranks of the stars, whom would you choose? Mary Brian? I wouldn't. She's too quiet. Greta Garbo? No, I'd be afraid of her. Nancy Carroll? Too much temper. My choice would be Barbara Stanwyck. How I love that girl! She's sweet; she's natural. No airs. No pose. No affectation. In a city that's full of shams, she's the one real thing.

I saw her in "Night Nurse" and I thought she was wonderful.

John Murray,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Americans First

Why all the fuss about a Swede, Garbo, and a German, Dietrich? Haven't we enough American actresses with talent without having any foreigners foisted upon us?

Garbo has often enough threatened to go home. I wish she would!

Then American girls, like Janet Gaynor, would get the chance they deserve.

Sarah Morris,
Portland, Ore.

Is Garbo a Genius?

If we were to lose Garbo, she could never be replaced.

All her imitators merely succeed in being their own dull selves.

She is the only movie actress to whom the word "genius" can genuinely apply.

I think Marlene Dietrich put her worst foot forward when she started to imitate Garbo. I hated her at first. "Dishonored" showed she had possibilities. If she ever gets completely away from the Garbo influence, she'll become a pleasant enough actress.

There is no one, however, who can compete with Garbo or take her place.

Lillian Johnson,
Chicago, Ill.

An American Tragedy

I've just seen "An American Tragedy." I thought it a very good picture in spite of its unhappy ending. But why, Oh, why, was all that fuss made over Frances Dee? I read somewheres that she was going to be a second Marlene Dietrich. Poppycock, say I. She didn't even give a good imitation of a society girl. Sylvia Sidney and Irving Pichel absolutely stole that picture.

Marilyn Lee,
Bayonne, N. J.

Please Don't Leave Us, Buddy

Yes, we heard the rumors—"They say Buddy Rogers is washed up at Paramount. . . . America's Boy Friend will accept a big Broadway offer. . . . Buddy will organize his own orchestra. . . . Betcha he'll be a big radio artist. . . ." We repeat, we heard 'em all, and mammy, tell us it ain't true!

Mr. Rogers, age 27, has proved to all the world that he can act in a big way. Witness his intense characterization in "The Lawyer's Secret."

If this scintillating personality quits Hollywood, it will be Broadway's gain and the movies' very great loss.

Jane De Wolf,
(No address given.)

What's Wrong With the Juveniles?

My favorite actor—Lionel Barrymore.

He walked off with the laurels in "A Free Soul."

Why isn't more praise given to actors of intellect and ability like Barrymore, George Arliss and Richard Barthelmess, rather than to handsome young juveniles like Robert Montgomery and Clark Gable?

George Gartner,
Denver, Colorado.

Going Back to Longfellow

Here are some descriptions of my favorite stars from Longfellow's "Evangeline":

"Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion." *Warner Baxter*

"White as snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves. *Lewis Stone*

"Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside." *Sidney Fox*

"But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty——" *Greta Garbo*

"When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music." *Ann Harding*

"Many a youth—
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion." *Mary Brian*

"Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horse-shoe." *Neil Hamilton*

"Ripe in wisdom *was* he, but patient, and simple and childlike. He *was* beloved by all." *Louis Wolheim*

"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser." *Clara Bow*

"Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold." *Joan Bennett*

"Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals." *Maurice Chevalier*

Marion H. Spence,
Auburndale, Mass.

The Actress Without Good Luck

It was with the greatest pleasure that I read that Dolores Del Rio was coming back to the screen. That girl has everything—beauty, brains and talent. Everything, that is, but good luck. Now she's well again. She's happily married. Isn't there reason to suppose that she will give the screen her best work? I'm waiting impatiently for "The Dove."

Madeline Stone,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Tips to Directors

When I saw Karen Morley in "Inspiration," (remember—she was the girl who committed suicide?), I made up my mind to watch for her. Here, I thought, was a girl with great dramatic power—a wonderful discovery.

Then I saw her in "Politics." She played just the ordinary pretty-girl type of ingénue. I still think her a girl with great dramatic powers. Isn't it a shame that she should be wasted in rôles that any girl could play?

I'm going to watch and watch for her. I'll be hoping that Mr. Director wakes up and gives her a chance to be herself.

Adeline Jordan,
El Paso, Texas.

Isn't it strange that directors aren't more careful? In "Subway Express" the train passed by stations that aren't even on the New York subway lines. In "Cimarron" someone wore a wrist-watch in a pioneer scene. In "Laughing Sinners" Joan was supposed to be a blonde. She took off her hat in one scene, and lo and behold, her dark hair rippled forth.

Often in pictures people who aren't supposed to be married forget to take off their wedding rings. And in one picture where everything took place in New York, all the cars that whizzed by had California licenses.

Don't directors realize that we notice these things?

John Dillaway,
New York, N. Y.

That dress Madge Evans wore in "Sporting Blood" looked as if it had once had an interesting career. I'm sure I saw it on Norma Shearer's back. Is it wise of their company to make their newest leading lady wear a star's discards?

Arthur Dale,
Wilmington, N. C.

Why Not Write This Kind of a Letter to Colbert?

How does one become personally acquainted with one's favorite movie star? Ever since I first saw Claudette Colbert in "The Lady Lies," I have wished that I might meet her. She is such a human person, and in her pictures she is so perfectly natural.

There is no feeling of "watching the wheels go round." And that is such a relief after the obvious technique of some of the leading stars. Why is it that some of them get all the "breaks"? Why was the title of "First Lady of the Screen" bestowed on Ruth Chatterton? Every time I see her, I get the impression that she is so careful, so afraid of doing something the audience won't like. I just know that all through the filming of a picture, she is thinking, "Now I must smile thusly here, and I must use this gesture there." And why is Constance Bennett the highest paid star on the screen? Have these ladies anything to give the screen that Claudette Colbert hasn't got? After "The Lady Lies," everyone was so glowing in their praises of Claudette, and predicted that it wouldn't be long before she was at the top of the heap. And what happened? With the exception of "Manslaughter," she hasn't had a chance to do anything of importance. And to top it all, in "The Smiling Lieutenant" she is a leading lady again. In fact, she's only half a leading lady; they had to have two of them. There ain't no jestice!

To get back to where I started from, does a dream like mine ever become a reality? How does one go about making it real? And what kind of a letter do I have to write Miss Colbert to receive a personal reply? I love her so.

I won't bother you any more. Thank you so much. (Optimistic, you see.)

Helen E. Hunt,
Detroit, Michigan.

For John Gilbert

Let's all give John Gilbert a great big hand.

I saw him in "The Phantom of Paris" and he was great.

What does all the talk about his voice mean? I liked it. I can think of a dozen actors with voices much less pleasant. Just because John Gilbert had achieved a high measure of success, it gave people a great deal of pleasure to push him down from his high pedestal.

What courage he has shown in fighting them! Now he deserves his reward.

There has never been a leading man like Gilbert opposite Garbo. Every actor is being tried out opposite her. Why not the actor who proved himself—John Gilbert, who has twice conquered pictures?

Ruth Segall,
Duluth, Minn.

Are Mothers People?

Norma Shearer, Nancy Carroll and Gloria Swanson are making a mistake when they keep their children out of the public eye. Are they ashamed of being mothers?

We as fans are proud of them when they place motherhood above everything, even success. We are interested in their children, not merely out of idle curiosity. Their children are a part of them.

When they seem to cringe in shame lest anyone suspect them of being mothers, we feel so sorry for them. Don't they understand?

Character and beauty can be intensified by motherhood.

If these actresses are ashamed of so high an honor, they make us feel ashamed for them.

Afraid of losing their place in the public heart? Pooh, pooh! Has Marlene Dietrich lost any of her box-office appeal because beautiful pictures showing her with her little daughter, Maria, have been published? The stand she took in refusing to pass for a young girl is wonderful. Perhaps some day the other actresses will learn the lesson she knew instinctively.

Jane Blum,
St. Louis, Mo

Crawford Criticism

I don't see how producers can be so careless as to make obvious, silly errors. In "Laughing Sinners" Joan Crawford couldn't make up her mind whether to be a blonde or brunette.

What does anyone see in her, anyway? She seems to me to fit in perfectly with Kipling's description, "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair." That's all there is to her—absolutely all.

Alice Curtis,
New York, N. Y.

From a Girl Who Wants to Pick Her Own Stars

We of the public make our own stars, the stars who appeal to us. We are wise not to be tempted by the piping hot applesauce served by publicity departments. The producers that try to push a mediocre player and force him upon us do not succeed.

We know a star when we see one, and when we discover one, we give him a great big hand.

MONTGOMERY, NOVARRO, GARBO THE GREAT, NORMA SHEARER, JOAN CRAWFORD, MARIE DRESSLER AND RUTH CHATTERTON appealed to us! Look at them now, outstanding stars, great stars!

Now it is Clark Gable who is exciting our pulses, heading right ahead at Valentino's empty throne. We will make him a star by crowding to all the box-offices for him.

We give credit to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for giving us the honor to pick our own stars, but I have ill-feeling over Paramount's ballyhoo for mediocre players like Marlene Dietrich and Tallulah Bankhead. It is no use! They don't appeal to us.

Three cheers for Metro; one cheer for Paramount for giving us the splendid Chatterton.

Producers! We call your attention to the fact that we of the public do the movie financing via the box-office, so if you want movie prosperity, let us do the picking! Amen.

Marie Kromis,
Y. W. C. A., Detroit.

Take That, and That, and That

Constance Bennett is not an actress. She is simply a fashion plate.

In "The Common Law" she walked through the picture wearing either very beautiful clothes or none at all. Those are the only two things she knows how to do. As for emoting—as for saying ten words as though she really meant them—don't make me laugh.

Another actress I hate is Norma Shearer. Every picture I see her in she struts and poses. She always looks as though she were saying to herself: "Am I not unbearably beautiful and charming?" I hate her.

The actresses I like are Janet Gaynor, Mary Brian and Marlene Dietrich. They are the only ones who are simple, sincere and natural. They have restraint, which is just another word for artistry.

Janet Dale,
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

And Here's Some Love for a Change

I wonder if other fans feel about the movies as I do. I have always been lonely, and they take the place of companionship, I am often blue, and they cheer me up. I earn very little money, and they are my only recreation. I'm just an office girl, you see.

And because the movies mean all this to me, I don't just like the stars who entertain me; I adore them. Especially I adore Janet Gaynor, who gave us "Daddy Long Legs," and worship Greta Garbo, who gave us "Inspiration." My favorite men actors are Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery. I didn't care so much for "Shipmates"—even William Haines could have played that; but Robert Montgomery in "The Man In Possession" was just about perfect.

How happy I am over the news that he and Norma Shearer will play together in "Private Lives"! Two favorites in one picture—mmm!

Mary Roberts,
Cranston, R. I.

Brief Opinions

Elissa Landi is potentially the greatest star we have. Only the poor choice thus far made of vehicles for her has kept her from assuming her proper place.

Adele Benson,
Miami, Florida.

James Dunn doesn't look much like a heart-thumper, but does he deliver a grand performance in "Bad Girl"! Oh, boy, Oh, boy!

Molly Donovan,
Pendleton, Oregon.

How can the fans be such hypocrites as to pretend they don't like gangster pictures? The box-office figures speak for themselves.

John Cole,
Iowa City, Iowa.

Glitter. That's what Constance Bennett's got.

Frustration, weariness. That's Tallulah Bankhead.

Inscrutability. That's Marlene Dietrich.

Mystery. That's Greta Garbo.

And the greatest thing in a woman is mystery.

George Anderson,
Toledo, Ohio.

Why do the stars risk their popularity by making personal appearances? The movies give us something that is more precious than reality: illusion. Personal appearances spoil our illusion. Leave us our dreams.

Annabelle Powers,
Atlanta, Georgia.

How silly it is for girls to have crushes on movie actors! If they were half the husbands that they are lovers on the screen, there wouldn't be so many divorces in Hollywood.

Jane Seligson,
Montreal, Canada.

Then Why Compare Them?

How can Dietrich even be compared to Greta Garbo? Marlene is as different from Garbo as night is from day.

Greta Garbo gives a quiet soulful performance that goes to one's heart. Even in a picture as poor as "A Woman of Affairs," she held her audiences by her talent and her personal power.

Although Greta Garbo never had the chance in life, the same education, the same atmosphere to live her childhood in, she is nevertheless exquisite, refined.

Greta Garbo came here young, inexperienced, without publicity, and climbed through her own efforts to the throne that is hers now.

Marlene Dietrich had clever press agents to pave the way for her. At her début she was given two good pictures, opposite two of the best actors. They alone deserved the laurels; but she got the credit. She had a wonderful chance to show her talent, if she had any, but all she showed was her legs. No, there can't be any comparison at all.

Dora Master,
Holyoke, Mass.

TIPS on TALKIES

Check & Double Check on Shows You Mustn't Miss

CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK. Check✓ for good pictures. Double check✓✓ for extraordinary pictures that you shouldn't miss. We ought to give rubber checks for bad pictures, but we won't. We'll just leave them out.

ALWAYS GOODBY (*Fox*) Elissa Landi makes fascinating a story that is full of loopholes. Her performance is even better than in "Body and Soul." She lends distinction to her rôle as the innocent accomplice of a crook who is trying to rob the man she loves. Paul Cavanagh as the impostor and Lewis Stone as the host give excellent support. The story is rather slow moving.

☆

✓ **AMERICAN TRAGEDY, AN** (*Paramount*) Though it's depressing, this is a very good picture, no matter how Dreiser feels about it. Rising to great emotional climaxes, it tells the story of Clyde Griffiths, a sex-starved boy who has an affair with a factory girl, and then decides to murder her because she stands in the way of his marrying the girl he really wants. Sylvia Sidney gives a stirring performance. Irving Pichel as the district attorney steals the picture from Phillips Holmes.

☆

ANNABELLE'S AFFAIRS (*Fox*) A gay, amusing farce about a girl who is separated from her husband, an illiterate miner, for years, and then falls in love with him without recognizing him. Jeanette MacDonald is charming as Annabelle and Victor McLaglen is adequate opposite her. The real hit of the picture is Roland Young, who makes a hilarious and delightful drunk.

☆

BACHELOR APARTMENT (*Radio*) It is a pity that Lowell Sherman, one of our most finished actors, can't get a picture that's up to his level. This one is only fair. It's the story of the philanderer who isn't interested in wedding bells so long as he can get what he wants without them. But when Irene Dunne resists his charms, he falls hard. Mae Murray makes her comeback as a vamp.

☆

BAD SISTER (*Universal*) The story of two small-town girls of different types, taken from Booth Tarkington's story, "The Flirt." Sidney Fox is very cute as the bad sister who's out to get her man, Conrad Nagel. The picture contains comedy and a little melodrama. Nevertheless, it's not very exciting.

☆

BEYOND VICTORY (*Pathé*) After "All Quiet on the Western Front," it's hard to get excited about this war picture, although it contains some interesting scenes. It gives flashbacks of the lives of four boys who meet together at a siege. Bill (Screen) Boyd is in the cast, and he gives a fine performance.

☆

BIG BUSINESS GIRL (*First National*) A pleasant picture with a slim story. It belongs to the "Office Wife" type of film, but this time the boss is the villain who is trying to break up the home of the heroine, Loretta Young. Loretta, Ricardo Cortez and Frank Albertson all give fair performances, but for heaven's sake don't miss Joan Blondell at the very tag end of the picture. She's a scream, in a bit that's all too brief.

BLACK CAMEL, THE (*Fox*) Charlie Chan investigates a couple of murders, and moves in constant danger of his own life. Warner Oland makes the Chinese sleuth an amusing character, whose quaint Chinese aphorisms will either please you a great deal or get on your nerves. But the story is well constructed and contains plenty of complications.

☆

✓ **BORN TO LOVE** (*Pathé*) Constance Bennett triumphs over a trite story of wartime romance. Hearing that the man she loved has been killed in the war, she marries another man for the sake of her child. See this for a good cry. Constance Bennett makes you feel that she knows tragedy and suffering, and her acting is splendid. Paul Cavanagh is interesting in an unsympathetic rôle and Joel McCrea is sincere and likable.

☆

BROAD MINDED (*First National*) Joe E. Brown is Joe E. Brown—and you know how funny that is. But he isn't given enough good gags, and the fun isn't fast and furious enough. However, you'll get some laughs out of seeing Joe E. Brown act as guardian to a rich young man whose father has told him to keep away from women. Marjorie White contributes some cute comedy, too.

☆

✓ **CHANCES** (*First National*) Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., gives a very appealing performance in his first starring picture. You can imagine how good the acting of the cast is to overcome the handicaps of a trite plot about two brothers in love with the same girl, a bunch of phoney English accents and a number of war scenes which, while well done, don't present anything new. In spite of all these things, it emerges as a really good picture, due to the acting of young Doug, Anthony Bushell and Rose Hobart.

☆

✓ **CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON** (*Fox*) A man is murdered on a round-the-world tour and a bag of pebbles is found beside him. With this as his clue, Charlie Chan tracks down the murderer. It's one of the best stories in the Charlie Chan series, with Warner Oland as the Chinese detective.

☆

✓✓ **CIMARRON** (*Radio*) One of the best pictures of the year. It's hard to believe that an epic can be made soul-stirring, so many pictures that go by that name being just plain dull. But this makes you live with the pioneers and feel the thrill that Yancey Cravat felt when he went adventuring in untried paths. Richard Dix makes the character of Yancey live, and Irene Dunne skilfully shows Sabra through the years.

☆

✓ **CITY LIGHTS** (*United Artists*) Ardent Chaplinites will swear that this is the greatest picture they have ever seen. Other fans will find it a good picture, not an extraordinary one. It is, of course, a silent picture with sound effects. Chaplin as the tramp who loves a blind flower girl gives a touching performance, mingling comedy with tragedy and hokum. One of the funniest scenes is at the beginning of the picture, where the sound is cleverly managed to make fun of talking effects.

☆

✓ **COMMON LAW, THE** (*RKO-Pathé*) Connie Bennett's acting makes this a good picture. She's utterly fascinating as an artist's model who flouts conventions for the sake of the man she loves. The story itself hasn't much punch any more. See it anyway if you like Connie Bennett. She's gorgeous, and what clothes she wears! Joel McCrea is pleasant enough as the young artist.

☆

CONFESSIONS OF A CO-ED (*Paramount*) Sylvia Sidney gives a good performance in an insipid story about a college girl who loves one lad and, upon being deserted by him, marries another. No actor could win sympathy for the vacillating hero Phillips Holmes plays.

☆

✓✓ **CONNECTICUT YANKEE, A** (*Fox*) You'd almost think that Mark Twain wrote this story with Will Rogers in mind, so well does he play it. As the Connecticut Yankee who finds himself a prisoner in King Arthur's court and saves his life by his own ingenuity, Will Rogers is perfect. William Farnum, Maureen O'Sullivan and Myrna Loy lend splendid support.

☆

CONQUERING HORDE, THE (*Paramount*) A conventional Western which is better entertainment for the children than for yourself. The heroine, Fay Wray, has to get her cattle to Abilene to sell them and suspects Richard Arlen, the hero, of being in league with her enemies. There's a fight with the Indians which the children will like.

☆

✓✓ **DADDY LONG LEGS** (*Fox*) Janet Gaynor's best picture since "Seventh Heaven." A clean, wholesome, delightful picture for the whole family. Even though other actresses have played it before, the part of Judy seems just made for Janet. Judy is an orphan girl who is sent to college by her unknown benefactor, Daddy Long Legs, and who falls in love with him later on without knowing who he is. Warner Baxter is very good, and Janet is simply grand.

☆

✓ **DANCE, FOOLS, DANCE** (*M-G-M*) A very good gangster picture, with Joan Crawford as the star. She gives a glamorous performance as a newspaper reporter whose brother has to do the bidding of a gangster. Though the picture doesn't call forth such dramatic depths in Joan as "Paid" did, it's very exciting. Clark Gable's work as the villain overshadows even Joan's performance.

☆

✓ **DAYBREAK** (*M-G-M*) Ramon Novarro in a tender, moving romance about a dashing lieutenant who seduces an innocent girl. Ramon Novarro and

Helen Chandler do good work as the lovers. It's a pity, though, that Ramon, with his splendid voice, isn't given a chance to sing.

☆

✓ **DEVIL TO PAY, THE** (*United Artists*) Ronald Colman gives a perfectly delightful performance in a gay, sprightly comedy about an incorrigible young man who is always broke and charming. There's a refreshing love story, with Loretta Young as the lass who is loved.

☆

✓✓ **DIRIGIBLE** (*Columbia*) A grand adventure picture, with magnificent air shots. It's the story of a man whose marriage is almost ruined by his love of adventure. Ralph Graves plays the part with just the right touch of vanity, courage and humor. Though the story holds plenty of suspense, you'll learn lots about dirigibles and airships.

☆

✓ **DISHONORED** (*Paramount*) Marlene Dietrich makes a trite spy story seem exciting. In this picture she gets away from the Garbo mannerisms, though she still poses as inscrutable and mysterious. Victor McLaglen is adequate but not very subtle opposite her.

☆

DOCTORS' WIVES (*Fox*) A satisfactory program picture about the way doctors' wives feel about the clients who consult their husbands. Joan Bennett and Warner Baxter do nice work.

☆

✓ **DRACULA** (*Universal*) A weird picture about vampires who live on after death by drinking the blood of the living. It's well done, and it'll make you shiver plenty. Bela Lugosi is excellent in the title rôle.

☆

✓ **DUDE RANCH** (*Paramount*) A good comedy at the expense of the great Wild West. Jack Oakie pretends to be a dangerous killer in order to drum up business on a dude ranch which the customers are finding dull. What happens when some really tough hombres appear makes up the story. Mitzi Green contributes to the fun.

☆

EVERYTHING'S ROSIE (*Radio*) Though the split-up between Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey isn't permanent, in this picture Robert Woolsey does play without his usual team-mate. They're more effective as a team than separated. Robert Woolsey has the part of a medicine man who gets into trouble with the sheriff, and gets out of it again.

☆

✓ **FINGER POINTS, THE** (*First National*) See this for excitement and suspense. You'll get a thrill, even though lots of the action is implausible. Richard Barthelmess gives a fine performance as a youngster with ideals who becomes crooked when he isn't given a square deal. Regis Toomey contributes some grand comedy.

☆

FIVE AND TEN (*M-G-M*) The story of a family that is ruined by riches. It's fairly good, but too melodramatic. Marion Davies, who's very cute as a comedienne, seems out of her element in heavy drama. Leslie Howard gives an exceptionally fine performance.

☆

✓ **FREE SOUL, A** (*M-G-M*) Lionel Barrymore's performance stands out, even with Norma Shearer and Clark Gable doing simply grand work. This hasn't as much real romance as "Strangers May Kiss," though it has plenty of smashing drama, and lots of sex. Norma is the daughter of a brilliant, hard-drinking attorney who brings her up to be a free soul. When she has an affair with a gangster who attracts her, her father realizes his mistake and tries to save her.

☆

✓✓ **FRONT PAGE, THE** (*United Artists*) Don't miss it! It's sophisticated; it's brilliant; it's grand. It moves so quickly that it keeps you on the edge of your seat all the way through. Adolphe Menjou is superb as a managing editor who'll do anything in the world to keep his star reporter from getting married. Pat O'Brien, Mae Clarke and the rest of the cast are very good, too.

☆

GENTLEMAN'S FATE (*M-G-M*) John Gilbert gives a very fine performance in a sentimental and unconvincing gangster picture. You'll be moved and touched by the pathos of the character he plays, a young man who has been brought up to be a gentleman and who suddenly discovers that he comes of a racketeering family.

☆

GOLD DUST GERTIE (*Warners*) A fair picture in which Winnie Lightner gets some horse laughs as a gold-digger who has two divorced husbands and finds it hard to collect money from them. Olsen and Johnson are also in the picture.

☆

GUN SMOKE (*Paramount*) A better than average Western with a bunch of gangsters as the villains. Richard Arlen helps make it exciting. Mary Brian aids the love interest.

☆

HELL BOUND (*Tiffany*) A sentimentalized gangster picture which is worth seeing because of a brilliant performance by Leo Carrillo. He plays an Italian gangster who falls for a nice girl, and kills another man to protect her. Then, though she doesn't love him, she has to marry him to protect him.

☆

HIGH STAKES (*Radio*) Just a fair picture, in spite of a brilliant performance by Lowell Sherman, who doesn't get the breaks in stories he deserves. In this one Lowell tries to save his older brother from a baby vamp who's the accomplice of a crook. Mae Murray is amusing as the vamp.

☆

✓ **HONOR AMONG LOVERS** (*Paramount*) Every stenographer and office girl will want to see this. At last a secretary who's dignified as well as lovely is presented. Claudette Colbert is the girl. Her boss wants her without marriage, so she accepts a wedding ring from another man, and lives to regret it. Fredric March is good as her employer. Monroe Owsley overacts.

☆

HUSH MONEY (*Fox*) Joan Bennett is very appealing and lovely as a girl confidence worker who after a term in jail decides to go straight. After she gets married her past threatens her future. The ending has a very satisfying twist. Douglas Cosgrove as a friendly police inspector gives a very ingratiating and delightful performance.

☆

✓ **INDISCREET** (*United Artists*) A perfect laugh-fest. If you ever saw "What A Widow," forget it and don't judge Gloria Swanson's abilities as a comedienne by that. This is one of the most riotous comedies in months. When Gloria, bent on saving her sister from a bounder, pretends to his family that she and her family are just a teeny weeny bit mad, you'll roll out of the aisle laughing. Ben Lyon is grand, and Barbara Kent very appealing, too.

☆

✓ **IRON MAN** (*Universal*) Bob Armstrong as a prize fight manager steals this picture from Lew Ayres. That doesn't mean, however, that Lew Ayres doesn't give a good performance. It simply happens that Armstrong has the stronger part and makes the most of it.

☆

I TAKE THIS WOMAN (*Paramount*) This will leave you well satisfied with the way you spent your evening. Carole Lombard gives one of her best performances as the spoiled society darling who marries a cowboy and can hardly bear up under the drudgery of the work on a ranch. Too bad Gary Cooper looks so ill! His acting is splendid.

☆

IT'S A WISE CHILD (*M-G-M*) Marion Davies is cute as the girl who tests her suitors by saying that she is about to become a mother. James Gleason as the iceman gives her a run for honors.

☆

JUNE MOON (*Paramount*) Fairly good, but not sensationally so. Jack Oakie is a sap who thinks he's a song writer. Frances Dee, who knows he isn't, loves him just the same. Wynne Gibson gives an arresting performance as a satirical, embittered woman.

☆

JUST A GIGOLO (*M-G-M*) William Haines in a fair, slightly risqué piece about a man who poses as a gigolo to test the purity of the girl he's about to wed. Irene Purcell can do better.

KICK IN (*Paramount*) Don't let them tell you that Regis Toomey steals this picture from Clara Bow. It was handed to him on a silver platter. What can Clara do but look pretty and sigh softly as the wife of an ex-convict who's helping her husband to go straight?

☆

LADIES' MAN (*Paramount*) Not the right part at all for William Powell. He was right when he said that he didn't want to play a gigolo who lived on the gifts of women who loved him. Kay Francis used to dress her hair more becomingly. Carole Lombard brightens the corner where she is.

☆

LADY REFUSES, THE (*Radio*) Betty Compson in a slow-moving, nicely acted picture about a girl from the streets who is hired to save a young man from another girl. Gilbert Emery and John Darrow are the men.

☆

LAUGH AND GET RICH (*Radio*) A very nice program picture which is really much better than fair, though it doesn't get into the super-laugh class. Hugh Herbert as a ne'er-do-well who suddenly comes into riches is delightful, and Edna May Oliver, whom you loved in "Cimarron," gives you some grand moments.

☆

LAUGHING SINNERS (*M-G-M*) Joan Crawford gives a corking performance in a picture that M-G-M has been tinkering with ever since it was first known as "Torch Song." As the result of all these remakes, there are some startling inconsistencies, with Joan going blonde in some scenes and remaining a brunette in others. The story isn't at all what she deserves. It's hard to believe in a cabaret girl who sins, joins the Salvation Army, falls from grace again, and then decides to go upward and onward. Clark Gable has a chance to play hero.

☆

✓ **LAWYER'S SECRET, THE** (*Paramount*) You don't have to be a Buddy Rogers fan to enjoy the spectacle of Buddy Rogers stealing a picture from the suave Clive Brook. Even if you thought Buddy was just a sweet boy before, you'll agree that he's an actor now. More pictures like this, Mr. Paramount, please.

☆

✓ **MAD GENIUS, THE** (*Warners*) Powerful drama with John Barrymore as the crippled son of a ballet dancer, who tries to influence the life of a foundling, whom he wants to develop into a great dancer. The picture has a very effective and nightmarish ending.

☆

MAD PARADE, THE (*Liberty*) How the war affected women, with an all-woman cast. Evelyn Brent, Irene Rich, Lilyan Tashman and Louise Fazenda give effective performances. It's an interesting experiment, if you can go for another war picture.

☆

MAGNIFICENT LIE, THE (*Paramount*): Slightly better than "Unfaithful." Not as good as "Anybody's Woman," though it belongs to the same type of picture about a cheap girl with fine instincts. The magnificent lie is a cabaret girl's deception of a blind ex-soldier to whom she pretends that she is a great actress whom he idolizes. Ruth Chatterton's acting is good. It's a shame that the camera has not been very kind to her this time. Ralph Bellamy is pleasant enough as her leading man. Stuart Erwin, more serious than usual, is splendidly natural and human.

☆

✓ **MALTESE FALCON** (*Warners*) An unusual mystery story, with Ricardo Cortez giving a brilliant performance. Bebe Daniels is only nominally the star in this story of a wily detective who outwits a number of crooks who don't stop at murder to get hold of a precious statuette. The story has a lot of twists, and the solution of the various murders is rather complicated.

☆

✓ **MAN IN POSSESSION, THE** (*M-G-M*) A delightfully sophisticated comedy, with Robert Montgomery perfectly cast as a man who's sent to take possession of a young woman's house because she hasn't paid her debts. Robert Montgomery gives a brilliant performance and Irene Purcell is cute.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 102)

MAN OF THE WORLD (*Paramount*) A beautifully photographed picture, well acted but with little action. William Powell wins sympathy in the difficult rôle of a man who runs a vile blackmailing sheet, and falls in love with the daughter of a man he has been trying to victimize. Carole Lombard plays opposite Powell. The ending is not entirely satisfactory.

☆

MEET THE WIFE (*Columbia*) For those who like riotious bedroom farces. Laura La Plante has two husbands and doesn't know it. She discovers that her first husband is still alive and is to be her guest, and trouble begins. Lew Cody and Harry Myers are the two husbands.

☆

MEN CALL IT LOVE (*M-G-M*) A sophisticated story of modern married life with more talk than action. Adolphe Menjou is way ahead of the rest of the cast as a philanderer who turns out to be very chivalrous when he discovers that the wife he loves still loves her erring husband. Leila Hyams is good.

☆

✓✓ **MILLIONAIRE, THE** (*Warners*) One of George Arliss's most popular pictures, and no wonder! His acting is flawless, and the story's as modern as tomorrow's newspaper. It's a picture that the whole family can see and enjoy. George Arliss is grand as a retired millionaire who simply can't keep away from work, and who manages his daughter's love affair in the most delightful way imaginable. The supporting cast is very good, too.

☆

MOTHER'S MILLIONS (*Liberty-Universal*) Notable only for May Robson's acting, which will give you your money's worth in entertainment. She's simply splendid as a sort of Hetty Green who hides the kindest heart in the world under her rough exterior. May Robson's acting redeems a story which is as old as the hills and dialogue which is as feeble as the last leaf on a tree. That woman is a wonder, and will make you enjoy the picture in spite of all its faults.

☆

MURDER BY THE CLOCK (*Paramount*) A wealthy old woman is strangled in her own home after she disinherits her idiot son. Murder follows murder. The atmosphere of terror is skilfully maintained. Lilyan Tashman isn't well cast, however. Irving Pichel as the idiot gives a horribly compelling performance. Top-notch thriller. You'll get the shivers.

☆

MY PAST (*Warners*) This comes from the novel, "Ex-Mistress." In its adaptation to the screen it loses a lot. Bebe Daniels plays the ex-mistress of Lewis Stone, but later falls in love with Ben Lyon. Lewis Stone gives the best performance.

☆

NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET (*M-G-M*) Leslie Howard and Conchita Montenegro give fine performances in a trite South Sea Island story of the white boy who goes native. The photography is good, the picture fair.

☆

✓ **NEWLY RICH** (*Paramount*) Amusing satire on Hollywood child stars and fond mamas, which turns into tense melodrama at the end. Grand performances by Mitzi Green, Jackie Searl, Bruce Line, and Edna May Oliver. This is a good picture, which could have been great if it weren't really two separate pictures—one a child story and the other a satire on Hollywood.

☆

NIGHT ANGEL, THE (*Paramount*) Weak story made still more unreal by setting it in Czechoslovakia. Nancy Carroll's performance is good at times, until she overacts. The good points of the picture are excellent photography and a fine performance by Alison Skipworth. Even Fredric March can't bring conviction to the story, which is all about a vice crusader who falls in love with a girl whose mother he had prosecuted.

☆

✓ **NIGHT NURSE** (*Warners*) You'll love Barbara Stanwyck as a night nurse who pits her wits against a physician and a chauffeur who are deliberately starving two children to death. Ben Lyon is simply delightful as a friendly bootlegger. Clark Gable is forced to play a conventional and unbelievable villain.

☆

PARTY HUSBAND (*First National*) Dorothy Mackaill and James Rennie in a commonplace story of modern marriage. A young couple plan to allow each other a great deal of freedom, but it doesn't work out. The girl's mother saves the marriage from going to pieces.

☆

✓ **PHANTOM OF PARIS, THE** (*M-G-M*) Formerly titled "Cheri-Bibi." John Gilbert's best talking picture. He acts as well as he did in "Gentleman's Fate" and he has a better story. His voice is good. So is his make-up. He makes his comeback not as a great lover, but as a splendid actor. Cheri-Bibi is a magician accused of the murder of the father of the girl he loves. To escape the death penalty, he has his features remolded by a surgeon and assumes the identity of another man. See this and be convinced that John Gilbert has made good in talkies.

☆

✓ **PRODIGAL, THE** (*M-G-M*) Lawrence Tibbett not only sings beautifully but has learned to act. The story's a charming music-drama about the black sheep of a Southern family who is redeemed through love. There's a nice performance by Esther Ralston. You'll wish, though, that Tibbett was given more songs, for the music is only incidental.

☆

✓✓ **PUBLIC ENEMY, THE** (*Warners*) Along with "Little Caesar" one of the most powerful gangster pictures ever produced. You'll gasp at its realism. It shows a bunch of gangsters as the rats they actually are, from their childhood days to the ultimate reckoning. James Cagney gives a wonderfully authentic performance. And the nightmare ending is something you'll never forget.

☆

QUICK MILLIONS (*Fox*) A fair gangster picture with trick photography. Spencer Tracy gives a good performance as a truck driver who decides to earn quick millions with the help of a machine gun. Sally Eilers and Marguerite Churchill are also in the cast.

☆

REBOUND (*RKO-Pathé*) For those who like sophistication and witty dialogue. It will probably be better liked in the big cities than in the small towns. It's smart; it's flip; it's something of a tour de force. But because of its very smartness, it presents Ina Claire and the rest of the cast as people you may or may not like. At any rate, Ina Claire's acting is splendid as a modern young woman who has trouble in making her heart behave.

☆

SECRET CALL, THE (*Paramount*) A fairly good picture notable chiefly for the début of Peggy Shannon. During most of the picture she's just another attractive young woman. In one or two tense dramatic scenes she shows that she can be sensationally good. The story's not so much of a muchness—about a girl whose father has been framed as a grafter and who swears vengeance upon the political boss who framed him. But she's in love with his son (Richard Arlen). Will love or hate conquer?

☆

✓ **SECRET SIX, THE** (*M-G-M*) The secret six are not a bunch of gangsters, as you might imagine. They're the men who are leagued against the gangsters. This has a great cast, with Wallace Beery, Clark Gable, and Lewis Stone turning in high-powered performances, in unusual rôles. Wallace Beery plays a yellow killer, Clark Gable a newspaper reporter, and Lewis Stone a crooked lawyer. Marjorie Rambeau, Johnny Mack Brown and Jean Harlow also help make this an exciting picture.

☆

✓ **SEED** (*Universal*) You'll be deeply touched by this story of a woman who loses her husband to another woman, and brings up her children by herself, until the day when her husband returns to see them and offers them opportunities she cannot give them. The whole cast is splendid. Lois Wilson as the deserted mother gives the most poignant performance of all. John Boles acts with pleasant ease. The child actors are grand and will make you smile through your tears. Women especially will love this.

☆

SHERLOCK HOLMES' FATAL HOUR (*Twickenham*) This is a British production which is extremely well acted by Arthur Wontner in the title rôle. It's the story of his encounter with his most dangerous enemy, Col. Moriarity, in an empty house. A fairly good picture, though a little old-fashioned.

✓ **SHIPMATES** (*M-G-M*) Robert Montgomery is delightful as a gob who pretends to be a rich oil man in order to make a hit with a lovely young girl, played by Dorothy Jordan. As she's the admiral's daughter, she soon finds him out. You'll like the romance and humor of this, but some of the dialogue misses fire.

☆

SIX CYLINDER LOVE (*Fox*) Fair to middling farce about a couple of newlyweds who can't live within their means. It's a remake of an old picture with new lines to pep it up. Spencer Tracy, Sidney Fox, Una Merkel and Edward Everett Horton are the farceurs.

☆

✓✓ **SKIPPY** (*Paramount*) Don't imagine for a moment that only the kids will enjoy this. It's a great picture for adults, too, and will give them plenty of food for thought. Oh, it's a grand picture that'll keep you between tears and laughter all the way through. Jackie Cooper is perfect as Skippy, and though Robert Coogan hasn't such finished technique, you'll be moved and touched by his very naturalness.

☆

✓ **SMART MONEY** (*Warners*) Edward G. Robinson gives a perfectly grand performance in this story of a small town gambler who becomes a big shot and is ruined by his weakness for blondes. Robinson's performance is as good as it was in "Little Caesar" and the story's within a shade of being as high-powered. You'll like James Cagney, too, in a minor rôle.

☆

✓ **SMILING LIEUTENANT, THE** (*Paramount*) Sophisticated, brilliant, somewhat reminiscent of "The Love Parade," though naughtier. Chevalier gives his best performance since "The Love Parade" as a dashing lieutenant whom two women love. Claudette Colbert gives a very touching performance. But it's Miriam Hopkins over whom you'll rave!

☆

SON OF INDIA (*M-G-M*) This isn't the right kind of rôle for Ramon Navarro. Though he looks the part of a bronzed son of India, the character he has to play is too naive to be really romantic. The settings are beautiful, the story fantastic. It's all about an Indian merchant prince who renounces the white girl he loves to repay a debt of gratitude to her brother. Madge Evans, once a child star, comes back as sweet as ever. The picture's a feast for the eye. That's all we can give it.

☆

✓ **SQUAWMAN, THE** (*M-G-M*) A good audience picture, with Warner Baxter as the Englishman who marries an American Indian girl, and thus cuts himself off forever from his own people. With very few lines to speak, Lupe Velez gives one of the best performances of her career. She'll make you cry.

☆

STEPPING OUT (*M-G-M*) Frothy, hilarious farce, with Charlotte Greenwood and Reginald Denny contributing to the fun. You'll enjoy the situation when a couple of wives return unexpectedly to find that their husbands have been taking advantage of their absence to go out with a couple of girl friends.

☆

✓✓ **STRANGERS MAY KISS** (*M-G-M*) A triumph for Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery. In her wonderful dramatic acting Norma surpasses everything she's done previously. She plays a young woman who loses the man she loves after she has given herself to him. Ursula Parrott's story has been changed to allow a happy ending. The picture's a lot like "The Divorcee."

☆

SUBWAY EXPRESS (*Columbia*) Fairish mystery melodrama about a murder that takes place on a subway train. If you know anything about the New York subway system, you'll notice mistakes in details. The story's exciting at times, and Jack Holt does good work as the police inspector who solves the mystery.

☆

✓ **SVENGALI** (*Warners*) The strange, bewitching story of Trilby given a beautiful and haunting setting. Barrymore is superb as Svengali, who makes Trilby give up everything in the world, including the man she loves, so that he may exploit her lovely voice. Marian Marsh has a graceful, unawakened sort of beauty, and her performance has the same sort of promise of future fulfillment.

TAILOR MADE MAN, A (*M-G-M*) William Haines, trying to get away from smart aleck parts, plays the serious rôle of a tailor beset by money difficulties. Dorothy Jordan is the charming heroine for whom he falls.

☆

TARNISHED LADY (*Paramount*) This would be a poor picture if it weren't for the presence of Tallulah Bankhead, who makes her début in it. See it only if you want to see what this new star is like. She's way ahead of the story, which is the old plot about the girl who marries a rich man for the sake of her family.

☆

✓ **TEN CENTS A DANCE** (*Columbia*) What a clever actress Barbara Stanwyck is! Without any particular help in the way of beautiful settings and photography, she creates an illusion of reality. Oddly enough, this has the same plot as "Honor Among Lovers." Barbara Stanwyck and Ricardo Cortez make it worth seeing.

☆

THIS MODERN AGE (*M-G-M*) Joan Crawford is not getting as fine pictures as she deserves. Since "Paid" her stories haven't been up to the mark. This time she plays a modern girl whose mother is her best pal. When she finds out that her mother is having a sordid affair, it knocks the props from under her and she decides to go off with Monroe Owsley. Pauline Frederick as Joan's mother gives a good performance, and Joan is grand. The story hasn't enough suspense.

☆

THREE LOVES (*Terra*) This German picture now being released is interesting if you want to find out how much Hollywood has done for Marlene Dietrich. And that's plenty! In this German production she looks plump and she tears a passion to tatters. The story's about a woman who ruins the lives of three men. The Germans emphasize Marlene's legs even more than we do.

☆

THREE ROGUES (*Fox*) A fairly good Western in which three rogues, Victor McLaglen, Lew Cody and Eddie Gribbon, battle for a map owned by the heroine, Fay Wray. You'll find the land rush sequences exciting.

☆

✓✓ **TRADER HORN** (*M-G-M*) The best adventure picture of the past six months, tense, exciting, and full of suspense. You'll like Harry Carey as Trader Horn. And though you may find a few inconsistencies in the story of a white girl who is regarded as a goddess in Africa, why be captious? This is simply swell entertainment.

☆

TRANSGRESSION (*Radio*) Kay Francis, Paul Cavanagh and Ricardo Cortez in a not very believable drama about a woman who plans to divorce her husband for another man, and later discovers how near she came to making a tragic mistake. Paul Cavanagh as the husband gives the best performance. Kay Francis has to wear dowdy clothes at the beginning, blossoming out later on.

☆

TRAVELING HUSBANDS (*Radio*) Evelyn Brent delivers a first rate performance in a story about a young salesman who falls in love with the daughter of a man whose account he wants. There is too swift a transition from comedy to melodrama when the villain gets shot and the hero is suspected.

☆

UNFAITHFUL (*Paramount*) Ruth Chatterton's great gifts wasted on a mediocre picture about a wife who pretends to be unfaithful so that no one will suspect her sister-in-law. Paul Lukas does some fine work, and so does Juliette Compton. Ruth Chatterton is the real excuse for the picture, and she may win your sympathy.

☆

UP FOR MURDER (*Universal*) Lew Ayres gives an intense and sincere performance in this talking version of "Man, Woman and Sin." Genevieve Tobin is admirable, too. They are both handicapped by the hackneyed plot about the cub reporter who is sent up for murder.

☆

✓ **UP POPS THE DEVIL** (*Paramount*) Light, frothy story about what happens when husbands take care of the housework and wives go out to work. There's some drama, too. You'll like Carole Lombard and Norman Foster as the young couple who are drifting apart.

☆

VICE SQUAD, THE (*Paramount*) A sentimental love story plus drama about how innocent girls get framed. The drama saves the picture, as the love story of a stool pigeon isn't very appealing. Lukas gives a very good performance in this difficult rôle. Judith Wood, who has played bits under the name of Helen Johnson, is splendid.

☆

WHITE SHOULDERS (*Radio*) Absorbing though wildly implausible drama about a jealous husband who forbids his wife ever to leave the man she thought she loved. Ricardo Cortez gives the best performance as the drunken lover. Jack Holt and Mary Astor are fairly good. The long arm of coincidence is stretched too far.

☆

WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE, A (*RKO-Pathé*) Helen Twelvetrees in a spy yarn which is a little too reminiscent of "Dishonored," without being quite as good. Billy Bakewell gives a nice performance. The picture lacks glamour, however.

☆

WOMEN LOVE ONCE (*Paramount*) You may find this quite touching, for good direction and nice acting take the sting from the trite story of a married couple who are about to get a divorce when the death of their child re-unites them. Paul Lukas' and Eleanor Boardman's acting make this fair entertainment.

☆

WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS (*Fox*) Good if you like rough, rowdy fun. Flagg and Quirt (McLaglen and Lowe) are at it again, this time as marines. They follow Greta Nissen to a harem, and naturally, there's a mad chase through the harem when the husband returns unexpectedly. El Brendel contributes to the fun.

☆

✓ **YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID** (*Radio*) That boy Jackie Cooper is a wonder, and in this picture he's just about perfect. He'll make you laugh; he'll make you cry; he'll wring your heart. He'll take your attention away from the perfectly grand acting of Richard Dix, the star. You'll watch breathlessly for Jackie. The story's about a gangster who reforms so that he may be allowed to take care of an orphaned boy who idolizes him.

☆

YOUNG SINNERS (*Fox*) Thomas Meighan returns to give a brilliant performance in a weak story of modern youth. He plays a physical culture trainer who teaches a young lad the folly of indulging in drink because of disappointment in love. Dorothy Jordan and Hardie Albright are not very convincing as sinners.

CITY OF LOS ANGELES

Back from their honeymoon in Honolulu, William Powell and Carole Lombard had to plunge right into work again, and at separate studios, too, Wotta life!

The Strangest Reason of All

Why Paul Cavanagh Went Into the Movies Makes a Great Story

By MARY SHARON

DURING the six years I have spent interviewing film celebrities, I have heard many reasons why acting has been chosen for a career. Most of them could be simmered down to two good ones. The desire for expression. And the desire for money.

It remained for Paul Cavanagh to give me a new and understandable reason. He confessed cheerfully that although he appeared in amateur theatricals in school, he never felt any inner urge to act. And while it has been nice to receive money and quite a lot of it for acting, he wasn't influenced by the thought of gain when he made his initial try. But his reason can come later! My first impressions of him won't wait.

I wasn't especially keen about interviewing Paul Cavanagh. I have been slightly fed up on Englishmen with monocles, who sprinkle "don't you know's" and "jolly well's" all over their conversation with here and there a "dash it all." You know the kind. I looked forward to a dull half hour.

But before the introduction was over, I saw that my expectations were all wrong as far as Paul Cavanagh was concerned. And before the interview was half over I had formed a wholesome respect for Englishmen-at-large.

Every woman has an ideal in her mind by which she measures all men. Well, Paul Cavanagh can be my ideal from now on and I won't kick. He is tall, dark and handsome. And he has an air of having been everywhere, and done everything and found it to his liking. He is reserved, without being high-hat. And poised, without being sophisticated.

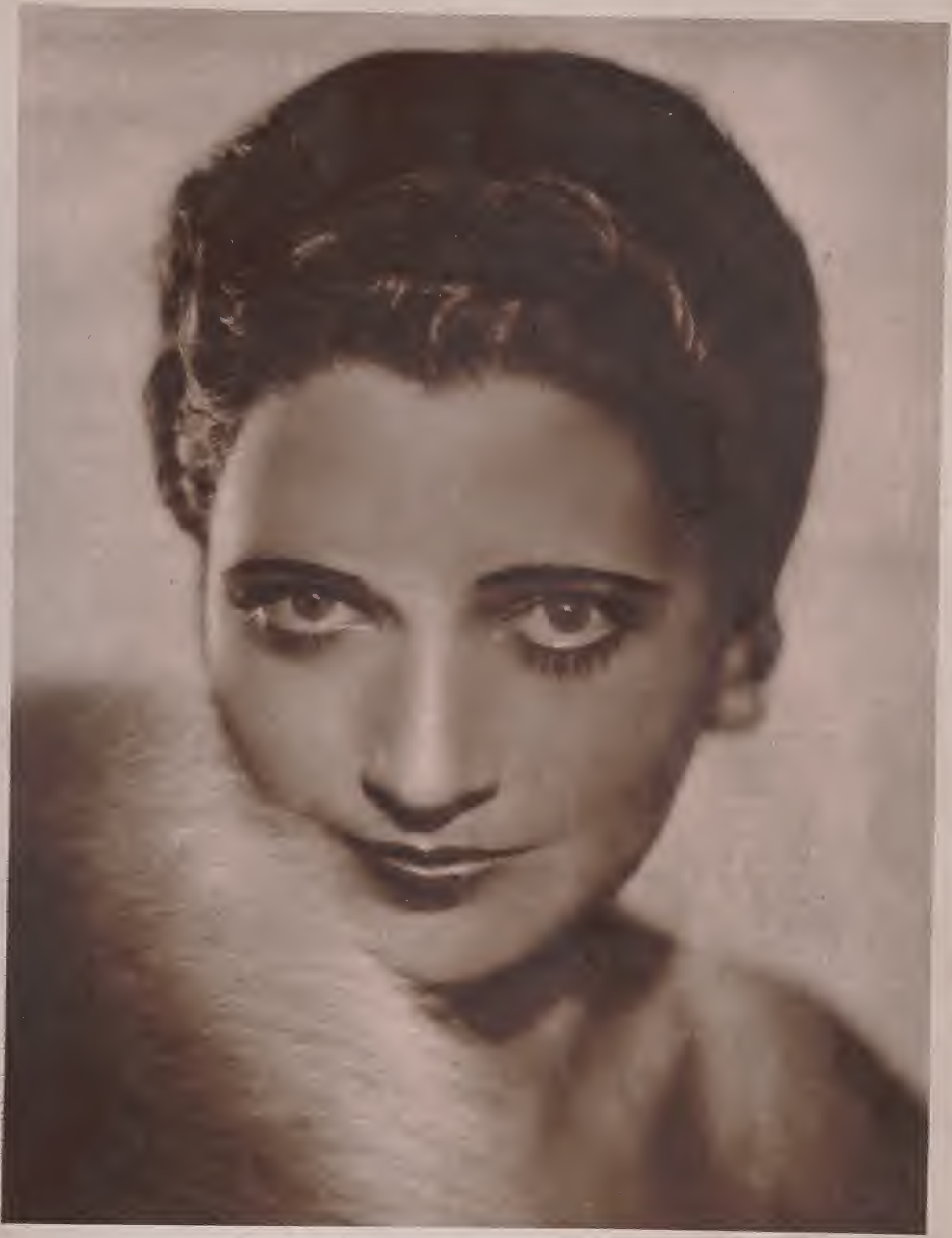
He told me quite frankly that he doesn't like to be quoted. In fact, if his success lies in telling the public all about his private life, then success can go hang. With sound effects.

Which is pretty easy to understand. Life, to him, is an adventure. He wants to keep it so. And if he strings out each experience, explaining and pondering on the this and so of it, it ceases to be thrilling and is reduced to an equation.

Everything that Paul Cavanagh has done since he left Cambridge University has been an adventure. And before he left, too. He was on the rowing squad at Cambridge, and if you think rowing in a fixed-seat boat isn't an adventure, that's because you haven't done it. So is mantel eating after the rowing is over.

After he secured his degree at Cambridge, he started out with a University pal to see the world. They began by shipping to Canada and landed "on a beam end," which is Paul's colorful way of (*Continued on page* 124)

Paul Cavanagh climbing up to fame. He has had a more adventurous career than a dozen stars in Hollywood put together. He's been "on a beam end" (ritz for broke) any number of times. He once tried to break the bank of Monte Carlo, but the bank of Monte Carlo broke him, instead. He was born in England. He's been a Dragoon and a Royal Mounted Policeman, a barrister and a baggage porter. His experiences have taken him all around the world



KAY FRANCIS

FROM smouldering screen sirens to good gals and back to smouldering screen sirens again. From Paramount to Warners. From featured player to star. That's Kay Francis. She was born in Oklahoma City. Thirteen is her lucky number. She's married to Kenneth MacKenna, the director. Warners were going to star her in "The Hungry Wife," but took one look at her salary check and decided to put her in "The Rich Are Always With Us" instead

Of Course, You Can Stay Young

Says Hedda Hopper, *One of the Screen's Smartest Women, and Tells Her Secrets*

By IVY CRANE WILSON

MOST women are afraid of age.

Hedda Hopper isn't.

Hedda Hopper does not waste life's precious minutes in bemoaning the fact that the years are flashing past.

She is one of the smartest women in Hollywood and one of the most sought after. She works under contract to M-G-M, one of talkies' greatest companies. She has a seventeen-year-old son and doesn't care who knows it.

"Age," laughs Hedda, "has no terrors for me. Life is a constant exchange. We can always find something new to replace the old worn-out things.

"Charm is a woman's best ally in the fight for survival. When I say charm I mean that indefinable something that makes a person tolerant, understanding, sympathetic and able to make the other fellow happy. Charm defeats the years. Another good friend is self-control—a gift of the gods, indeed. But oh!—my sisters—you who would like to laugh in the face of forty, fifty—sixty, for that matter—look well to your self-control, for by that virtue you will hold the line of youth, the brightness of your eyes, the singleness of your chin and the lightness of your step.

"With self-control, you can sit serenely through a seven-course dinner and toy gracefully with luscious tid-bits, seeming to eat but yet not eating enough to mount up too many of those dangerous calories; you will walk when you could ride; you will swim when a hammock and a book would be much more in keeping with your mood; you will hold your temper when you would love to rave; you will laugh when you would rather cry.

"IF we could learn this necessary lesson before we hit twenty, we would all look very much younger at forty. But we seldom think it necessary to take up arms against age until our mirrors tell us the awful truth. That is the crucial moment for every woman. If you begin to worry and be fearful of the coming years, you're playing right into the hands of the enemy. My idea is to get busy and play your cards wisely against the years.

"If, while we are young, we follow the advice of that very wise old gentleman, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, we will watch our diet daily, using a very simple rule. That is to eat just about half of what we would really like to. Then we do not overstrain any of the vital organs. This would do more to keep our lines girlish and our health perfect than any other course. This is one of the secrets of Mr. Rockefeller's grand old age. At ninety-nine he is able to enjoy a game of golf.

"Women who are busy with interesting work are a thousand times better off than those whose only thought is centered on how to pass the time. That's why men hold their age better than women. They are generally so absorbed in their interests that they are never bored."

"Are you ever bored?" I asked. I was interviewing Hedda in her exquisite home in Beverly Hills.

"I could be often," Hedda said, "especially between pictures when I'm not working. But ah! there's where old friend self-control is trotted out. I simply refuse to let that sin be chalked up against me. If I find time hanging heavily, I dash to the telephone and call up the most amusing people I know. That's a great thing to remember. Not only to remember, but to do!"

HEDDA HOPPER has so many interests in life. That's why she can always stay young and never grow stale. She knows her drawing rooms. She can shine in picture society whenever she chooses. She's a splendid hostess and one of Hollywood's favorite guests.

She has a passionate love of the stage and of pictures. She made up her mind when she was only eighteen that the stage was going to be her career. Her parents were Quakers and objected. She ran away from school in Pittsburgh and went to New York.

Hedda takes fliers in real estate. She is a clever business woman, and some of her coups have been the talk of the whole industry.

She isn't ashamed or afraid to admit that men are her hobby. She understands them.

Motherhood has meant a lot to her. Yet she's never allowed herself to become a dishes-and-pan, bread-and-butter person. She lives life to the full. She loves golfing. She rides. Dogs and horses are a passion with her!

All these interests are part of her secret of keeping young.

"I will tell you another secret," said Hedda. "Learn to laugh at everything. Not just a shallow giggle, but and honest-to-goodness laugh that comes from amidships. It's the best diaphragm exerciser I know. Speaking of diaphragms, if you notice the slightest increase in that direction, don't let it assert itself. It's better to starve if you have to."

HEDDA, who at the moment was looking her smartest in lounging pajamas and a gorgeous Malibu Beach tan, chatted about the necessity of choosing clothes that would keep an illusion of youth by their smartness.

"Well-chosen clothes are so important," she said. "And how hard it is to practise self-control in that direction!

(*Continued on page* 108)

Hedda Hopper has conquered that old demon age. She's done it with a little philosophy and a laugh for every hurt. Notice how well the recipe has worked

Gaze at this miracle woman! Seventeen years ago the handsome lad in the top picture was the tiny baby in the lower photograph. Mother and son—with only Bill, the boy, doing the visible aging

"IT is so easy to be enticed by mere prettiness or sheer beauty, but prettiness and beauty are not the keynote, as a rule, of smartness. In fact, pretty clothes are often overshadowed by amusing clothes. By that I mean that certain something you so often find abroad.

"Some of the smartest hats could be rightly referred to as amusing. Did you see Ina Claire in 'Rebound'? If you did, you saw her in what I would call an amusing hat. But—my dear, how very, very smart it was—and how becoming. I think the pajama craze is amusing, too. And bathing suits—the more amusing the smarter. The same thing is true of jewelry. I like the wooden kind in smart colorings. A woman can be chic at any age if she has taste and a mind of her own."

I had always wanted to ask Hedda about her clothes. Here was the chance at last. Did she have the courage of her convictions in the matter of dress, I asked her. Just supposing Erté or her own M-G-M designer, Adrian, were to wish a style on her that she felt would make her look and feel older—what would she do?

"FORTUNATELY," Hedda said, "Adrian designs adorable gowns, but I have given so much thought to what and what not to wear, that I think I would bring every bit of tact I have to bear rather than wear something just because a famous designer thought it was right for me. That's another rule. Never let a saleswoman sell you clothes that you instinctively feel are not for you."

"What," I asked, "do you think plays the most important part in dressing to defeat age?"

Hedda was very positive about all that.

"Hats are vitally important," she said. "Shoes, too. And above all, remember simplicity is the most desirable achievement in your ensemble. Simplicity used to be very expensive, but now, thank goodness, the less expensive shops have recognized that a simple line really sells the gown quicker than the frills and furbelows that so often stamped cheapness all over the wearer.

"HAIR, too, is a point to be considered carefully. I don't believe that dyeing is the rejuvenator that so many think—haven't you seen some stunning women with snow-white hair? It's the line of the head that spells youth, not the color of the hair. Study your head-line carefully and see that your hair, if waved, is done in such a way that it makes a smart line from every angle. Never grow careless enough to forget that a hand mirror is very important on the dressing table. I know women who forget that they have backs to their heads. You can't forget these things and look young.

"Husbands are a necessary adjunct to an ageless old age," said Hedda. "I've had one, but he's been out of the picture for many years.

"When I married De Wolf Hopper, worldly wisdom did not enter into the scheme of things. Now I know that I really did not understand much about marriage. It was brought home to me with a dull, sickening thud at a party I went to last week where I saw several wonderful actresses, all of them internationally known, but past the peak of their careers—and all husbandless! That party struck a tragic note in me.

"'Hopper,' I said to myself, 'I see devastating loneliness for you if you persist in being so choosy about your men.' Marriage took on a new note of importance in my consciousness. That group shrieked a certain warning of what an actress' life can be when it's near the sundown of a career. Not that I'm near the end of mine. Dear me, I sound like an old woman, but I had a 'look-ahead' feeling come over me."

"WHY, Hedda Hopper," I demanded, "do you mean to say you're thinking of marriage? What will happen to all your young admirers?"

"Yes, I'm thinking of marriage," she replied. "I know more about it now. That's one beautiful blessing that age has brought me. I've come to the conclusion that most girls marry for a sensation. Passion, if you want to call it that. But whatever you call it, I don't think a girl ever stops to visualize the thousands of breakfasts she'll have opposite that one man, added to the same number of dinners and other daily familiarities. How many of them ever stop to think about the necessity of companionship? Of course, if one is lucky enough to have companionship plus love—then it's seventh heaven! When one discovers the secret of companionship, beauty and youth become unimportant. Experience is the reward of the years, so why bemoan the fact that youth with all its mistakes and disillusionments has gone by?"

Hedda looks younger, smarter, more vivacious and stunning than she looked at twenty. Her photographs tell the tale. She is happier today facing the half-way mark of life than she was when she was just beginning the Hopper career. She passes her secrets on to those who might be trembling a bit at the realization that their twenties are well in the background.

Hedda Hopper today. She looks smarter and younger than at twenty. This photograph shows her figure, her smartness, and her many interests in life—in this case horses and dogs!

This, then, is the recipe for Hedda Hopper's preventive of that old demon, age. Take a good measure of philosophy of the cheerful sort, a bit of worldly wisdom, a wealth of good nature, a generous amount of tolerance, and a laugh for every hurt. Mix well with kindliness and bind with self-control.

"Give age a dose of this and watch him let a lady be happy," laughs this age-defying, charming screen siren.

Wedding Ring Blues

(*Continued from page* 43)

but not with Gary. Gary says very little, though gossip murmurs that he is interested in Tallulah Bankhead. Neither Gary or Lupe appear half as gay as they did two years ago, when their romance was young.

Fifi Dorsay has announced her engagement to Terrance Ray. She says she will be engaged to him for twenty years. "Marriage, it is such a risk and an engagement, it is so pleasant," she remarks when you bring the matter up.

Alice White and Syd Bartlett have been keeping company for nigh onto two years now. Syd manages all Alice's business affairs. Little Alice, after meeting him, tamed down all her "flaming youth" mannerisms and settled down as much as did Joan Crawford after meeting Young Doug. And for the same reason, I imagine. Yet Alice and Syd are not even considering marriage, their friends say.

Well, you have heard the remark of the cynic—"Marriage has destroyed more happiness than drink, jealousy or money."

That is the attitude of a large proportion of the film colony. They believe in happiness. They are willing to work hard for happiness. Blame it on feminism or fear, blame it on financial independence or the lack of it, on the part of the boy or girl involved. Blame it on what you wish, but the fact remains that many of the nicest people in Hollywood are shying away from marriage ties because they fear they will wreck their happiness.

A friend found Eleanor Boardman sobbing bitterly in a clothes closet a few minutes after her marriage to King Vidor. "I'm so afraid that we won't be happy," she explained.

She and King have been very happy. They are considered one of Hollywood's most ideally married couples, but it was many months after they became engaged before Eleanor would consider matrimony at all. She was frankly afraid of it.

Consider the case of Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, one of the most devoted film couples. Theirs is an old-fashioned marriage, with Harry as the master of the house, with a baby, a lovely home, and devotion on both sides.

Not long ago the rumor spread that they were separating, that Harry, discontented with his lack of success, as compared to Ann's great triumphs, was leaving her.

A reporter telephoned the Bannister home.

"My goodness," Ann wailed, "how do such rumors start? Isn't it possible for one couple to stay married in Hollywood? Is there a law against marital happiness here? Is there some reason why there cannot be one single exception to the divorce rule?"

There was no truth in the Harding-Bannister report, but Ann struck the things that do work against marital happiness there. It is gossip which makes publicity, which helps the box-office, which helps the pictures, which boosts the player's salary. Ann Harding's marriage has survived a test that would wreck many marriages. Not many men are big enough to see their wives triumphant and famous while they are one of the "also rans." Harry Bannister not only accepts it gracefully but with a mocking grin. He has a contract with the same company that Ann works for—only he rarely works. If, however, the company doesn't want to cast him for parts, Harry doesn't see why he should worry about it. He has a great time out of life. He manages all of Ann's contracts. They discuss pictures and plays together. He doesn't know the meaning of the word "jealousy" as it applies to Ann's career. And that is that, as far as he is concerned.

Did you see Robert Montgomery in "The Man in Possession"? Doug Fairbanks, Jr., was a sensation in the stage version in Los Angeles. Here he is in his dressing room at the Mayan Theatre. Almost every night while the play ran, Joan Crawford sat in the front row, applauding her husband

But when people marry in most towns everybody expects them to be happy. The couple themselves expect to be happy. In Hollywood they take bets on how long the marriage will last. They have the separation day figured out exactly. And the two lovers involved know all about it and begin to get terrorized.

Jeanette MacDonald, although engaged to Robert Ritchie, a business man who is also her business manager, says she is afraid to get married. "Every time Bob left town—he has to go to New York every month or so—we would be rumored separated," she explained. "The psychology is bad. I don't want to go around issuing denials all the time."

So while Jeanette and Bob are inseparable, they are not having any rehearsals of tunes by Mendelssohn.

Maybe the fear part of it, the gossip, the publicity angles don't affect everyone, but what about that old devil, career?

Dorothy Mackaill is today facing one of the most vital problems of her life. On Dorothy's Honolulu vacation she met and fell in love with Neil Miller, good looking, blond, former University of Southern California youth. He had gone to the islands to build a business future. At the time he met Dorothy he was making, at least I hear, about $35 a week. And Dorothy makes—well, how much? Several thousand at least.

They got a license one night. Dorothy went back to the hotel to get her things and to tell her mother.

"All right," said Mrs. Mackaill. "He's a nice boy. If you love him, that's fine. But where are you going to live? Are you going to stay in Honolulu, with your husband, as a wife should, let him work out his future, or are you going back to Hollywood? Can you stand getting along on his salary here or can he stand going back to the States and being Mr. Dorothy Mackaill?"

The rest of the story you know. They didn't use the license. Neil is in Hollywood now. He and Dorothy are very much engaged and he is looking for a job that will bring him some kind of income commensurate with what Dorothy receives.

Rex Bell and Clara Bow have a beach house together. Clara is spending her time now on Rex's ranch in Nevada. They are in love. Everyone who has ever seen them together knows that. But Clara is making no statements about the future.

Did I say that careers hampered marriage in Hollywood? How can they help but do so, particularly when one member of the couple is in New York all the time and the other is in Hollywood? Nancy Carroll and Jack Kirkland might still be happy together if they hadn't been separated so much of the time. When Nancy came West, Jack had to go East to see about his play. When Nancy was called to the East Coast studio, Jack was called West to do some writing.

The same situation is true of Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster. They have to snatch occasional week-ends with each other in Chicago, Claudette coming on from New York and Norman from Hollywood. They did manage a cruise around the world together, but that is practically all the time they have had together since their wedding day. Their marriage still survives—but what a strain to subject it to!

Sidney Blackmer and Lenore Ulric had only been married a week or so when they had to part for picture reasons. Dorothy Gish acts on the New York stage; her husband, James Rennie, is in pictures. Jack Gilbert asked Ina Claire not to leave him to go back to New York, but Ina had a chance to do her first really good picture and she went. Their marriage was probably already on the rocks at that time, but in any walk of life the wife would have stayed with the husband. In Hollywood a husband is something not taken into consideration where the matter of a career is involved.

So Cinemaland is afraid of marriage—and no wonder. Marriage is different in Hollywood. If it lasts at all, it must be founded on a new basis and observe new rules. It is so difficult a relationship that it is incumbent upon the film city residents to work out a new code, a new set of standards for living and loving.

Sylvia Sidney Gets the Breaks

(*Continued from page* 45)

home—then I trotted around to one manager's office after another. If the telephone operator shouted at me, I ducked. One afternoon I went to see Jed Harris and I actually did see him. It was an accident. He stuck his head out of a door, and there I was. 'Well, what do *you* want? You're not an actress! . . . Tch . . . tch . . . And so young. Please send it home to its mother before it gets lost!'

"THAT was what he said and that was the sort of thing that finally wore me down. I grew more and more depressed. So did my family at seeing me. My friends were given letters of introduction from the Guild to various important personages and I was left stranded. It occurred to me after several months to show the notices I had been given in 'Prunella'; this helped. Ernest Truex, the famous English actor, told me he had witnessed the production and gave me a play to read that he was thinking of producing.

"I rhapsodized over it, of course. I was still more ecstatic when he gave me the feminine lead . . . and a hundred and fifty a week. He took it for granted that I belonged to Equity. I didn't. So he had to hold up rehearsals until I was admitted.

"WITH my first week's salary I made a down-payment on a gorgeous leopard-skin coat. I don't think I removed that coat for a year, I loved it so. We opened in Washington. The play was called 'The Squall' and it lived up to its title. It never saw the light of Broadway. On the Wednesday that I was to give my first matinée performance I remember walking down Massachusetts Avenue with mother and skipping at every step, I was so thrilled. 'Imagine, mums, *two* shows in one day. Isn't it grand?'

"Later, when I was in my dressing room putting on my make-up, I fainted. The doctor they summoned said I had an acute attack of appendicitis. 'But this is my first show. I've *got* to go on!' I protested. The rest of the cast declared that *they* wouldn't appear if *I* did. They weren't going to see a young girl kill herself. No, sir! So I went to the doctor's office and made him patch me up as best he could, because I was determined the play must continue. In my imagination I saw myself as the heroic trouper, sacrificing herself so that the show might go on. I revelled in it.

"But there was no matinée *that* afternoon and the money was refunded to the five people who had come to see us. In the little restaurant to which the doctor escorted mother and me for a bite to eat before the evening performance, my ice pack slipped to the floor. People stared at me suspiciously. I had just my undies on underneath my leopard coat because they hadn't taken time to put a dress on me when they carried me out of the theatre. It was a most embarrassing situation. I relieved the tension by fainting again, and after that everyone was very sympathetic.

"I don't suppose I've ever done a better piece of acting than I did that night. I was 'double' acting—one part for the audience, another for the company. I held on to the chairs longer than I needed to . . . closed my eyes until I could feel the other actors were ready to spring forward and catch me. Oh, I dramatized myself gloriously until, toward the middle of the second act, it ceased to be fun. I had to walk across the stage and it seemed an interminable distance. As I approached the center I gave it up as a bad job and slipped to the floor. They sprinkled me with ammonia, and we finished the show. How, I don't quite recall.

"EARLY the following morning my dad (who is a dentist) came down from New York and called in two other physicians. They discovered I had torn a ligament in my back earlier in the week when the boy who was supposed to catch me as I slid off a rail in the opening scene failed to do so. I was taped up and that was the end of that—except that the play closed in two weeks. I had nothing left but my leopard coat and a memory . . . 'Ah,' said I to myself, 'I'm a *real* trouper now. I have tasted the bitter dregs of failure!' I became rather familiar with the taste during the next six months. I was in flop after flop. Even 'So Help Me God,' which Maurine Watkins authored, was not a success . . . and I broke my ankle in it. Funny, too, I warned them I was going to break something. During the dress rehearsal, the director and I battled fiercely over whether I'd wear a heavy robe de style or not. He won out. 'You've heard what he said,' I exclaimed to the fifty persons in the darkened auditorium. 'If he thinks I can totter around on three inch heels and manage a train at the same time, he's crazy! Don't blame me if I fall and break my neck.'

"The night we opened I very nearly carried out my threat. I tripped over my train and my ankle snapped unpleasantly as I met the floor. For the remainder of the evening I hopped around on one leg. After that I went through the acts with my injured foot in a plaster cast and carrying a cane. A regular Bernhardt. There was no 'scene stealing' from me during the run of 'So Help Me God.' Others could flutter their handkerchiefs and cough to attract attention to themselves, but from the moment I started thum-thum-thumping off-stage I had the audience with me. You expect things from a cane and a limp. No one save myself was very sorry when a notice of the show's closing was posted.

"IT was really my year of great impersonations. I did an Eleanora Duse in 'Gods of the Lightning.' You've probably heard how she used to play without any make-up because she believed it hindered her emoting. I went without it for an entirely different reason. I had make-up poisoning. Charlie Bickford, who played one of the leads, used to tease me by saying 'the lightning had struck home.' Maybe it had.

"Not long after that, I had the offer to go into motion pictures and I came to Hollywood. How I loathed this place! It seemed to me to be built on frustrated hopes—a city of sham with nothing real or tangible. Naturally, I have a different view of it now. . . . But it still doesn't seem to have a very solid foundation. I expect to wake up some morning and find it gone like one of those ephemeral islands in the South Seas.

"Following my great disappearing act I went into stock in Rochester. The only section of the city I knew was the block between the hotel and the theatre—not a very prepossessing block—no pretty store windows to look into. The truth is I was very lonesome in spite of all my bravado about 'living my own life' and 'wanting a career.' I'll never forget the hideous wall-paper in my room. It had ugly roses splashed all over it, and at night when I woke up they became so many giant black spiders crawling up the walls.

"We were rehearsing 'The Trial of Mary Dugan' when a skyrocket went off inside of me. It shot me straight out of my chair and onto my favorite landing place—the floor. This time it proved to be a real attack of appendicitis. But would I have my little pet skyrocket cut out? Rather not! I'd have nothing left to be the 'brave little trouper' with! So I went through the trial as Mary Dugan with an ice pack on my side and with my mother hovering anxiously in the wings during every performance. It was good to have her down from New York . . . and it was good to have her take me back there. That was less than a year ago. I was signed for the title rôle in the stage play, 'Bad Girl,' and about three weeks later Paramount took me over.

"No, there's nothing Cinderellish about me. If I hadn't been given the chance to do 'City Streets' and then 'An American Tragedy,' I'd probably be playing on Broadway this minute. What is to be will be. I'm a fatalist—it makes life so much simpler. No doubt," (she dipped her head and gave me that puckish smile again for the fourteenth time), "no doubt my bad 'breaks,' my physical 'breaks,' are as preordained as my nice ones. I can't quite see why I had to break the same ankle twice, though. Just before I went over to United Artists to do 'Street Scene' I was in an automobile accident. I wasn't driving, but I helped to push the brake down so hard on my side of the floorboard that my ankle splintered again.

"WHAT about my success? You say I've made newspaper history since the day I arrived in Hollywood? Oh, my dear! Is there any such thing as success in the movies? It's so transitory that you hardly dare believe in it. My cousin . . . now *he's* one who will be known and acclaimed a hundred years from now. He's making important discoveries in biology."

This is the story little Sylvia Sidney told me. Sylvia Sidney . . . who doesn't believe that marriage is a game, but an institution . . . whose ultimate aim is the leisure to study art and to travel . . . who is slightly amused at Hollywood. Sylvia Sidney . . . a girl who has learned to accept her bad "breaks" with her good ones . . . and who is *not* another movie Cinderella. . . . It's a great story, isn't it?

You Can't Lick a Real Trouper

(*Continued from page 70*)

The brave blue-gray eyes opened and shut with pain. Chotsie lay quite still. She was not afraid. She remembered how, when her father had died, she had kissed his cold lips and wondered why he did not kiss her back. Now perhaps she would find out. She idolized her father. Judge Noonan had been a big man in Bayonne, New Jersey. Sally, who was baptized Virginia Louise Noonan and nicknamed Chotsie, has always been a hero worshipper.

Though all the doctors despaired of her life, Sally got better. She was only intermittently well, however. Her convalescence from scarlet fever left her with heart trouble and rheumatism.

For more than two years, when she was between nine and eleven and a half years old, she was unable to move. She couldn't breathe when she lay down. She sat in her father's Morris chair, propped up with pillows.

"I hoped that father's chair would bring me good luck," she says pathetically.

"One day the house became strangely quiet. All the shades went down. I saw mother come into my room with big tears in her eyes. Then Molly (Molly O'Day) came in, and there were big tears in her eyes, too. There was no laughter in the house. Till then everyone had always laughed and joked with me. I had laughed back. Even though laughter hurt me physically, it sustained me.

"When the priest came in to anoint my senses with holy oils, I knew what it all meant. 'How silly this is!' I thought. 'I'm not going to die.' And sure enough, in a few weeks I got better."

Shortly after that her family took Sally to California, because the doctor had said that the climate would do her good. It did. The rheumatism went away, never to come back. Sally's spirits perked up.

A friend asked her one day if she'd like to see a picture being made. Sally said she'd love it.

Sam Wood was directing Dorothy Mackaill in a picture. A scene was being filmed on the street.

Sally came up timidly to watch.

"Hello, Mabel," the director called out to her.

"My name isn't Mabel," stammered Sally.

Sam Wood came up closer and took another look at her.

"Why, I thought you were Mabel Normand," he exclaimed in surprise. "You look enough like her to be her sister."

When she told her brothers over the dinner table about the director's mistake, one of them pounded on the table and said, "By Jove, that's a good idea. You ought to be in pictures, Sally."

He promptly began to introduce her to influential people in Hollywood. One of them was Ivan Kahn, who became her manager and who persuaded Marshall Neilan to give her a test.

Sally made such a success of this test scene that she was at once signed for a rôle in "Mike." That went off so well that she was given a contract.

"For a time everything went grand," said Sally.

She made success after success. "Sally, Irene and Mary" was a real triumph for her. She played Mary.

She stayed under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for three years. But the people at the studio were apt to forget that she was still a child.

"I guess they wanted me to be elegant, like Norma Talmadge or someone," sighed Sally. Of course, in those days Norma Talmadge was the crême de la crême.

One day Mr. Mayer was away in New York. Sally's agent was on a trip to Europe. The executives of the studio solemnly clustered round Sally and began to talk contracts with her. She didn't know what it was all about. She didn't care. She wasn't a business woman and she was bewildered at being treated like one.

It all led finally to a bitter quarrel. Sally tossed her reddish brown hair in the air and walked off the studio lot, never to return as a contract player.

Everything would have ended happily if Mr. Mayer had been in Hollywood at the time. He would have known how to talk to Sally.

Poor Sally! She didn't know what she was tossing away. She didn't know what her career meant to her. She didn't know what hardships she would have to face in the future, because she had tossed away a career when her Irish was up.

Success had come to her almost unsought for at first. We seldom value the things we gain too readily. That is why Sally says today, "I guess I won my first success too easily. That's why I had such tough breaks later on."

There were the months when she went trudging from studio to studio in search of a job. Even when she did get a part, she found that she was just getting the crumbs. The studios naturally give the best breaks in publicity and swell rôles to contract players. When a girl comes to a studio for just one picture or two, no one seems to care.

Molly O'Day, Sally's sister, was getting hard breaks at about the same time. Molly lost her contract in pictures when she grew too plump.

Sally is not only a trouper. She's as loyal as they come. When she was under contract, she used most of her money to help out the family. She sent her brother Eddie to college. She took care of her brother Jackie, who was ill. She helped out her mother. When Molly O'Day was out of work, she helped out Molly.

There was no one to help Sally.

One day she got a part in a picture called "The Girl on the Barge." They asked her to work in ice-cold water from six every night to seven every morning. She didn't dream of refusing. She didn't stop to count the cost.

She'd work hard all night, till she was so numb she hardly felt anything. In the mornings when work was over and she tried to relax, her body was racked with pain. She kept on working.

When it was all over she fell terribly ill. She was laid up for three months. She lost sixty pounds. Once again the doctors thought that her frail body would be too weak for her marvelous spirit. Once again a priest was called in to administer the Last Sacrament.

"I guess I wasn't meant to die just then," said Sally. "It's pretty hard to kill me. When my time comes, I shan't be afraid. Only I hope I never die lying in bed sick."

Slowly Sally recovered her strength. She began getting parts in pictures again. They weren't very good parts, to be frank.

You would think that Sally had suffered enough punishment by that time to satisfy the most inexorable fate. Yet the worst thing was still to come.

It came through the agency of one she loved—her brother Jackie. It was he who had whispered to her when she was just a child, "If I tell you a secret, Chotsie, will you promise not to tell?"

He hadn't meant to hurt her then. He didn't mean to hurt her now. Only he got into a scrape in Los Angeles, when Ted Lewis and his band were playing there. And, of course, it would be Sally who would come forward with everything she had, everything to save her brother.

"Finally, it was all straightened out," she says happily.

She doesn't add that she hired the finest lawyers and that shortly after she went into bankruptcy.

If you hadn't known Sally, you would have thought that this was the end. Even the bravest troupers have shuddered at trying to rise above the shadows of failure and oblivion.

Sally picked up the pieces and went on. She went on with miserable little parts. When Lola Lane refused a rôle at Tiffany as being too unimportant for her, Sally took it. She didn't complain about anything.

"I guess you have to have faith in something to keep going," says Sally. "It doesn't matter so much what you pin your faith on, if only you pin it on something. I happen to have been born a Catholic, and so I have faith in the Blessed Virgin. I carry her image around with me all the time. I'm sure it brings me good luck. Maybe I'm wrong. But my faith is right for me. I never scoff at anyone else's faith. Theirs is probably right for them."

It seems to me that with such a philosophy of life, you simply have to win in the end. If anyone can keep on going the way Sally O'Neil did, I think they can't lose if they have a speck of talent. Otherwise the world would be chaos.

Sally O'Neil got her big break at last through a priest who knew her. He asked that she be given a test for "The Brat." Almost everyone in Hollywood was being tested for the part, so it wasn't difficult to arrange.

Her first success came too easily to Sally. She didn't appreciate it. Her second was won with bitterness and heartbreak. Sally O'Neil is not the same girl today who flung her career recklessly to the winds. Yet she has that girl's fine impulsiveness and honesty. She will make all the more of herself because she has learned that things lightly won are not the things that last longest.

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page* 61)

daughter of old Fu Manchu—ah there, remember? Anna May Wong, in the leading rôle, is out to avenge pappy's death, but loses her nerve at a crucial moment. However, not until there's been plenty of weird goings on—secret dens, mysterious passages, more or less successful murders and other forms of deviltry. . . .

Anna gives a splendid performance in a rôle that is difficult because of its very unbelievableness. Sessue Hayakawa is an Oriental detective, so his accent is not amiss. As for Miss Wong, she speaks perfect English! Warner Oland as old Fu is his usual sinister self.

The Public Defender (Radio). A banking company fails. An innocent man is framed. His guilty associates seem to be getting away with everything. Into this situation steps Richard Dix, as a sort of modern Robin Hood. He takes the law into his own hands in order to prove the innocence of the man who was framed. An amazing character known as The Reckoner comes into being. He leaves calling cards mysteriously. He gets into homes that are closely guarded. He defends the innocent and punishes the guilty. It's all done for the sake of a woman, Shirley Grey. Naturally, all this is entertaining in a frothy, light fiction sort of way. It hardly offers Richard Dix the dramatic opportunities that one would expect after "Cimarron."

Silence (Paramount). What's this? Clive Brook no longer a suave young lover, but a convict with gray hair condemned to die? Was it wise, Mr. Paramount; was it necessary to cast Clive Brook like this? Not that he doesn't do as well as he can with the part, only—did you really expect him to be convincing?

He isn't, really: and neither is the story. It's terribly choppy for one thing. You let us see Clive Brook in his cell first, confessing to a priest. His story is pretty implausible. We're sore, too, because Peggy Shannon is just a pretty girl in this picture, and you've promised us you'd make her a great star.

Friends and Lovers (Radio). With a cast like this—Lily Damita, Erich von Stroheim, Adolphe Menjou, Laurence Olivier, Hugh Herbert, Frederick Kerr—you have a right to expect more than "Friends and Lovers" gives. This is the screen version of "The Sphinx Has Spoken," Maurice de Kobra's tale of friendship, love and their variations.

It's about a husband, who makes his wife earn, in the you-guessed-it manner, enough to indulge his mania for collecting porcelains. A servant gets so annoyed about it that he shoots the husband dead. Then two British army officers, Menjou and Olivier, get into a tangle about the widow. And—but it's all too involved, and the would-be sophisticated style of portrayal is tiresome.

The leading players give individualistic performances, the result of which is that you never imagine them the characters they limn, but always recognize them as Damita, Stroheim, Menjou, et al.

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The Man Who Couldn't Retire

(*Continued from page* 13)

saw his name in electrics again, except for the business value of such a display. Good billing no longer gives him the thrill that it did when he was a stage-struck boy deserting college for the footlights. He regards it now as an automobile manufacturer regards the advertisement of his wares—as an essential part of business routine.

Not that this is altogether a new attitude in Tommy. In a sense he has always made a business of acting. Even when he was a romantic leading man for Paramount he kept an eye on the practical side of his career. He used to give banquets for the publicity staff and sales force. Well-fed and warmed by the glow of his personality, they went forth proclaiming to the world that Tommy Meighan was a great actor and a great guy. And that, naturally, didn't do Tommy any harm.

He handled his finances with such skill and wisdom that other actors on the lot frequently came to him for advice. (And Tommy, incidentally, was never too absorbed in his own affairs to give help to others.) It was his ability and popularity as an actor which made him a star—but it was business ability which got him one of the best starring contracts any actor has ever had. And with Paramount, too, the studio which had refused only shortly before to elevate him to stardom!

When Tommy had been a Paramount leading man for a number of years, he went to Adolph Zukor and asked to be made a star. Zukor refused and Tommy, instead of sulking helplessly, set about proving that he deserved the promotion. He did it by getting financial backing for an independent production called "The Miracle Man." Directed by George Loane Tucker, it turned out to be not only a fine picture but a great box-office hit.

JUST at that time Paramount was about to produce "Male and Female," taken from Barrie's "Admirable Crichton," with Elliott Dexter as star. But Dexter suffered a stroke and Meighan, on the strength of his success in "The Miracle Man," was called back to Paramount to fill the gap. "Male and Female" established him as a star and Tommy signed a new contract for which he named his own terms. With his shrewd eye for business he saw to it that it was a foolproof, airtight contract, with the edge on the actor's side instead of the producer's, as is usually the case. Thus Tommy won his point with Paramount—but he would not have won it had he not been a resourceful, alert business man as well as a splendid actor.

Don't get the idea, however, that Tommy Meighan is a hard-headed, practical person interested only in achieving personal success. Remember that he went back to pictures not because he wanted money or personal aggrandizement, but because he wanted work. It is the love of the game which appeals to him; even though it is the business side of the game which he likes best. There is more romance to him in the battle of wits, the intrigue, the mastering of problems and the making of decisions which characterize business than there is in the smell of greasepaint. Greasepaint simply happens to be one of the tools of his trade.

There is one more side of Thomas Meighan—a side entirely unknown to the public at large and yet perhaps the most vital part of him. I refer to his great generosity of purse and spirit.

The recipients of his kindness may be barest acquaintances—or even totally unknown to him—yet, if his sympathy is enlisted, he will give freely not only of his money, but of his time and energy.

THERE was Valentino, for example. At the time of Valentino's now famous bigamy entanglement, Tommy Meighan was securely established as a star—one of the best-loved in the business. Rudy, on the other hand, was just coming into his own. The two men barely knew one another—yet it was Tommy who put up the bail to free Rudy from the Mexican jail.

Then there was Paul Kelly. You'll remember Kelly's tragic trial and subsequent conviction for the murder of Dorothy Mackaye's husband. Before the trial the young actor knew he was in desperate straits. He wanted the best counsel possible to defend him—but he had no money. Tommy Meighan was instrumental in raising the necessary fee to retain W. I. Gilbert, noted lawyer. And it was Tommy who rounded up character witnesses and saw that they went to court to testify for Paul. He spent days in the court room and visited Kelly in prison almost daily.

Furthermore, it was Tommy Meighan who succeeded in having Kelly transferred from the jute mills at San Quentin where his health and his morals were being broken down, to a decent intelligent position in the prison library. He managed the transfer through the influence of his two close friends, Warden Lawes of Sing Sing and former Chief of Police O'Brien of San Francisco. Which brings out another interesting thing about Tommy. He uses his influential friends only to aid someone else—never to get some advantage for himself.

FEW people know the above instances of Meighan's kindness because Tommy himself would rather die than broadcast them to the world.

Since Tommy's comeback is successful, we will continue to see him in one or two pictures a year. Not more than that, because he has learned the danger of oversupply. He knows that the public grows tired of any face too often seen. And he is too good a business man to make that mistake. Furthermore, he wants time to devote to the woman who has been his wife and helpmate since the early days of his career. He wants to spend some time in his Long Island and Florida homes. He wants to keep up his many contacts in New York, where he has twice been president of the Lambs' Club—the only screen actor ever to hold that honor. But Tommy will never quit work again as long as there is work for him to do.

If there's a business man in the world today who doesn't regard acting as a man-sized job, I'd suggest that he take a look at Tommy Meighan.

Love Dodger

(Continued from page 85)

fathom. I lead as simple a life as the cows and chickens. I rarely play the social racket—in fact, the only parties I attend are those given by Marion Davies. And I only go to hers because I adore Marion (platonically, of course!). If Marion ever stops giving parties, I can bury my formal duds in permanent camphor.

"Circumstances have thrown me with a great many sophisticated, glamorous women and, because we are such opposites, there is usually mutual attraction. Being a normal, healthy twenty-five-year-old, minus complexes, libidos and temperament, I serve as an anodyne to their taut nerves and complicated existence. We swim and ride and laugh together. We call it fun. To everyone else, it is love. So be it!"

In Joel's home, where he lives with his mother and father, no girl's picture adorns his dressing-room table. Neither has he a single mirror in his bedroom. His favorite retreat is his hunting room, where he has a motley collection of shotguns, saddles, rifles and all manner of cowboy paraphernalia. The Bill Hart influence coming to the fore again!

DESPITE his juvenile classification, Joel has never run around with the "younger set." His best friend is Harold Schuster, a film cutter at the Fox Studios. He also pals with Charles Bickford, Frances Marion and others of a more or less conservative group. He admires Gary Cooper immensely and would like to emulate his type of rôle.

He is an omnivorous reader. He reads as if he were on a research assignment, underscoring sentences and passages to remember, marking pages for reference in the back of the book. His favorite author is Donn Byrne and his favorite novel, "The Wind Bloweth." He likes poetry but has never once tried to rhyme Constance Bennett with Mack Sennett.

Being of Scotch descent, he comes honestly by his conservatism. He has always saved three-quarters of his salary, whether it has been one dollar a week or in the three-figure class. He has one pet extravagance—bathing suits. At the last count, he owned six dozen. He also has a weakness for sweaters and tweed suits with leather buttons.

He doesn't drink, smoke or eat between meals or before going to bed. When he isn't working, he goes to a picture show every night. When he is working, he likes to confine himself exclusively to the people with whom he is working. Neither of his parents is a movie fan. However, they like Joel and think Will Rogers is a good actor, too!

Speeding along the Santa Monica Highway, after my first rendezvous with Joel McCrea, I thought of the many things we had discussed . . . and remembered most of all what a charming boy he is!

How They Spend
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in next month's MOVIE MIRROR

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Beauty and Your Eyes

(*Continued from page 69*)

smaller. A brow only slightly arched and down closer to the eye effects an apparent enlargement of the eye itself.

Therefore if you have too-small eyes, do NOT make the easy mistake of putting a high, wide arch over them. You'll only make them appear smaller still! Instead, bring the brow down as far as you possibly can and with a much lower arch. And then be amazed at how much larger your little eyes appear.

For overbig eyes—"banjo eyes," you know—reverse the rule.

Probably at this point you're demanding to know how in tarnation you can move your eyebrows around on your face, at will? "After all," you complain, "nature gave me my eyebrows where they are, and I can't move them!"

BUT you can. And NOT by plucking them all out, either. Eyebrow-plucking, to the extreme it was practiced not so long ago, is OUT now. Eyebrow-plucking now is done carefully. And by such careful plucking, the position of the brow CAN be changed.

For instance, to lower the brow, pluck the upper hairs out. To raise it, of course, pluck out the lower fringe of hairs. Then, with a bit of vaseline and a brush, brush the remaining hairs UP or DOWN to achieve further the effect you're after.

And finally, with an eyebrow pencil—and be sure that it is sharply pointed so it makes sharp, hair-like lines and not just a black smudge!—add the last touches of shaping and placing.

Properly and carefully done, the average eyebrow can be raised or lowered as much as a quarter inch—and that distance can work wonders.

Of course, the ideal brow is one that follows precisely the bone line of the eye socket. If Nature has been kind to you, your brows will follow that line and be in proper relation to your eyes. But if Nature was in a peevish mood when your face was made, you'll have to help her along with make-up.

Now for the matter of eyeshadow. Shadow adds apparent depth, luminosity, to the eyes. But it must be used ULTRA-sparingly! There's nothing that gives away the make-up amateur so utterly as an overdose of eyeshadow.

By far the preferable shade of eyeshadow is brown. Brown is imperative for blue-eyed girls particularly. If a blue-eyed girl uses blue shadow, she loses the contrast that is so essential, and instead of giving her eyes the depth she seeks, she imparts a washed-out look. Brown is far and away the safest shadow color for general use.

In applying shadow, use it ONLY on the upper lid. Put it on very sparingly, and spread it thin so it will not, even under close scrutiny, LOOK like artificial color. Try to have it appear merely as a naturally darker tint of the natural skin.

MANY women try to achieve larger-looking eyes by use of the dark pencil to ring the eyes completely—drawing a sharp line at the base line of the eyelashes. This line is one of the most difficult effects to obtain well—and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it does nothing but make its wearer look tired, or old, or as dissipated as you-know. It hardens the face immeasurably and the best thing that can be said for it is—DON'T USE IT. It takes an expert or professional make-up man to do it well, and then really only for stage or screen. For street use, it is virtually impossible, because it can hardly be blended or softened enough to make it unobtrusive, which is the one quality all make-up must have. Make-up, to be effective, must be unnoticeable.

2—To remedy disproportion in the space between the eyes. . . .

The ideal space between the eyes is the length of the eye. Many persons, however, suffer from too-close spacing of the eyes.

This can be overcome almost completely by manipulation of the brows again. If the eyes are too closely spaced, keep the brows far apart.

Of course, you NEVER allow stray hairs to grow between the brows anyway. You pluck them out with tweezers. Depilatories should not be used on the face.

NOW, if the eyes are too close, pluck the eyebrows in a bit. Pick out the cluster of hairs at the inner end of each brow, and with your eyebrow brush, brush the remaining hairs OUT, away from the nose. And with the eyebrow pencil, extend the outer points of the brows a bit.

If the brows are naturally too short, the outer ends can be ever so slightly turned up.

If your eyes are too far apart—a defect very rare, by the way—careful use of a touch of rouge or pencil at the inner corners will eliminate the disproportion.

Of course, you understand that in no generalized article like this can any exact measurements be given—how wide a line to draw here, how much color to add there. You've got to adjust these instructions to your own facial conditions.

Work out your own make-up code, and then stick to it.

The thickness of the brow itself depends entirely on the character of your own face. Some girls look better with a fairly heavy, wide brow-line; others require a fine thin line properly to accentuate their eye beauty.

3—Mascara!

More nice girls have said damn about mascara than can be counted on the hairs of the eyebrows, my dears. Mascara is tricky. It's hard to apply well. But here are some hints.

The purpose of mascara is, of course, to accentuate the size and beauty of the eye. It should be applied mostly to the upper lashes; only very little or in many cases not at all to the lower lashes.

In applying it, let the brush touch the lashes from BELOW, NOT above, very lightly, and stroke outward. Too much mascara, beading in lumps at the end of the lashes, is ridiculous and far worse than none.

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Fashions From Hollywood

(*Continued from page 49*)

the dress and the coat. The dress itself is positively demure. It has a straight little skirt, a high waistline, a little square neck, long, narrow sleeves and not one bit of trimming. In other words, it is just as demure as can be. The coat is just the opposite. It has a nipped-in waistline, a standing collar of luxurious black caracul and fascinating sleeves. In other words, it is most sophisticated. The result is that you come into the room, a very dashing lady. You take off your coat and you are just an innocent young thing. All of which makes your boy friend exclaim, "My dear, I shall never understand you," which, of course, is the whole purpose of any girl's dressing attractively.

THE other two coats Madge is wearing are calculated to give you that debonair, dashing touch. Look at that blue flannel "coachman's coat" on page 49. It's youth itself! I don't recommend it for girls who have been neglecting their dieting; but for a slim girl, who is also fairly tall, I can think of nothing nicer. Its smartness comes from its being double breasted, and the gay Hollywood effect is achieved by trimming it with big, white bone buttons and a big, white buckle. Of course, such a coat can't be your "everyday" coat! It must be kept for occasions—but to knock them dead at the football games, it will be a panic. It is also ideal for girls who live more in the country than town—in suburban country places, that is, which are chic and smart.

The very dressy afternoon coat is just the opposite coat. This is a city coat, if there ever was one, and the girl who wears it out in the country for a week-end just doesn't know her fashions, that's all. This coat isn't any "everyday coat," either. It is the kind of a coat that goes for tea at the Ritz over a velvet or chiffon dress or the very smartest wool—and no nonsense about it either. Also, being of a very rough fabric and trimmed with a most luxurious fox collar, there'll be no nonsense about the price. The price will be just plain pain to purses.

FINALLY, just for the fun of it, Madge posed in one of her favorite new evening gowns. I think it is pretty important because it proves what the movie designers claim is going to be true later this season—and that is, that clothes are going to be simple. This current Empress Eugenie outbreak isn't going to last, because it is too popular. Besides, it really isn't "right" for modern young women, no matter what anyone says about it. We like to move about rapidly. We're a laughing, dancing group and we simply can't wear, for long, clothes that make us slink or move slowly. The best lines this winter will be straight and fairly clinging, and the best color for your best evening gown still remains white, the material preferably satin.

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The Story of My Life

(*Continued from page 27*)

It fascinated me. The actors seemed wonderful people from another world. I was only seventeen; and working in a rubber factory all day and going to school five nights each week makes you hungry for excitement and glamour.

ONE evening I happened to sit at the same table in a restaurant with two boys from the company. We drifted into a casual conversation, that is, I pretended that it was casual, while I was so excited that I could scarcely eat, and they invited me to go back stage with them.

That evening I spent in the thrilling places behind the footlights instead of in a class room and I decided that I'd rather be an actor than anything else.

From that time on I hung around the theatre as much as possible. I met all the members of the company and spent long hours visiting with them, listening to the stories of their travels and experiences. Finally I mustered up enough courage to ask the manager for a job.

I got it. They made me a call boy without salary. But money meant nothing to me so long as I could be in the theatre. I kept my job at the factory and gave up my night school without hesitation.

Everything about that little theatre was filled with glamour. I was all eyes and ears, amazed at everything. I learned the unwritten code of the theatre, "See and hear, but say nothing."

Gradually I drifted into playing lineless parts. I walked on the stage as part of the mob or as a butler. I played every kind of rôle with all kinds of make-up.

I worked like mad during the days, in order to earn enough so that I could afford to have my nights at the theatre.

During this time my stepmother, whom I had always looked upon as my mother, died. With her death I lost my best friend.

A short time later Dad sold the farm and went west to Oklahoma, returning to the oil business. He stopped in Akron to try to persuade me to go with him, but the theatre was in my blood. I wanted to stay there.

DAD wrote me constantly, telling me of the opportunities in the oil business, offering me a good job. I felt that I owed it to my father to join him. After all, there were only two of us left and we ought to stick together.

So I packed my suitcase and said goodbye to the theatre and the friends whom I had made. To walk out of that stage door and down the street to the station was the hardest thing I had ever done.

Dad was living in Bigheart, Oklahoma, and I went to work with him in the oil fields. They paid me twelve dollars a day, but gladly would I have traded it for no salary and my job as call boy and general utility actor in the stock company. I hated the work, the place and the people. But I stuck it out for a whole year.

Finally, I told Dad that I couldn't stand it any longer. He offered to buy a haberdashery store, anything which I wished in the little town. But I wanted only to get back to the theatre.

I went directly to Kansas City and landed a job as an actor in a small road company playing one-night stands. I blush now when I think of the long story of varied acting experience which I told the manager. It was just my luck to strike him at the very minute when he needed a general character man who was big and strong and husky and who would work for ten dollars a week.

FOR two years I trouped with that company through every state in the west. And I wouldn't give a million dollars—if I had it—for that experience. We played in opera houses, in tents, in churches, in barns, in every kind of a place. Sometimes we were flat broke and didn't know where we were going to eat or sleep. Sometimes we were living on the fat of the land. I played every kind of a part except juveniles. I was too big and clumsy for those.

The leading woman of the troupe was the manager's wife. She was a woman of about forty-five who had lived in every part of the world. To me she was the most fascinating person I had ever met.

She taught me dozens of tricks of acting, and encouraged me, even though the rest of the troupe insisted that I'd never make even a poor actor and advised me to go back to the oil fields.

Everything was a grand adventure to me. I didn't have a care in the world and I was doing the thing I liked best, acting, if you can call it that. I liked to strut my stuff in the small towns.

I remember once when we played in the lumber country of northern Washington. A sign on the theatre door read, "Calks Not Allowed." A calk is a plate with sharp points worn on the sole of a shoe, you know. The play that night was "Corinne of the Circus." I was the old ringmaster in a crêpe beard. In the midst of the dramatic death scene where Corinne died in my arms, four big lumberjacks, totally disregarding the sign on the door, came tramping down the aisle in their calked boots. The noise was deafening on the uncarpeted floor.

BEING a very grand actor at that time, I stopped dramatically in the middle of a speech and waited until the men had found seats, while poor Corinne remained dying in my arms. When the curtain was lowered I received one of the worst lectures of my life from the members of that company. A great deal of my importance and grandeur left me that evening. I learned, never to forget it, that individuals don't count, that the show must go on in spite of everything.

Business went from bad to worse. Finally, the company went absolutely broke. One cold, bitter March day we were left completely stranded in Butte, Montana. I stood on that windswept railroad platform and wondered where in the world I could turn.

My sole possessions were two years of invaluable experience and one good suit of clothes. In my pocket were two dimes, a nickel and one penny.

What lay ahead of Clark Gable in his dramatic search for fame? You'll find the answer in Clark's own words in next month's MOVIE MIRROR.

Real Heroes of Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 55)

action. Just at the time the gun was being trained on the men, he spoke up calmly: "What good will these men do you dead? I am an officer—shoot me if you will, but let my men live and serve you."

THE German officers thought over what was said and soon plans were changed. The entire British group then was commanded to aid in carrying the wounded German soldiers back from the front. Loder was later put in prison and released at the time of the Armistice. But his men never forgot that he saved their lives.

Once the most noted cavalry leader in Russia. Once the undisputed dictator of a city. Once known to the German army of the East as "Black Ivan," the feared guerilla chieftain. But that was yesterday. . . . today he is Hollywood's champion hand-kisser, "tea-hound," ladies' man. He is Ivan Lebedeff, romantic actor in filmland today. That's life for you! He possesses several citations for bravery in official dispatches and has many medals. The only German general of first rank captured on any front during the entire war was taken by this same Lebedeff! That was in 1915. Ivan, with three other countrymen, walked in on Lieutenant General Von Fabarius in a huge home in the village of Nevel. The general, on an inspection tour, had fallen way behind his lines and was staying in the old house. He was sitting down to dinner with staff officers when Lebedeff and his three men entered the room. Stricken with surprise, the Germans could only stare. Then one reached for his revolver. In a quiet voice, with leveled pistol, Ivan ordered the officer to drop his gun. The German, instead, raised it quickly and Lebedeff shot him. As he slumped to the floor, the Russian ordered his men to disarm the others. Then he said, "Gentlemen, it grieves me to spoil your dinner, but we must all leave immediately for the Russian lines!"

And so it goes. We learned how Marguerite Churchill, while working on "The Big Trail," went one whole day with a severely sprained ankle, rather than hold up production. She sprained her ankle en route to the location and did not tell anyone about it. With set teeth, she worked all day on the scene, limping along with the other "pioneers" up over the 300-foot cliff to pick up their trail again. After the day's work was completed Miss Churchill dropped to the ground in a dead faint. Fellow-actors hurried her to the company hospital and she was promptly given medical attention—and along with it, she received some sage advice on giving a little less attention to developing her pioneer spirit in the matter of courage!

There are probably a number of other heroes and heroines. It is impossible, though, to give their names and deeds, for both are cloaked in deep mystery. They don't want to be known as heroic men and women—but rather as human folks. But to them, as well as to those who figure in this story, the picture colony can well point with pride.

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Richest Kids in the World

(*Continued from page 90*)

Hollywood custom. A young player drifts along in one small part after another. Then suddenly he lands and you fans all bring him to the producer's attention. Usually there is a readjustment in pay results.

Lew Ayres, when he first came to pictures, worked for Pathé at $35. He made "All Quiet on the Western Front" at $125 a week. With the picture's release, Universal put Lew under long-term contract at $450. Later, as his popularity increased, a $500 bonus was added to the weekly wage. On loan to other companies, Lew discovered they were willing to pay more for his services. He asked Universal for $3,500 and a compromise was effected at around $2,000 on a new contract.

Are these two kids also destined for the millionaire class? Robert Coogan at five has already made a hit in "Skippy," and he thinks his pal, red-headed Jerry Tucker, four-year-old just signed by Paramount, is going to score a knockout, too

JUST as "All Quiet" brought Lew Ayres to the fore, "Wings" made a trio of stars in Buddy Rogers, Gary Cooper, and Richard Arlen. Unknown while playing in that aviation picture, Buddy was cast as the lead at $65, Gary at $75 and Dick made $100, having been with Paramount longer than his fellow players.

The success of "Wings" resulted in new agreements for the trio. Rogers, for example, was given $400 and a bonus said to have been $75,000. Currently he draws $2,500 every Saturday, as do Cooper and Arlen.

Starting salaries are somewhat higher these days than they were when those three young chaps learned about flying from "Wings." RKO-Radio has a number of comparative newcomers on the lot. Their pay checks are, I believe, indicative of remuneration at other studios.

When the ghost walks at Radio every week, it brings Rochelle Hudson $100, Roberta Gale $125, Lita Chevret $175, Arline Judge $250, Noel Francis $450 and Claudia Dell $750. The latter salary is the same as Irene Dunne drew before "Cimarron." Now her pay is doubled. Who can tell which one of these youngsters will be the next to click?

From confidential sources, I have gathered a few more figures.

Jeanette MacDonald works at so much per picture. This allows her vacation periods in which she can make concert tours and do radio broadcasting. Her Paramount agreement was for $50,000 a feature and her Fox contract is said to be $75,000. She generally receives $5,000 for a radio hour and her current European personal appearances are at $10,000 weekly. Richard Dix gets a straight $50,000 from RKO.

Lupe Velez is free-lancing at $35,000 a picture and Joan Bennett receives $25,000. John Boles has a yearly guarantee of $100,000, whether or not he works. When working, he gets $3,500, so if he is engaged over thirty weeks a year, he betters the guarantee.

Mary Astor, Dorothy Mackaill, Reginald Denny and Laura La Plante are rated in the $3,500 a week class. Lois Moran gets $3,200 from Fox. Nancy Carroll draws $3,000 from Paramount.

JANET Gaynor and Charles Farrell are reported at $2,750. Kay Francis receives a like sum from the Warners'. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has $2,500 every week. Claudette Colbert gets $2,000. Dorothy Lee, Genevieve Tobin and Rose Hobart $1,500.

Among the $1,000 gals are Sylvia Sidney, Sidney Fox, Mae Clarke and Carman Barnes. But perhaps I shouldn't mention Carman Barnes.

What do they do with their money? If you think the answer has to do with riotous living, you're wrong. Them days are gone forever.

They learned long ago to trust the advice of trained and conservative financial agents. In many cases, their business managers collect the players' checks direct from the studio and dispense living expenses to the individuals on a budget.

ACTORS are notoriously poor business people and they whole-heartedly welcome trustworthy counsel. They know this acting profession of theirs to be an up today, down tomorrow sort of existence. And they prefer to have something in the bank for the down periods.

I have personally heard financial advisors argue with young players about the relative merits of a moderately priced automobile and a costly imported one. In each case, the actor was persuaded to follow a sensible economic course.

And do they love being persuaded? Of course they do. That's why they have become "the richest kids in the world."

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Does It Pay to Be Good

(*Continued from page* 17)

a gangster in one picture, "Hell Bound."

I don't pretend that Johnny could make a success of playing a gangster. It isn't down his alley. But the screen life of a romantic hero is a short one, unless there is an exciting quality about him.

John Wayne was hailed as the great discovery of the year. But Fox dropped him after one picture, "The Big Trail."

True, Columbia is featuring him in some outdoor pictures. But when a player gets typed in drama of the wide and open spaces, he doesn't develop into a great star. John Wayne is now playing second lead to Buck Jones in "Range War." The prophets who said that he was going to be bigger than Gary Cooper are now writing about someone else.

Players like John Garrick go from studio to studio in hopes of getting a break.

Charles Rogers, elevated to stardom after his work in "Wings," rose to tremendous popularity, but all the fanfare died down when he played a succession of sweet young men in pictures like "Safety in Numbers," "Along Came Youth," and all the rest of the sickeningly saccharine procession. He lost so much of his box-office popularity that he was reduced to the position of a featured player. But even that was a good break for him, for he was allowed to get away from playing mother's darling boy, and given a chance to play a coward and a gambler in "The Lawyer's Secret." Nevertheless, Paramount is not renewing his contract.

Richard Arlen, who once showed so much promise, is now relegated mostly to Westerns. If he weren't such a nice boy and so quiet and uncomplaining about it, he might have gotten farther.

TO get ahead in pictures, an actor or actress must have glamour. Goodness can be made glamorous, but it's a darn hard job. So long as Buddy Rogers was the typical American boy, just a bit idealized, his lease on stardom was short. Almost any other boy could have come along and taken his place at one-tenth his salary.

Just as long as Mary Brian, Fay Wray, and Jean Arthur and a dozen other actresses remain sweet young things like little Susie down the corner, they can be replaced.

The truth about the Susies who write heart-breaking letters on "How can I be popular?" is that it isn't only their goodness which defeats them. Boys don't stay away from them just because they don't kiss and don't pet. There's something in their characters that makes them hold back, makes them seem high-hat to other people. And when they lose confidence in themselves and in their divine birthright as women to be beautiful and attractive, they draw still further into themselves and are still more unhappy.

I know one girl who insists that to be popular you ought to look what you're not. If you're really sweet and romantic, dress with sophistication and daring. If you're sophisticated, wear fluffy picture hats and organdie dresses. In that way you'll be able to spring a succession of surprises.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever" is hooey. You have to be clever to get away with being good!

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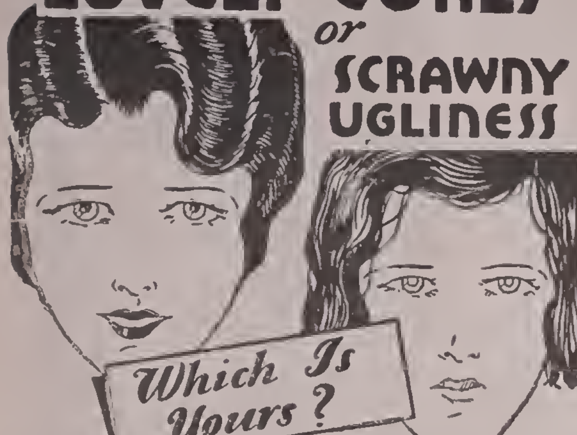
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The Strangest Reason of All

(*Continued from page* 104)

saying "broke." They worked at the C.P.R., or maybe it was the C.R.P., waiting-room as baggage porters for five nights until they had enough to get them to Edmonton, where they engaged in haying for four weeks. There were a lot of adventures and misadventures in towns which I can't now remember. I started to make notes while Paul was talking about his adventures. And as soon as I pulled out my pencil, he quit talking. I had to tell a few of my own experiences in order to get him reminiscent again.

To sum it up, after working the five nights as baggage porter, and four weeks in haying, Paul and his pal shipped north on an engineering project. When the engineering thing palled on them, they enlisted in the Royal Mounted Police.

Did you know that the Royal Mounted Police send their recruits to Saskatchewan to learn to ride? The things they learn there are worth writing home about. They have got to learn, among other things, how to ride a horse on what is called a slip-seat. And a slip-seat is a plain stirrupless saddle that could not be slicker and more slippery if it were greased.

Paul thought that he could ride before he became a Royal Mounted Police recruit, but he found that he was only a rank amateur when he ran up against those tricky saddles. He fell off and under and over at least five hundred times. He insists that five hundred is a conservative estimate, too.

The discomforts of their rigid system of training stand out more clearly in his memory than the dangers that his work later entailed. You know what kind of dangers if you have ever gone to the movies. The Royal Mounted Police captain tells you to get your man, and if you are a regular R.M.P., you get him. That's all there is to it. Paul was an R.M.P. for nine months and then the adventure began to seem humdrum. So he bought himself out of the Mounted and signed up as a Dragoon, for by this time the World War was going strong.

He mentioned that he enlisted in the 202nd battalion of infantry that was formed in Edmonton. I made the mistake at this point in the story of bringing out my pad and pencil again. I was afraid if I didn't jot it down that I would forget and say 142nd or something like that. Immediately, Paul shut up and the silence grew thick enough to cut. I never did hear what happened to him or the 202nd after that.

I managed to drag him through the war, however, and back to Calgary, where he accepted an appointment as a barrister. His chief duties were to revise the statutes of Alberta. This took him two years. At the end of that time, he found that he had worked so hard he hadn't had time to spend any money and he was in possession of $18,000.

The old spirit of adventure came to the surface again. He decided to take that cash to Monte Carlo and break the bank. He went. He took a "system" along with him. But instead of breaking the bank, the bank broke him. He landed in England "on a beam end" again.

And right here is where the reason for his career as an actor comes in. When he found himself penniless and out of work, he decided this was the time for him to try out as an actor. He had done everything else at one time or another. It looked to him like a new adventure. It was.

He found it surprisingly easy to get on, for he was given a job immediately in stock at fifteen pounds a week. Two years later, he played in the same theatre at one hundred and fifty pounds a week.

It was only a matter of time until the movies claimed him. If you saw him in "Born to Love" or "Always Goodbye" or "Transgression," there is no need for me to rave about his ability or good looks.

It would be very easy to type Paul Cavanagh as a heavy, but I hope to goodness they don't. He would make such an admirable hero. He is just the right kind of a fellow to live through all the adventures and to get the girl in the end.

WHY he hasn't married is a mystery. In a town where eligible bachelors are at a premium, Paul Cavanagh has managed to exist free and unassailed for eighteen months. I came right out and asked him how he had escaped matrimony. And he truthfully acknowledged that he didn't know himself.

But I know. Paul Cavanagh is a romanticist as well as an adventurer. He won't ever give up his freedom unless he finds a girl who will be a perfect complement to his own being. A girl who will bring as much to their union as he will. Marriage to him will need to be all or nothing. He is not the sort of man to be satisfied with half a loaf. How do I know all this? I know it by listening to Paul talk about his home.

When he talks of his home on the Isle of Wight, you can see that he has a bad case of nostalgia. You can almost see the place. It looks across the sound and the waves dash over the picturesque rocks below. Airplanes are forever humming overhead, for this is the spot where the Schneider cup flights are made. There is sometimes sun, and sometimes rain, but never monotony. It goes without saying that Hollywood is monotonous to him. Reared in a land where there is fog and winter, interspersed with sunshine and flowers, he feels keenly the need of change.

This explains why he likes acting. Each day is a new adventure. There is no sameness, no groove to fear. And after the picture or play is over, he takes a trip back home.

It wouldn't surprise me a bit to hear, by the time this is in print, that Paul is vacationing again on the Isle of Wight. Swimming and flying and yachting. He says the swimming there is great, and he flies quite a lot. And there is nothing like yachting. And though he hasn't a yacht, he has a friend who has.

All of which leads up to Paul Cavanagh's reason for acting. He does it because it's adventurous. And if you know a better reason than that for doing anything, I'll be glad to hear about it.

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It brings a natural ruddy glow into even the most sallow cheeks and revitalizes the skin with a charming beauty that is almost unbelievable. This revitalizing power of the vacuum suction cup used with Rae Juvenay cream is so effective that it even smooths out wrinkle lines with faithful daily application. Yet the complete Ensemble is priced at only $2.50, cream $1.50, suction cup $1.00. If your favorite department store cannot supply you, send check, money order, or currency direct to us and your order will be mailed same day it arrives. If you do not instantly agree that this is the finest facial combination you have ever possessed, your money will be instantly refunded without question. HARRIETTE ARMS LABORATORIES
548 Keith Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

Before
After

Bring Back That Youthful Chin Line

Two profiles of the same girl are shown above—one before and one after using the CORINTHIAN COMBINATION TREATMENT. See what a difference the youthful chin line makes.

Amazing results are secured quickly with the CORINTHIAN COMBINATION of both medicinal and physical effort. This treatment lifts the drooping chin line by shrinking relaxed muscles and reducing flesh cells.

Apply the CORINTHIAN ASTRINGENT LOTION at night before retiring. Then put on the net-like head piece with chin strap to hold up muscles and flesh while the astringent lotion aids the shrinking—all during your sleep.

SIMPLE, scientific and certain, the CORINTHIAN COMBINATION quickly brings back the fascination of that youthful chin line of girlhood. The complete $5.50 combination is now only $3.50. Simply mail check or money order or send $1.00 bill and pay balance on delivery. Full satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.
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The Corinthian
Chin
Line
Reducing
Combination
Corinthian
Astringent
Lotion

A Honeymoon Housewarming

(Continued from page 78)

Coat them with the tartare sauce and garnish with capers and bits of pimiento.

Another favorite is a summer canape, made in this manner:

1 slice raw tomato ½ hard-cooked egg
¼ teaspoon chopped chives
French dressing

The egg should be sliced lengthwise. Put the sliced side down on the tomato, pour over the well-seasoned French dressing and sprinkle with chives. This makes an individual serving.

Using a whole loaf of bread—sliced lengthwise—June makes what she calls "rainbow" sandwiches.

Remove crust and slice the bread lengthwise in four slices. Butter both sides of each slice except on top and bottom.

For red filling, use four slices of ham finely chopped. Three slices bacon, cooked crisp and cut fine. One chopped pimiento.

White filling—one-half package cream cheese softened with one-half grated cucumber.

Green filling—four small sweet pickles and six sprigs of watercress or parsley, finely chopped.

Yellow filling—yolks three hard-cooked eggs seasoned with salt, pepper and one-half teaspoonful vinegar.

Spread slices of buttered bread with the filling in the order given. Then soften two packages of cream cheese with sweet cream and spread on the outside of the loaf, as you would a cake. Garnish with pecans and maraschino cherries. Slice loaf crosswise when serving.

The variegated colors in this unusual sandwich invariably cause comment. But June's greatest success was won when she served ice creams in flower pots. They were real red clay pots, the smallest obtainable. June filled them with vanilla ice cream over the top of which was grated chocolate in imitation of earth. In the center was inserted a real red geranium.

JUNE'S parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Heermance of New York, came to meet their son-in-law, arriving about ten days after the marriage. During the three weeks her mother and father stayed in town, June's teas gew in popularity.

To list all who have dropped in on Stu and June would be to list half of Hollywood's motion picture fraternity.

About a month after the newlyweds opened the apartment, Stu recalled what June had said about a housewarming. He mentioned the matter to her.

"I think we're doing very nicely with our teas," she replied. "Anyhow, it's more fun this way."

And Stu, remembering the hundreds of friends who had called, agreed.

"The house seems warm enough," he observed.

That's Stu. Married or single, he must have his little joke.

Fight Fat
As Millions Do It

Thin Beauties Tell The Way

All about you see a new condition as regards obesity. Excess fat has been fast disappearing. Abnormal figures are nowhere near so common as they were. A great reason lies in a new discovery made by modern science. It is used by doctors the world over.

A greater reason lies in the fact that multitudes of men and women are exhibiting and telling the results. They are met in every circle. Women with new youth, new beauty, new vivacity. Men with new vigor.

Modern science has discovered that a great cause of excess fat lies in a defective gland. That gland largely controls nutrition. It is found that the correction of this cause stops the formation of fat. And all self-denial, all starvation, fails to do that when this gland secretion is inadequate. So all modern physicians are feeding the system this gland substance which it lacks.

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Marmola prescription tablets present this right way at its best. They are prepared by a world-famous medical laboratory, and adapted to the average case. Marmola has been used for 24 years—millions of boxes of it. The use has grown to enormous proportions, by users telling others. The results are seen wherever you look. Ask your slender friends about them.

Many men and women still retain their fat, to their vast detriment. Many are trying hard and harmful methods to reduce. Many are misled by fakers in this field.

We urge all of you to try Marmola. It embodies the factors which modern doctors use. It is doing more than all other methods combined to create the slender figures which you see today.

Don't waste your time and effort. Adopt the scientific method which all doctors now advise. Do it through your doctor, or with Marmola tablets. Watch the results, and decide.

Marmola costs $1 a box at drug stores. A book in each box gives the formula and explains results. Go order it today.

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PRESCRIPTION TABLETS
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For greater Beauty use these Toiletries!

The smart woman today insists upon Deerie for her face and compact poudre, her rouge, her cosmetique, her lip rouge, and quite naturally . . . her lipstick!

The same harmonizing motif . . . the same alluring fragrance pervades each creation. Deerie brings you the best cosmetic values, for each toiletry is exquisite in quality and each is encased with true Deerie finesse! Deerie beauty aids savor of the highest in everything . . . except price! Generous introductory sizes are available at all good 10c toilet goods counters.

Deerie Creations

"THE LINE TO BEAUTY"

Now You Can Have a New Skin in 3 Days' Time!

Visible Ugly Blemishes Disappear!

PIMPLES
BLACKHEADS
FRECKLES
BLEMISHES

—and learn that what was considered imossible before—the removal of pimples, blackheads, freckles, tan, oily skin, large pores, wrinkles and other defects in the outer skin—can now be done harmlessly and economically at home in three days' time in many instances as stated by legions of men and women, young and old.

It is all explained in a new treatise called

"BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS"

which is being mailed absolutely free to readers of this magazine. So, worry no more over your humiliating skin and complexion or signs of aging if your outer skin looks soiled and worn. Simply send your name and address to MARVO BEAUTY LABORATORIES, Dept. 423, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and you will receive it by return mail in plain wrapper, postpaid and absolutely free. If pleased, tell your friends about it.

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3 BLADES 10¢

SIX SHAVING EDGES

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DOUBLE EDGE BLADES
CONGRESS BLADE MADE IN USA

Just "Props"

(Continued from page 75)

Props went on a search for grass sods long enough to run a mower through. But no go. The sod, such as he could find, sported grass far too short.

"Give me twenty-four hours," props asked, "and I'll grow grass." Which he did.

Strong arc lights were turned on the sod, and the grass, fooled into believing perpetual daytime, fairly burst forth.

THE life of a property man is not without its humorous incidents, although in almost every case, props must laugh at his own discomfiture.

There was the time when a love scene was being shot at Echo Park Lake, Los Angeles. The boy and the girl were making love in a boat.

The director saw two swans on a distant portion of the lake.

"I want those swans in the picture," he said. "Get me those swans."

"Get those swans," said the assistant director.

"Get those swans," said the second assistant director.

"Get those swans," said everybody else present, until none but the property man remained.

He got a boat and proceeded to herd the birds.

He was arrested for interfering with the public's swans.

THEN there was the case of the cricket, an incident which occurred shortly after the talkies were inaugurated and before the advent of the modern sound stage.

A love scene was to be taken at night on the studio lawn, but on every occasion when the cameras began clicking, a cricket began chirping.

The situation grew alarming. Half the night went by with no sound recorded except that of the cricket. The director, the actors—everybody, were hunting crickets—without success. A cricket can make a noise pass through things without being seen.

"Aha!" said the director, finally. "The property man, of course. Props, get that cricket."

Now this incident is not meant to convey the impression that a property man really is built along immortal lines, or that he actually has godlike gifts, but it is positively true, sworn to by those present, that immediately the director shouted for the property man, the cricket, as if in fear of props, stopped cricketing, and never chirped once more that night.

ANOTHER case is that of a mocking bird who, in this instance, sang a song of real mockery.

Again it was a night scene. Every time the cameras started turning, the mocking bird began singing.

A long search failed to reveal the bird. It was most effectively hidden. Once more a whole night seemed doomed to waste—until props solved the difficulty.

He secured a cage, put a dummy bird in it, and they let the mocking bird sing to his heart's content.

THEN there's the story of the medieval luncheon, when the prince and the princess dine, right royally and very well. The luncheon cost $175 as prepared by a famous caterer. There was pheasant, cooked in the feathers, elaborately molded jellies, emblazoned with peacock feathers, caviar, and so on ad indigestion.

The scene was made. Two weeks later a retake was required.

Props was given $10 and told to duplicate the feast immediately if not sooner.

"BB" shot took care of the caviar.

Bread, carved in duplication of the jellies, painted to the proper shade, and enhanced with the original peacock feathers, took care of the jelly.

A wad of sculptor's clay, under deft fingers, became a pheasant.

The director received $5.62 change.

THERE is a legendary yarn, known to every property man, which, preposterous as it is, somehow seems easy to believe in the light of the many miracles accomplished by props from time to time.

It deals with the director who was making a picture in the middle of the Sahara, where there are no elephants.

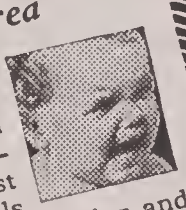
"Props," this director is declared to have said, "I want an elephant, and I want him within half an hour."

The property man painted himself like an elephant and played the rôle himself.

Gloria Swanson returning from Europe with a new wardrobe, a new romance, a new interest in life. What is Gloria's fountain of youth? Adele Whitely Fletcher explains it in "What Next, Gloria?" in next month's Movie Mirror.

DOCTORS SAY...

"Mere diaper-changing won't prevent Urea Irritation."



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Artificial Ear Drum

GEORGE P. WAY, INC.
1611 Hofmann Building Detroit, Michigan

Dietrich—Woman of Contrasts

(*Continued from page* 29)

countenance beneath, her hair gleams and glistens with life and fire. A lively, coppery gold.

She loves clothes and buys a lot of them. But wears them by moods. She'll go frilly feminine for weeks with long furs, clinging velvets and soft laces. Then suddenly, she'll become disgusted with the whole business and don one of her mannish tweed suits. With heavy gloves, flat heels, felt hat and necktie. She'll push back her curls and put on no make-up. And look ravishing.

She's liable to go strictly mannish in the middle of a heat wave.

She generally does.

And she has been accused of copying Garbo.

As a matter of fact, she's been going tweedish off and on for years.

She is worried to death for fear Garbo may take offense.

She has never met Garbo.

She does not drive a car. She employs a chauffeur to drive her Rolls-Royce.

She expresses no special yearning for 'sauer braten' or 'apple strudel.' She employed an American cook during her first stay in Hollywood and liked everything she fixed.

The studio dining room, which is so-so as dining rooms go, suits her perfectly. While other stars are busy sending back food to the kitchen with violent gestures and black looks, Dietrich placidly eats whatever is put before her and seems to enjoy it.

She's a fiend for work. She loves it. She works when she's well and when she's ill. All day. And at night if necessary. She's happier at work. Interviewers get much better results from Miss Dietrich when she's busy.

Hollywood writers are beyond her wildest comprehension.

In Germany they arrive with dignity, gray spats and a cane. And never, never inquire after the lady's love life. Or speak of the possibility of more babies.

They speak of art. And go home in all their dignity, gray spats and cane, and write of art.

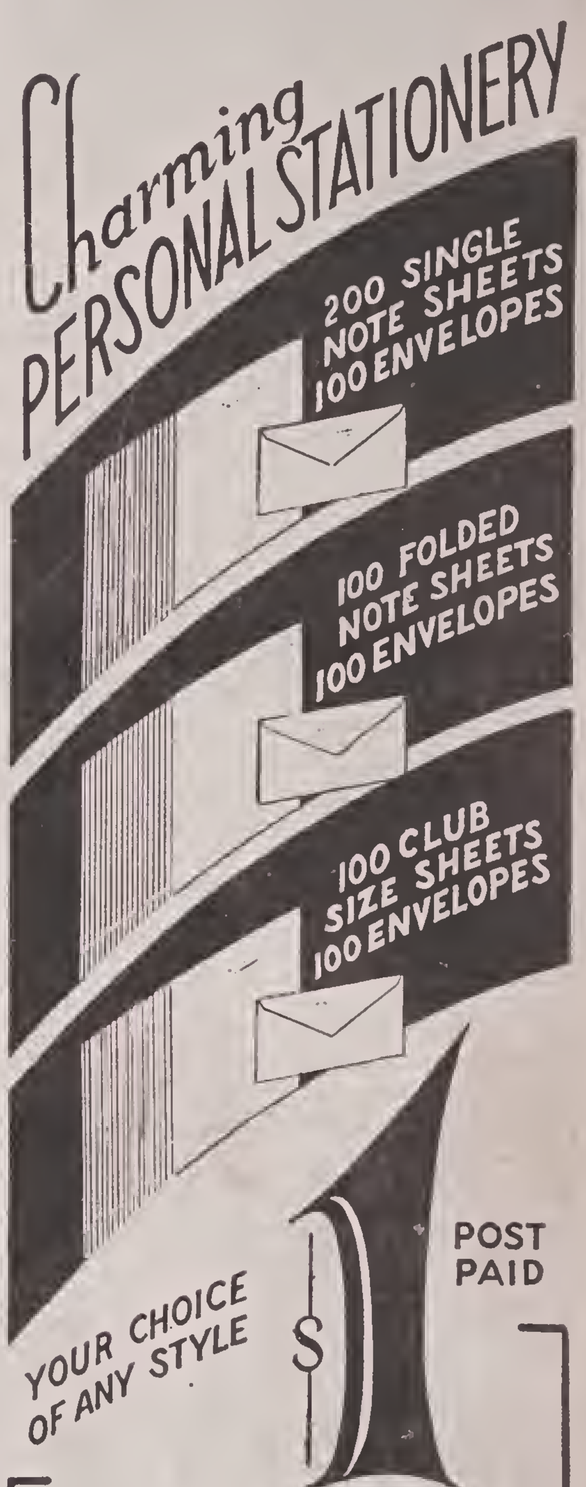
We seem either to leave the lady in a state of utter bewilderment, where she gasps 'Yaaas' or 'No' ten minutes after each question or have her wildly hunting for the toilet water spray.

Not, of course, that Marlene is shocked at the mention of more babies or a possible love life or two tucked away here or there, but why write pieces about it for the papers? That's what stumps her.

In her dressing room she has a radio in a grandfather's clock. Which must be a considerable shock to Grandpa. For the minute she opens the door, she switches on the music. If it's jazz, she'll suddenly break out into a wild jazz dance all over the room. Then just as suddenly, she'll settle down into her usual calm.

That she could possibly be of any importance in this land of the free and Greta Garbo is beyond her farthest imagination.

(*Continued on page* 128)



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29x4.50-20"	2.40	1.15
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30x5.00-20"	2.95	1.35
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30x5.25-20"	2.95	1.35
31x5.25-21"	3.10	1.35
29x5.50-19"	3.20	1.35
30x5.77-20"	3.20	1.40
30x6.00-18"	3.20	1.40
31x6.00-19"	3.20	1.40
32x6.00-20"	$3.20	$1.40
33x6.00-21"	3.20	1.45
32x6.20-20"	3.65	1.75
32x6.75-20"	3.95	1.90

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33x4	2.95	1.15
32x4½	3.20	1.45
33x4½	3.20	1.45
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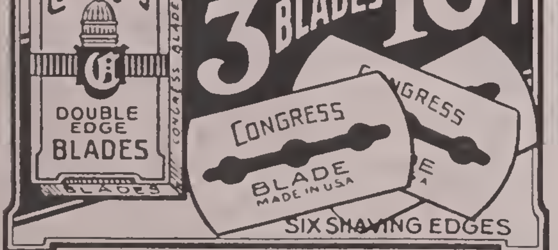

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DEXTER YARNS, Dept. 4242-A, Elgin, Illinois

DEXTER YARNS—"BEST SINCE 1820"

On location for "Morocco," she found herself a short time before the first scene was to be shot, without a mirror. The maid asked a passing prop boy about one. He promptly forgot it.

Here was a how-to-do. A movie star without a mirror. The time drew nearer. Finally Marlene went to the door of her tent.

"I know I'm nobody, and I wouldn't want you to think I am," she humbly remarked to the prop boy. "And I know Mr. Von Sternberg needs you more than I, but couldn't you please take the time to get me a mirror? I should be so grateful."

And they wondered why the prop boy seemed dazed for weeks and weeks.

On that same location, in the early chill of the desert air, her teeth shook and chattered. She was unable to speak her lines. By the time she got around to the warming coffee, the crew had generally finished it up.

So she paid fifteen dollars out of her own purse to have more coffee delivered to the set, so that amidst all that coffee, she could at least draw one cup. To ask that some be reserved for her, the star, never occurred to her.

Off screen, she speaks with a decidedly heavy accent. She memorizes every inflection of Director Von Sternberg's voice for her lines on the screen.

For hours she must carry around in her memory the proper pronunciation of every word. Or get her head snapped off.

After an especially strenuous scene in a recent picture, only a close-up remained to be made. And promptly at the conclusion of the heavy scene, Marlene passed out.

As she slowly revived she thought of that close-up.

"I suppose," she murmured as she lay in a half swoon, "I'll just have to make that cloze-up."

"Close-up, close-up, not cloze up," Von Sternberg shouted at her.

"Close-up, close-up," she obediently repeated.

She possesses the Teutonic quality of complete subordination. Of obedience. The director is her commanding officer. She obeys. He molds.

And it never occurs to her that studio rules are made for the masses and not for stars of such magnitude as Dietrich. That occasionally one may be broken.

Verboten is Verboten and there you are.

For instance, no cars are allowed within the studio gates.

At the time she was refurnishing her dressing rooms, at least two blocks from the studio gates, she arrived morning after morning, loaded with packages to the eyebrows. At the reception room door, out would shoot that notorious Dietrich leg, and the door was opened. Back it would shoot, and the door was closed. People waiting about the reception room saw what they supposed was a stock girl almost obliterated with packages. She never once asked an office boy to help. Or mentioned to an official that she would like to drive her car to the dressing room.

She loves to sit about in the publicity office and read the fan magazines over and over. She utterly amazed the entire Paramount staff by knowing, just a few months after she arrived, who each and

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Don't forget where you got this magazine. You will want to make sure of the next number at the same place—the December number will be ready for you on November 5.

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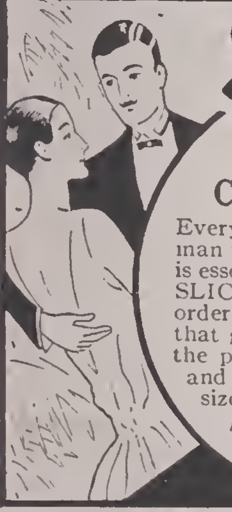

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every writer in Hollywood was, by the things he had written.

"Oh yas," she replied when they mentioned who her next interviewer would be, "I know. He wrote about such a star in such a magazine."

She never missed it.

And her patience knows no bounds.

A certain famous writer in Hollywood telephoned for an appointment with the glamorous Dietrich. She must see her that day, she specified.

So Marlene canceled a dentist's appointment and arrived on time.

And sat and sat. And waited and waited. One hour, two hours. Two hours and a half and still no writer.

Finally Marlene went home. Weary with waiting.

The next morning the writer phoned again. "I must see her today," she insisted. "I guess my secretary made an error yesterday."

"But," protested the publicity office, "Marlene broke her dentist appointment yesterday and made it for today."

However, the writer (an important one, did I mention?) insisted.

Again they phoned Marlene. "All right," she agreed, "I make it to the dentist this morning."

And that afternoon she again waited patiently for a writer who arrived thirty minutes late.

After the interview was concluded, Marlene walked into the publicity office.

"I like her," she announced simply. "She is kind and pleasant."

Those enchanting hollows in her cheeks are, alas, manufactured. Lights are placed in just such a position that the Germanic roundness of her face is broken and devastating hollows lend intrigue to her face. Even in her gallery pictures, Mr. Von Sternberg, her director, supervises the placing of those lights. We must have our hollows.

Even without them, her beauty is breathtaking. It's not a radiant beauty, but a deep, quiet beauty that lures the eyes back again and again and (this could go on indefinitely).

She goes out seldom. But likes to attend parties at young Doug's and Joan's. And remains timidly aloof.

And is generally considered a complete washout. Her complete lack of ego is one of the least understandable things about her—to Hollywood.

But there seem to be a lot of not quite understandable things about this Dietrich.

She seems a composite of many women. But probably isn't.

Nevertheless, she is fiercely maternal and rides rubber zebras with her baby in their swimming pool for hours on end. Only to repair indoors to paint her toenails a violent, passionate crimson.

She leads a normal, even dull existence to most people.

Yet there is something glamorous and hottish about her that excites the pulse of the world.

Above all, she is the epitome of solid, substantial German womanhood.

And yet, all the time she looks as if she alone had guessed the answer to the riddle of the sphinx and found it amusingly risqué. And decidedly Frenchy. And not for little boys and girls like you to know.

NEW YORK publishers, writers, advertising men tell us that the MOVIE MIRROR and LOVE MIRROR are not only magnificent magazines at the cost of ten cents, but that they would be excellent value even if you had to pay two or three times as much. If you agree why not tell your friends about this. Remember the December numbers of both magazines will be on sale on November 5 at the same store.

Watch for the date as the supply is limited

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IF you like to draw, here is your opportunity to find out how much talent you have. Test your natural sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc., with our simple scientific Art Ability Questionnaire. Learn if your talent is worth developing. You will be frankly told what your score is.

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By all means get this free test—send now for your Questionnaire—and we will also send our book "Your Future" showing work of Federal Students and explaining the course in detail. Please state age and present occupation.

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Please send Art Questionnaire.
Name ....
Age...... Present Occupation ....
Address ....

What Becomes of Baby Stars?

(*Continued from page 65*)

has nothing to complain of, thank you! As for Joan Crawford, all her dreams have come true, even to her marrying the man in them!

Dolores Costello was never quite the same radiant personality after talking pictures came in, but with her husband, John Barrymore, and with little Dolores Ethel, her baby daughter, Dolores is still a very lucky girl.

Mary Brian and Fay Wray have lost their Paramount contracts, but they keep on free-lancing. Mary is still the favorite of the college boys, and Fay is still the favorite of her husband, John Monk Saunders, and a large number of fans.

But Mary Astor and Dolores Del Rio, for all their fame, have had their share of tragedy. Mary Astor, sleeping beauty whom love and marriage changed into a gracious, charming woman. She had her career, which was increasingly successful; she had her marriage, to Director Kenneth Hawks, which was increasingly successful.

But tragedy so often comes without warning. One morning Mary kissed Kenneth good-bye as usual, and at night he was brought home to her, the victim of an airplane accident.

Fame brought disaster to Dolores Del Rio's first marriage; Jaime was jealous of her success. And then, just as she was looking forward to happiness with her second husband, Cedric Gibbons, illness overtook her, and for months Dolores lay helpless while the movie world moved on without her, threatening to leave her behind. But now she is coming back in "The Dove," and there may be a happy ending to her story.

SALLY O'NEIL, Marceline Day, Vera Reynolds. All their careers have suffered from the talkies. Sally O'Neil is now making a comeback. Several times film companies have promised to build up Joyce Compton's name, but nothing has ever come of it. Edna Marion has been buried in shorts, and Sally Long has disappeared.

Fame touched very lightly the 1927 group: Helene Costello, Barbara Kent, Martha Sleeper, Sally Rand, Natalie Kingston, Mary McAllister, Gladys McConnell, Sally Phipps, Rita Carewe, Pattricia Avery, Adamae Vaughn, Frances Lee, and Iris Stuart.

Helene Costello, as Mrs. Lowell Sherman, is so happy that she wonders why she should ever have bothered with a film career.

Barbara Kent did so well in Gloria Swanson's "Indiscreet" that we shall probably hear more of her.

Martha Sleeper has not been outstandingly famous, but she is still busy, and frequently plays in Broadway stage plays as well.

Sally Phipps was seen last winter in the stage play, "Once in a Lifetime."

Natalie Kingston still plays occasional rôles; Gladys McConnell, Mary McAllister, Sally Rand, Adamae Vaughn, Rita Carewe, Frances Lee, Patricia Avery—none of these girls has ever become quite established. Last winter Sally Rand was glad to be a chorus girl on Broadway.

Iris Stuart's is a tragic story. Iris was very beautiful. So beautiful that nothing, it seemed, could stop her. But something did. Her health broke down, and Iris was forced to go into the desert country to live, leaving behind all hope of fame, all hope of the success which might have been hers.

The 1928 group included: Sue Carol, June Collyer, Sally Eilers, Gwen Lee, Molly O'Day, Ruth Taylor, Lupe Velez, Dorothy Gulliver, Lina Basquette, Ann Christy, Alice Day, Audrey Ferris, and Flora Bramley.

Sue Carol and Lupe Velez were both minor sensations on their first public appearance. While neither of them continued to be sensational, both have managed to keep successful, Lupe especially, particularly with her Garee and now with a new romance budding.

June Collyer. Dainty and lady-like, with a steady place on the screen which shows no signs of being undermined. Now Mrs. Stuart Erwin, and liking it.

Alice Day and Ruth Taylor have both chosen the rôle of wife and mother and find that, though fame is fleeting, happiness can be lasting. Alice married Jack Cohn, her childhood sweetheart, and feels that a husband and a son are enough for any woman.

Ruth Taylor. Ruth was such a lucky, lucky girl. After years of obscure screen work in comedies, Ruth was the nationally famous choice for Lorelei Lee, the blonde whom gentlemen prefer. Ruth was famous; from now on, she would be a big star. But after Lorelei, somehow, though presumably gentlemen still preferred blondes, the screen gentlemen didn't prefer Ruth.

Again she was without work. Again her career came to a halt. And then she met another gentleman, Paul Zuckerman, of breeding and millions, who not only preferred Ruth but insisted that she marry him. This story has a fairy tale ending, for Ruth and her Prince Charming certainly seem to be living happily ever after.

Sally Eilers was for years a Mack Sennett gal. Making a living, but getting nowhere. Luck, for her, was only moderate. She married Hoot Gibson; she found love, even if she didn't find much fame. But luck promises to do even better for Sally. She was a hit in "Bad Girl," one of the big pictures of the year. "More appealing than Gaynor," one of the critics said. So now it looks as if thirteen is at last a lucky number for Sally.

But tragedy was the fate of Lina Basquette. A brief flare of fame. A briefly happy marriage. She and Sam Warner were very happy indeed, with their little daughter, Lina, Jr. And then, quite suddenly Sam Warner died, and Lina lost both husband and—with talkies—her career. And she has been fighting in the courts even to keep her daughter, whom all her in-laws are trying to take away. And Lina's second marriage to Peverell Marley recently ended in divorce.

Dorothy Gulliver. Remember the heroine of all "The Collegians" series? Dorothy played in several feature films, besides, but somehow she never emerges from semi-obscurity.

Ann Christy has suffered a similar fate. Gwen Lee's rôles remain quite secondary, though Gwen is admittedly an excellent actress. Molly O'Day. The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak. Or rather, there was too much flesh, for Molly's success. She has reduced, though, and is making a comeback in "Sob Sister."

And now we come to 1929 and Helen Twelvetrees, Loretta Young, Jean Arthur, Anita Page, Josephine Dunn, Sally Blane, Doris Dawson, Helen Foster, Doris Hill, Ethlyn Claire, Betty Boyd, Caryle Lincoln, and Mona Rico.

Two big successes among that group. Helen Twelvetrees, one of our major stars. Loretta Young, whose beauty increases steadily and who is now close to stardom. But she is no longer leading woman for Grant Withers, whom she eloped with so romantically, lived with so briefly, and parted from so abruptly.

Jean Arthur. Paramount did not renew her contract this year. It's hard to say what lies ahead of her.

JOSEPHINE DUNN. Luck has always been one step behind Josephine. One of the few players to emerge with honors from the Paramount school, Josephine was re-signed by Paramount and promised eventual stardom. And then, just as another option came due, Ruth Taylor made her sensation. "We can't," Paramount told Josephine, "feature two such similar blondes." Josephine was out of work for months. Then she was signed by Metro and again promised eventual stardom. Along came Anita Page making *her* sensation. "Two blondes!" said Metro. And Josephine was again out of a job. Her marriage to Clyde Greathouse lasted only a few months. Josephine has had bad luck. But now there are whispers that perhaps—just perhaps—she is going to get another chance.

Sally Blane, Loretta Young's sister, has dropped out, except in very minor rôles. She has that fatal tendency toward weight.

Doris Hill, Helen Foster, Caryl Lincoln, Ethlyn Claire, Betty Boyd—somehow, though they all work from time to time, they don't click. Mona Rico, of course, has her opportunity in foreign versions.

Doris Dawson is now Mrs. Pat Rooney the third.

That's the bunch.

One hundred and four girls. One hundred and four baby stars who are no longer "babies," but have grown up to take their places in the world. To some of them life has been kind. Others have known tragedy and turmoil; the bitterness of oblivion.

Now there is a new lucky thirteen. All of them look forward to brilliant years of success. All of them look forward to blissful years of love.

But all of them can't be lucky.

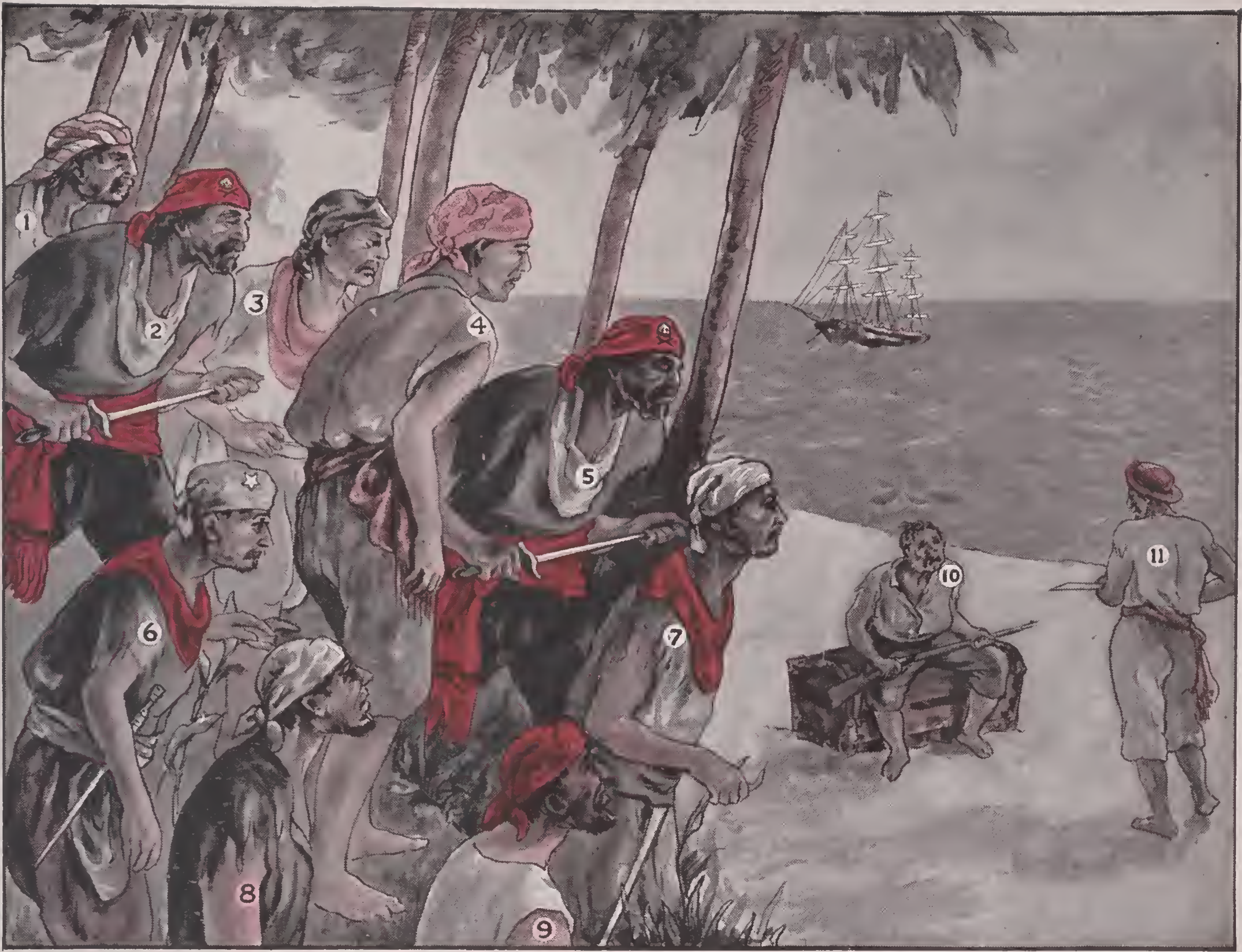
For which of them, then, the brilliant years, or the blissful years? For which of them tragedy, or oblivion?

It depends a lot on luck.

It depends a lot on themselves.

Good-luck, Babies.

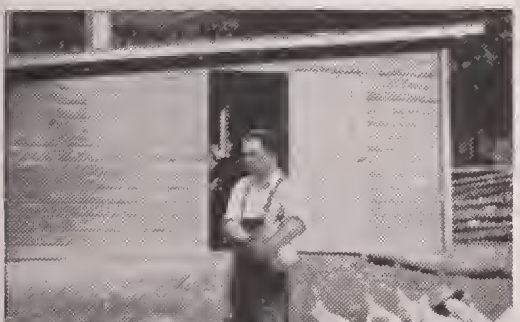
We'll be seeing you.



Find the Twin Pirates to Qualify!

YO-HO-HO! Pirates bold and a treasure chest. Jewels, gold, silver. Treasure laden ships on the Spanish Main. Thoughts of these, and more, come to mind as you look at this picture of a lone man guarding a chest against a band of ruffians.

In the picture are two men who look alike and dress alike. They are "twin pirates." Can you pick them out? Look sharp! Keen eyes will find them, can you?



Indiana Farmer Wins $3,500

C. H. Essig, R. R. 3, Argos, Ind., wrote: "I wish to acknowledge receipt of your $3,500 prize check. I thank you 3,500 times for it. Oh, boy! This is the biggest sum of money I ever had in my hands in my life and I am tickled pink over it. When you think of the people who spend their whole lifetime working and in the end never realize such a sum, it is indeed a fortune to win."

Won $650

S. H. Bennett, Lynchburg, Va., wrote: "I was more than pleased to receive the $650.00 prize check. I am so well pleased with the nice treatment given me. I found your products all you claim for them."

South Carolina Minister Wins

Dr. S. T. Willis, Pastor of the First Christian Church of Columbus, S. C., won a cash prize recently.

☚Mrs. Kate Needham, of Oregon, won $4,705.00. Miss Serene, Burbach, of Wisconsin, won $1,125. ☛ M. D. Reidman of Minnesota, won $2,560. Hundreds of men, women, boys and girls have been rewarded in our past advertising campaign.

$1,000 Extra For Promptness

If you are prompt I'll give you $1,000 extra if you win first prize. Send no money. It doesn't require a penny of your money to win.

More Than $12,960.00 in Prizes

If you find the "twins" write their numbers in the coupon or a letter, mail to us and you will qualify for an opportunity to share in over $12,960.00 in Prizes. Besides hundreds of dollars in special cash rewards. This offer is made by a reliable business house for advertising purposes. You are sure to be rewarded if you take an active part. In case of final ties duplicate prizes will be paid.

One hundred and three cash prizes will be given those who write us about this amazing advertising campaign. We will give away $12,960.00 in cash. You get $3,700 if you win grand first prize. In addition there are 102 other wonderful cash prizes. The winner of the grand second prize may win $2,200, and winner of the grand third prize may win $1,700. Also four other prizes of $500.00 each and many others. All told $12,960.00 in cash. Money to pay you is already on deposit in the Mercantile Trust and Savings Bank, a big Chicago bank.

All you do to qualify in this great advertising plan is to send your answer. Not a penny of your money is needed now or later. Send the coupon, postal, or letter at once for particulars. Roger Scott, Mgr., 427 West Randolph Street, Dept. 2970, Chicago, Ill.

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427 West Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

The "Twin Pirates" are numbers . . . and . . . I want to win in your $12,960.00 Prize Campaign. Send me full information.

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HAIRNET
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She wore the brand of outcast as a badge of courage. Trapped by Russian intrigue, hounded by police, she fought gloriously. For love, she faced disgrace... through love, she won victory... Superb drama, superbly acted. Elissa Landi... exotic, fascinating. Lionel Barrymore... polished, sinister. Laurence Olivier... suave, romantic. A great story of elemental hate and enduring love!

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Know all men by these presents: that
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Anna Mirrel
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EARER MUST REPORT TO THE POLICE
E FIRST OF EVERY MONTH

FOX

OVER THE HILL

Gay and tender and deeply moving, it brings a lump to your throat and chases it with a chuckle. A true and heart-stirring tribute to love, brimming with action... And what a cast! James Dunn and Sally Eilers... first time together since never-to-be-forgotten "Bad Girl." Mae Marsh... idol of the silent days, and the grandest bunch of kids you ever laughed yourself weak over!

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Movie Mirror

Ruth Waterbury

Editor

VOL. 1, NO. 2

DORA ALBERT
Assistant Editor

DECEMBER, 1931

Special Features

Is Garbo Going Home?........*Allan Jordan* 12
Her Contract Is Up in April

Hollywood Has a Heart .....*Joan Standish* 14
The Stars Act as Waitresses for Their Pet Charity

Christmas in Hollywood....*Harriet Parsons* 23
How It Is Celebrated on the Studio Lots

The Romance of Constance Bennett
S. R. Mook 26
The Inside Story of Connie Bennett's Romance

What Next, Gloria?...*Adele Whitely Fletcher* 28
Love and Gloria Swanson

He Learned Through Heartbreak
Marquis Busby 39
Ricardo Cortez Was Once the Most Disliked Man in Hollywood

Having What It Takes......*Sara Hamilton* 40
The Secret of Why Some Stars Remain That Way

Malibu, Playground of the Stars
Harry D. Wilson 44
How the Stars Spend Their Playtime

Regular Guy................*Mary Sharon* 50
He's Wally Beery, Everybody's Friend, Nobody's Critic

The Story of My Life.........*Clark Gable* 62
Concluding the Self-Told Story of Hollywood's Newest Rave

His Woman...*Fictionized by Alma Talley* 64
The Story of Claudette Colbert's and Gary Cooper's Next Picture

Why I Want to Be Rich.........*Lew Ayres* 70
The Frank Confession of a Star

Other Stars and Chester Morris
Samuel Richard Mook 72
Chester Breaks All the Rules of How a Star Should Act

Dangerous at Seventeen........*Dora Albert* 74
Marian Marsh Is an Innocent Sophisticate

Box Office—1931........................ 79
The Seven Greatest Pictures of 1931

Second Fiddle Preferred....*Myrtle Gebhart* 86
Leila Hyams Likes to Play Second Fiddle

Taking Talkie Tests......*Gordon R. Silver* 88
The Greatest Trial in a Star's Life

The True Life Story of Mickey Mouse
Sara Hamilton 100
A Mouse with a Soul

The Girls They Graduated From
Marquis Busby 106
Hollywood Lads Have High-Powered Instructors

Departments

The Girl on Next Month's Cover.. 6
Where Your Favorite Star Is Working 8
Hot News...................... 10
Movie Fan's Cross Word Puzzle... 18
Inside Stuff..................... 31
Fashions from Hollywood......... 53
Movies of the Month............. 56
The Movies' Beauty Secrets....... 76
Tips on Talkies.................. 96
Speak for Yourself............... 102

Exclusive Portraits

Joan Crawford's Loveliest Portrait. 19
She of "Private Lives," Norma Shearer........................ 20
He of "Private Lives," Robert Montgomery.................. 21
A Very Good Gangster, James Cagney...................... 25
Before They Were Famous........ 30
That Box-Office Bandit, Warner Baxter...................... 52
Two Handsome Lovers, Kay Francis and Joel McCrea............... 91
A Little Girl Grown Up, Madge Evans...................... 92
A Dear Leading the Sheep, Joan Blondell...................... 93
Cool Loveliness, Anita Page....... 94
Babes in the Hollywoods, Marian Marsh, Donald Cook........... 95
Carole Lombard's Love Life, Bill Powell...................... 103
Reducing Act, Kathryn Crawford.. 105

Cover Portrait of Greta Garbo by John Ralston Clarke.

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Publisher

K. M. GOODE
Editorial Director

G. V. BUCHER
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Please Remember *WHERE* You Bought this Magazine

Why not write it down in the margin of this page? Hold until December 5th and get your new number

LOVE MIRROR and Movie Mirror are not general magazines to be bought by anybody. You can't pick them up on a newsstand any time you happen to think of it.

Love Mirror and Movie Mirror are *special* magazines provided by six great syndicates for the exclusive use of their own customers. In accordance with their regular policy these institutions are now furnishing the best and most modern magazines at ten cents.

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Remember that the whole supply may be sold out in a few days. Don't confuse the address. And don't delay.

Madge Evans
makes a Movie Mirror cover

THE loveliest winter cover you ever saw is the one for which Madge Evans posed, exclusively for next month's MOVIE MIRROR. Madge, blonde, exquisite, smiling, while the snow swirls down on her.

M-G-M held a special sitting for MOVIE MIRROR at which six pictures were taken of Madge Evans against a winter background. And all six of the pictures are honeys! John Rolston Clarke, the artist, had his choice of all of them when he came to paint her portrait.

Watch for this cover next month! It's MOVIE MIRROR's most ravishing one so far.

Madge Evans, who posed for it, is a luscious blonde who is getting all the best rôles in Hollywood. She's twenty-one, and isn't she gudgeous? And not married, either.

She was a child actress at the age of six. Now she's appearing as *Polaire* in "The Greeks Had a Word for It."

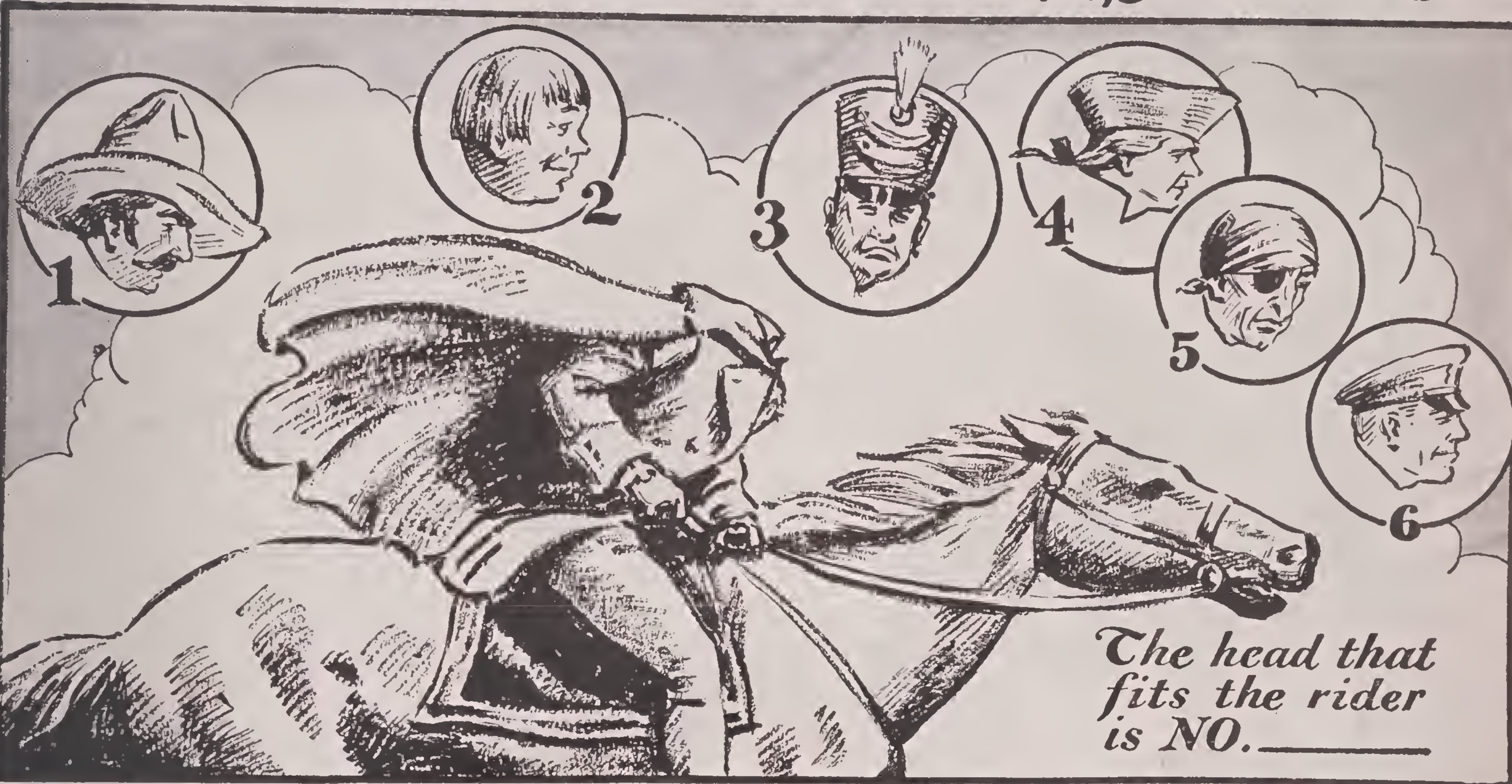
The camera man for whom Madge posed is George Hurrell, M-G-M's favorite photographer.

For another beautiful picture of Madge turn to page 92.

QUALIFY FOR AN OPPORTUNITY TO

Win $3,700.00

or Buick 8 Cylinder Sedan and $2,500.00 Cash


1
2
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6
The head that fits the rider is NO.______

Solve This Old Mystery

Find the Head of the Mysterious Headless Horseman. Six heads are shown. Only one of them belongs to the Mysterious Headless Horseman who for years struck terror to the heart of a peaceful village. No one ever saw his head. Can you now solve this age-old mystery? Here is your chance to qualify to win $3,700.00 cash or Buick 8 Cylinder Sedan and $2,500 cash besides. You must look carefully. See that the head you pick fits the collar of the mysterious night rider. Rush your answer at once to qualify in this gigantic distribution of $12,960 or 4 Buick Sedans and $8,160.00 in Cash Prizes.

$12,960.00
Cash Prizes

4 BUICK SEDANS

EVERYONE
Who Takes An Active Part Will Be
PAID IN CASH

This sensational, easy money making opportunity is just our way of advertising. Someone who solves our puzzle is going to win $3,700.00. Many other big cash prizes. *Anyone may win—why not you?* This big fortune in cash and automobiles must be given away. Find the Headless Horseman's Head. Get your share of this easy money.

EASY TO WIN

Everyone who takes an active part will be paid in cash. Nothing for you to lose—everything to win. Already we have $12,960 waiting in the bank to be paid to the winners. Just think how wonderful to get $3,700 all at one time! And so easily, too! 103 Grand Prizes. The winner of the grand second prize may win $2,200, and winner of the grand third prize may win $1,700. Four other $500 Prizes. *You are absolutely sure of being rewarded in cash* if you take an active part.

Rev. Dr. S. T. Willis, Pastor of First Christian Church, Columbus, S. Carolina.

Send No Money

Don't delay! Rush answer at once. We give $1,000 EXTRA prize for promptness if you win First Grand Prize. Take no chance of losing this Extra $1,000 in addition to First Prize. Need not cost you a penny of your money now or ever to win. Send no money!

$1,000.00
EXTRA PRIZE
For Promptness

Just find the Headless Horseman's head—mail the coupon or write letter for full particulars.

You may win $3,700 if you act quickly. Send your answer today. Now!

Roger Scott, Mgr.
427 W. Randolph Dept. 2971
Chicago, Ill.

Now Is YOUR Chance

To Win a Large Part of This Advertising Prize Money

The money must be given. Thousands are going to profit in cash. Someone is going to win the choice of $3,700 Cash or Buick 8 Sedan and $2,500. Many have won big Cash Prizes from us before. Now is YOUR chance. Solve the Mystery of the Headless Horseman. Rush your answer.

S. H. Bennet, Lynchburg, Va., Won $650.00.

Indiana Farmer Wins $3,500.00 Cash

C. H. Essig, Argos, Indiana, won $3,500.00. He wrote: "I wish to thank you 3,500 times for it! Oh boy! This is the biggest sum of money I ever had in my life. When you think of people working a whole lifetime and never realizing such a sum, it is indeed a fortune."

M. D. Reidman, Evelcth, Minn. Won $2,560.00

Preacher Wins

Dr. S. T. Willis, Pastor of the First Christian Church, S. Carolina, won a cash prize from us.

☚ Mrs. Kate Needham, of Oregon, won $4,705.00 Miss Serene Burbach, of Wisconsin, won $1,125.00. ☛

Hundreds of men, women, boys and girls, have been rewarded in our past advertising campaign.

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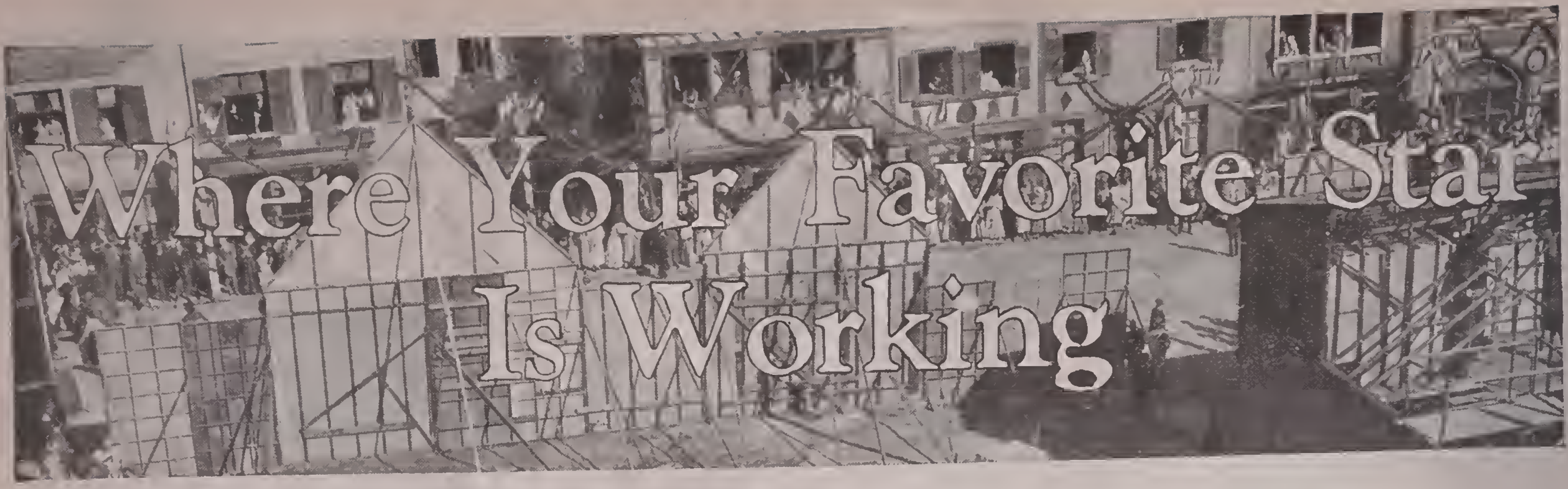


This feature gives you the latest addresses of your pet stars and featured players. What's more, it tells you what pictures they're working on, or have just completed, as we go to press.

Albertson, Frank
Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. Loaned to Universal for *Blue Blazes*.

Albright, Hardie
Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. *Surrender*.

Ames, Robert
Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal. Loaned to Paramount for *Tomorrow and Tomorrow*.

Arlen, Richard
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal. *Sky Bride*.

Arliss, George
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, Cal. *The Man Who Played God*.

Armstrong, Robert
RKO-Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal. *The Second Shot*.

Astor, Mary
Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal. *Exposed*.

Ayres, Lew
Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. *Gallows*.

Bakewell, William
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Loaned to Fox for *While Paris Sleeps*.

Bancroft, George
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal. *Through the Window*.

Bankhead, Tallulah
Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I. *The Cheat*.

Barrymore, John
Latest release *The Mad Genius*. Rumored that he has signed with M-G-M for *Arsene Lupin*.

Barrymore, Lionel
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Mata Hari*.

Barthelmess, Richard
First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. *Environment*.

Baxter, Warner
Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. *Widow's Might*.

Beery, Wallace
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City. *The Champ*.

Bennett, Constance
RKO-Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Lady with a Past*.

Bennett, Joan
United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. Will complete *She Wanted a Millionaire* for Fox. Will also appear in *Miss Adventure* for Fox.

Bickford, Charles
Free lancing. Now playing in *The Second Shot* for RKO-Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Blondell, Joan
Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal. *Union Depot*.

Boardman, Eleanor
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. *Through the Window*.

Boles, John
Murders in the Rue Morgue. Contract with Universal ends with this picture.

Bow, Clara
Latest release *Kick In*. Rumored that she may sign with Universal.

Boyd, Bill
RKO-Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Timber Beast*.

Brent, Evelyn
Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal. Latest release *Pagan Lady*.

Brian, Mary
Free lancing. Recently completed *Homicide Squad* for Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Brook, Clive
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. *The House of Troon*.

Brown, Joe E.
First National Pictures, Burbank, Cal. *Fireman, Save My Child*.

Brown, Johnny Mack
Now free lancing. Recently completed *Lasca of the Rio Grande* for Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Cagney, James
Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal. *Taxi!*

Cantor, Eddie
United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. *The Kid from Spain*.

Carroll, Nancy
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood Cal. *The Man I Killed*.

Chandler, Helen
Free lancing. Recently completed *Heart and Hand* at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. May go on stage soon.

Chaplin, Charles
United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. Latest release *City Lights*.

Chatterton, Ruth
Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal. Recently completed *Tomorrow and Tomorrow* for Paramount.

Claire, Ina
United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. *The Greeks Had a Word for It*.

Colbert, Claudette
Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I. Recently completed *His Woman*.

Colman, Ronald
United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. *Arrowsmith*.

Compson, Betty
Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal. Latest release *The Gay Diplomat*.

Coogan, Jackie
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. *Tom Sawyer, Detective*.

Cooper, Gary
Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I. Recently completed *His Woman*.

Cooper, Jackie
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Burbank, Cal. Now playing in *"Sooky"* for Paramount.

Cortez, Ricardo
Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. *Exposed*.

Crawford, Joan
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *The Mirage*.

Cromwell, Richard
Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal. *Shanghaied Love*.

Daniels, Bebe
First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Latest release *The Honor of the Family*.

Davies, Marion
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Polly of the Circus*.

Dee, Frances
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Loaned to Universal for *Nice Women*.

Del Rio, Dolores
Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. *The Dove*.

Dietrich, Marlene
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. *Shanghai Express*.

Dix, Richard
Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. *Marcheta*.

Dove, Billie
United Artists, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. *Cock of the Air*.

Dressler, Marie
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Emma*.

Dunn, James
Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. *Dance Team*.

Eilers, Sally
Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. *Dance Team*.

Erwin, Stuart
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. *School for Sweethearts.*

Fairbanks, Douglas
United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. Recently completed travelogue, *Around the World with Douglas Fairbanks.*

Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.
First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. *Union Depot.*

Farrell, Charles
Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. *Devil's Lottery.*

Fox, Sidney
Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. *Nice Women.*

Francis, Kay
Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Cal. *Shadows on the Wall.*

Gable, Clark
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Turn to the Right.*

Garbo, Greta
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Mata Hari.*

Gaynor, Janet
Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. *Heart Free.*

Gilbert, John
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *West of Broadway.*

Graves, Ralph
Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal. *A Dangerous Affair.*

Green, Mitzi
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. *School for Sweethearts.*

Haines, William
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Turn to the Right.*

Hamilton, Neil
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *The Sin of Madelon Claudet.*

Harding, Ann
RKO-Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Prestige.*

Harlow, Jean
United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. Loaned to Columbia for *Blonde Baby.*

Hersholt, Jean
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Private Lives.*

Hobart, Rose
Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. *Gallows.*

Holmes, Phillips
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. *Wayward.*

Holt, Jack
Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal. *A Dangerous Affair.*

Hopkins, Miriam
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. *The Jazz King.*

Huston, Walter
First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. *I Spy.*

Hyams, Leila
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Loaned to Fox for *Surrender.*

Janney, Leon
First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Latest release *Penrod and Sam.*

Jones, Buck
Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal. *Headin' for Justice.*

Jordan, Dorothy
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Loaned to Paramount for *The Beloved Bachelor.*

Keaton, Buster
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Her Cardboard Lover.*

Knapp, Evalyn
Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal. *Pleasure First.*

Landi, Elissa
Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. Recently completed *The Yellow Ticket.*

Lebedeff, Ivan
Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Recently completed *The Gay Diplomat.*

Lee, Dorothy
Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. *Girl Crazy.*

Lightner, Winnie
Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal. *Manhattan Parade.*

Lombard, Carole
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. *No One Man.*

Lugosi, Bela
Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. *Murders in the Rue Morgue.*

Lukas, Paul
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. *Working Girls.*

Lyon, Ben
Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal. *Her Majesty, Love.*

Mackaill, Dorothy
First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. *Safe in Hell.*

March, Fredric
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. *The Master Key.*

Marsh, Marian
Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal. *Under Eighteen.*

McCrea, Joel
Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. *The Lost Squadron.*

McLaglen, Victor
Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. *While Paris Sleeps.*

Meighan, Thomas
Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. Latest release *Skyline.*

Menjou, Adolphe
Free lancing. Now appearing in *Forbidden* for Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Mercer, Beryl
Free lancing. Now playing in *Are These Our Children?* for Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Merkel, Una
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Skyscraper.*

Miller, Marilyn
First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. *Her Majesty, Love.*

Montgomery, Robert
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Courage.*

Moran, Lois
Free lancing. Now playing in *The Men in Her Life* at Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Moran, Polly
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Latest release *Guilty Hands.*

Morris, Chester
United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. *Cock of the Air.*

Nagel, Conrad
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Hell Divers.*

Nissen, Greta
Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. *Devil's Lottery.*

Novarro, Ramon
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Mata Hari.*

Oakie, Jack
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. *School for Sweethearts.*

O'Brien, George
Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. *The Rainbow Trail.*

O'Sullivan, Maureen
Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. *Young America.*

Page, Anita
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Loaned to Warners for *Under Eighteen.*

Pickford, Mary
United States Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. Latest release *Kiki.*

Pitts, ZaSu
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal. Loaned to Universal for *The Unexpected Father.*

Powell, William
Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Cal. *High Pressure.*

Quillan, Eddie
RKO-Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal. *The Tip Off.*

Robinson, Edward G.
First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. *The Honorable Mr. Wong.*

Rogers, Charles
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. *The Jazz King.*

Rogers, Will
Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. *Ambassador Bill.*

Shannon, Peggy
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. *Touchdown.*

Shearer, Norma
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Private Lives.*

Sherman, Lowell
Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Loaned to Samuel Goldwyn for *The Greeks Had a Word for It.*

Sidney, Sylvia
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. *Ladies of the Big House.*

Stanwyck, Barbara
Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal. *Forbidden.*

Stone, Lewis
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Mata Hari.*

Swanson, Gloria
United Artists Studios, 1401 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. *Tonight or Never.*

Tashman, Lilyan
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. *Girls About Town.*

Tibbett, Lawrence
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *The Cuban Love Song.*

Toomey, Regis
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Loaned to Warners for *Under Eighteen.*

Twelvetrees, Helen
RKO-Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal. *The Second Shot.*

Velez, Lupe
Free lancing. Playing in *The Cuban Love Song* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Wheeler, Bert
Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. *Girl Crazy.*

Wilson, Lois
Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. *Law and Order.*

Woolsey, Robert
Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. *Girl Crazy.*

Young, Loretta
First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. *Taxi!*

Hot News!

HOLLYWOOD. . . . Last minute news as MOVIE MIRROR goes to press. . . . Ricardo Cortez is no longer that way about Loretta Young. . . . He's being attentive to Glen Helen "Duggie" Winnett, rich society gal. . . . But Loretta Young should worry. As we told you last month, she has a new romance in Robert Williams, whom you saw in "Devotion" stop. . . . Cupid has been very busy at RKO. . . . Roberta Gale is engaged to Major Roy W. Ammel, round-the-world flyer. . . . That is, she announced that she would announce her engagement when he completed his non-stop flight from New York. . . . Betty Roberts, RKO story head, married Charles Gault, architect. . . . And then, of course, there's the marriage of Arline Judge and Wesley Ruggles, featured player and director of "Are These Our Children?" stop. . . . John Considine, Jr., who had trouble making up his mind between Joan Bennett and Carmen Pantages, is now being attentive to Peggy Shannon and Virginia Cherrill stop. . . . Laura La Plante had to have a minor operation stop.

THERE must be a jinx on the picture, "Forbidden." . . . First there was all that contract trouble with Barbara Stanwyck. . . . Then as soon as everything had been nicely patched up, and Barbara had started her first day's work, the horse she was riding in the picture fell and Barbara was badly hurt. . . . She insisted on finishing her scene and then fainted. . . . At the hospital to which she was carried, they found that both of her legs were badly sprained stop. . . . Jeanette MacDonald is sporting a new Paramount contract. . . . After letting her contract lapse and letting Fox get her they discovered that she was Chevalier's most popular leading lady . . . so now she's going into Chevalier's next picture, "One Hour With You" stop.

CLARA BOW got tired of her quiet life on the ranch and for the first time in months attended a social affair . . . the wedding of John E. Wilson and Elizabeth E. Cunningham . . . she then took the guests to a gambling hall at Las Vegas and started a dance there . . . Rex Bell wasn't present stop. . . . The romance between Mary Brian and Russell Gleason is so hot that Hollywood expects wedding bells to ring out any day now . . . of course, they used to say the same thing about Mary Brian and Jack Oakie . . . and before that, about Mary and Buddy Rogers stop. . . . The case of Riza Royce von Sternberg against Marlene Dietrich has been put off for two years, by which time it won't matter . . . Dietrich never even had to budge out of Hollywood, her lawyer taking care of everything. . . . The case was supposed to come up in the New York Supreme Court, October 5, but they said the calendars were so crowded that they couldn't consider it at all, at all, for maybe three years, and anyway at least not before the fall of 1933 stop. . . .

OLIVE BORDEN plans a divorce from Theodore Spector, her broker husband, whom she married last March. . . . James Dunn's Big Moments are Anita Page and Molly O'Day, but he says he can't marry until he has saved more money. . . . Elda Vokel, Fox featured player, admits she secretly married William Keighley, stage director . . . the marriage took place five weeks before she admitted it. . . . Secret marriages certainly seem to be popular in Hollywood right now, the angle being that the public can't easily accept a happily married star as a romantic young heroine stop. . . . Lia Lys, who used to be secretly married to Charles Morton, is all burned up because he's that way now about Pola Negri and she may sue the flaming Negri for alienation of affections stop. . . . Hollywood believes that the real purpose of Mrs. B. P. Schulberg's trip to Russia is to get a divorce from her husband en route . . . Schulberg, you know, is general manager of West Coast Production for Paramount . . . it was he who discovered Clara Bow and later Sylvia Sidney and Peggy Shannon stop.

CARL LAEMMLE, JR., heir apparent to his father at Universal, is reported that way about Sylvia Sidney . . . but Sylvia Sidney doesn't seem that way about anyone . . . of course, Carl Laemmle, Jr., was supposed to be that way once about Sidney Fox, and before that about Anita Page, so maybe he's just enjoying his monthly that way rumor stop. . . . Nils Asther, his wife, Vivian Duncan, and their baby were at last reunited in Hollywood . . . so much time elapsed between the day Vivian Duncan and her baby were admitted to this country and the day she returned to Hollywood that it looked as if all were over between her and Nils. . . . Anyway, that's what Hollywood said, and it's still wondering stop. . . . Claudette Colbert and her husband, Norman Foster, who've had to work at opposite ends of the continent from each other, at last get a break . . . Claudette goes from the Paramount Astoria studio to the West Coast to make "Uncertain Women" and husband Norman Foster is in "The Dove," which RKO is filming on the West Coast . . . the last time they were together was when Norman Foster had a two weeks' vacation and Claudette Colbert had tonsilitis . . . rumors are always being started about the break-up of their marriage, but they still seem devoted to each other stop. . . .

(*More Hot News on page* 115)

NOV -6 1931

Movie Mirror

FILMLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE

EDITORIALS are supposed to be dignified affairs but this won't be. For just as we are writing this, reports are coming in on the sale of the first issue of Movie Mirror. You're buying it. And we are excited. Woof!

Your letters are coming in, too, pouring in, and letters from readers are quite the nicest things in an editor's life. For they give such a marvelous guide to what you like and don't like and why certain productions are popular and others are just dreary flops. I may have my private hunches on a lot of those subjects, but I like to get it straight from you.

A couple of years ago two of the more important producing companies forgot about producing pictures—oh, they went on putting out pictures, but they left them to the hired help—and proceeded to buy theatres. They bought hundreds of theatres at top prices. The general idea seemed to be that if they got more theatres than the other fellow they could put any kind of movies in them and that you and I—the public, that is—would go to see them.

So they got their theatres and put in their pictures and what did we do? We stayed away from the poor pictures—and very darned right we were, too, if you ask me. We got bored with seeing good stars in bad productions. Big ballyhoo didn't impress us. And when business of every kind all over the world got in a tight spot, these theatre-mad companies began having a thin time of it. They then announced more stars, began selling theatres, and went back to producing pictures again.

I've seen a lot of the new pictures that are coming for the winter. Take my word for it. They are better than any movies I have seen in years. They are miles ahead of the old silents. They are a long way ahead of any shown last year. And the stories are getting better, which is the big thing.

Nobody likes stars better than I do. But I'd rather see less good actors in better stories than fine actors wasted on poor plots.

Take Jimmy Cagney and James Dunn as examples. Good actors, those boys. Now they are starring both of them—Dunn after one picture; Jimmy after three or four. But what made them stars? Pictures—good pictures, in other words, good stories.

"Bad Girl" is one of the most touchingly human stories the screen has revealed in months. James Dunn was grand as the young husband—but it would have been pretty hard for any actor worthy of the name not to be grand in that prize-fighting scene with its awful tug at your heart.

The hard-boiled Cagney was elegant in "The Public Enemy," "Smart Money" and "Larceny Lane," but don't think there aren't several "big names" who wouldn't have given their eye-teeth for those roles. Don't think a Ruth Chatterton isn't aware of what a lemon a release like "The Magnificent Lie" must be, no matter how beautiful a performance she lavishes upon it.

Which leads up to our favorite story of the month.

They were trying out actors for the rôle of "Tarzan" in "Tarzan of the Apes." A certain prominent young star tried out for it. Somebody asked him how he got along in the part.

"Ask my manager," he said disgustedly. "He saw the test."

"Well," said the manager seriously, "considering that Jack isn't used to swinging from trees, I think he did it very well."

Ruth Waterbury

Editor

Once before Garbo returned to Sweden. But the Gilbert romance was still on then—and Greta came back

Is Garbo Going Home?

The Greatest Greta's Contract Expires Next April. She Hasn't Re-signed. Will the Viking Venus Retire at the Top?

By ALLAN JORDAN

NEXT April, Greta Garbo's $7,500-a-week contract with M-G-M comes to an end.

And with its ending, there is every indication that Garbo means at once to pack up her comparatively few little belongings, draw her fat fortune in cash and bonds from the banks and safe-deposit vaults, buy a one-way ticket to Sweden on some little old freighter, and make good once and for all in a big way on that oft-quoted famous line of hers:

"Ay t'ank ay go home."

Once before, you remember, when Stiller died—Stiller, the great director who discovered Garbo and who many believe was the love of her life—Garbo went home. At that time nobody was sure whether or not she would return. I know positively that the Metro officials were worried about it. But that was in the days when the Gilbert romance was still going strong. Maybe that brought Garbo back. Maybe not. Come back she did, silent as ever. She telephoned Jack from New York the day she arrived. She never told anyone what she did on that trip or just why she took it. She held her counsel.

THEN last summer there were the rumors—absurd, unsubstantiated rumors—that Garbo was going abroad to play with Max Reinhardt's Theatre Group. Naturally, nothing came of that.

But this time there are excellent reasons for believing the greatest personality movies have ever known intends to desert them. There are lots of signs that prove that Garbo is pretty bored with her career and that she has the wisdom not one in a million possesses of quitting while she is at the top.

When she's gone, it is highly probable that never again will she set foot in Hollywood—the Hollywood she detests with a thoroughness that is general knowledge there; the Hollywood that never once in the five years she's been there gave her one thing she wanted—except money.

Money it has given her plenty. When she gets back to Sweden she will be a millionairess. She can bring true the dream of which she makes no secret—to buy a little island of her own, to build thereon the ultra-private castle she yearns for, and to live the rest of her life like a queen, not ever having to do one single thing she doesn't want to, nor having to see or be seen by anyone she doesn't want to. To Greta Garbo, that will be heaven come to earth.

That Garbo fully intends to do this—shake Hollywood's dust forever from her feet and spend from then on doing only what she wants to—is no idle prophecy. Here are the factors on which it is based:

IN the first place, there is no secret about Garbo's dislike for Hollywood. That dislike, of course, would be the fundamental motivation for her good-bye.

More than once, the Norins—Gustaf and Sigrid, the Swedish couple who, reduced in circumstances, worked in Garbo's home—have heard her say, in the years she's been in Hollywood, that she "can hardly wait to get out of Hollywood."

She has known the absolute height of fame. She has saved her money and is worth millions. Hollywood has nothing more to offer her

Garbo has recently broken her silence enough to admit Clark Gable is her favorite leading man

More than once, at those little intimate dinners where Garbo's very few close friends gathered—Wilhelm Sorensen, Jacques Feyder, a few others—the talk turned to that hoped-for future "sometime" when they'd all be together again in Europe, away from "this damn Hollywood."

Garbo never found happiness in Hollywood. It is not necessary here, to elaborate much on that topic—thousands of words have been written about it; it's public knowledge. Everything that is Hollywood is the very antithesis of what Garbo wants—its blatant publicity and exhibitionism; its manners; its amusements; its very climate. Garbo loathes all these with a hatred that is only held in check by patience—waiting for the day when she can leave.

SIGNIFICANT, too, is this—that at present, two of the very closest friends with whom she has discussed plans to quit Hollywood for Europe together are already abroad. Jacques Feyder and his wife are in Paris; it is likely they will remain. Mrs. Conrad Viertel is preparing to leave for Russia, northern Europe, on an indefinitely long trip. What more likely than that next Spring may see the group reunited in Stockholm, say, or Berlin?

There is no financial reason why Garbo should not turn her back on Hollywood. She has seen to that.

In the five years she has worked in pictures in Hollywood, she has been paid a salary of well over a million dollars! At present, she is getting more than a thousand dollars a day.

(Continued on page 127)

By JOAN
STANDISH

It was Mrs. Abe Lehr who first touched Hollywood's heart

HOLLYWOOD has a Heart

Read this story of how it plays the rôle of Santa Claus the whole year round

HOW would you like to eat in a restaurant in Hollywood where the food was utterly delicious and very inexpensive? And how would you like it if that delicious and inexpensive food were served to you by a beautiful young thing named Janet Gaynor or Sally O'Neil or Joan Marsh? And how would you feel if you knew that a great big gooey dessert priced five cents served to you by one of the prettiest girls in the world was a means of providing nursery care for a bunch of babies whose mothers had to go to work?

Would you think you were in Heaven or crazy? Well, you wouldn't be either. You'd just be lunching at the Hollywood Assistance League.

For the Hollywood Assistance League is the heart of Hollywood—the kindly, good-natured side of Hollywood that isn't very often seen and less often written about. Yes, it's a charity, but being a Hollywood charity, it's glorified, it's glamorous and it's amusing. You'll see more real stars there than you'll see at Montmartre or the Brown Derby. You'll see them off-parade, too, being very much themselves and having a grand time doing something for others. And while the tourists still don't know much about it, we'll give you a tip. The League's dining room is in a little white house down on De Longpre Street, which is right in the center of Hollywood. It's a house sitting back among the pepper trees and you

Thelma Todd and ZaSu Pitts doing kitchen duty at the League

have to go through a Woman's Exchange and a gift shop to get back to the dining room and the kitchen where the stars shine out.

All of this came about in a somewhat goofy way.

ABOUT ten years ago, when the movies were still in that youth of theirs you hear so much about, the producers often needed exterior sets—the fronts of houses, vast gardens, sunken terraces and such—that they couldn't very well afford. When they could, they borrowed estates from the wealthy Los Angeleans, but that didn't always work.

The high hats were fussy about having actors, cameras and crews cluttering up their lawns, and the actors didn't care about being snubbed by haughty dowagers. Whereupon Mrs. Hancock Banning, a prominent Los Angeles society woman, stepped forward with a bright idea.

Mrs. Banning has a lot of friends with estates; she had one pet charity, and she saw the spot the producers were in. So she decided to get them all together, to the benefit of said charity, the Hollywood Assistance League.

Her scheme was simple. She would borrow an estate from a friend, rent it to a producer, and turn the money over to her League. The League grew and prospered. It opened the Woman's Exchange, very much like women's exchanges everywhere—that is, a market for feminine handicrafts like embroidering and knitting—and a tearoom where very inexpensive food was sold to the hard working crowd who hadn't much cash. The movies knew about the League, since they used it as the estate-getting agency, but it wasn't until 1930 when Mrs. Abe Lehr got interested in it that the whole movie bunch went for it whole-heartedly.

Barbara Weeks telling bedtime stories at the Nursery

MRS. LEHR, wife of the vice-president of the Samuel Goldwyn Company, is one of those magnificent mothers-of-the-world people. She had been watching the League for some time and determined to help it. Which was all to the good, since the League was just managing to keep going. Mrs. Lehr decided it could just as well help many people as a few. She decided it could just as well make a little money as to exist solely on charity. She started in with the tearoom.

Being the wife of a showman, she has the theatrical sense of the necessity of names and pretty faces. She went around to the girls in the movie colony and asked them to serve as waitresses on certain days of the week. She went around to the producers and got them to give her subscriptions that would let her give aid to needy people of all classes, not just extra girls and boys, not just the very, very poor, but to all types of people.

She even had the idea that isn't very well worked out in most cities—of helping just the middle class person—the young husband who can't quite meet the mortgage on his house; the faithful daughter not quite able to swing the burden of keeping the wolf from the door.

SHE didn't do all this alone, of course. One of the people who worked with her was young Doug Fairbanks' grandmother, Mrs. Sully. It was Mrs Sully who instituted the Day Nursery division of

Charlotte Greenwood offers some rolls to Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor

That's water Julanne Johnson is serving and it's a fork Miss Greenwood is using to look icily through at ZaSu Pitts

the League, where a needy working mother could leave her children at no cost but a dime a day. For this dime the babies received three meals, medical treatment, kindergarten training, and little items like sunbaths and tonics. Another friend was Mrs. Arthur Buhmiller, who took charge of the Women's Exchange. She eliminated the haphazard methods that had allowed old ladies to knit socks in a year when nobody cared for wool socks, and hunted out individuals who wanted woolen socks and scarfs and embroidered lingerie, and then bought supplies at wholesale and had the workers make things to order. Both the nursery and the Exchange prospered but it was the tearoom which made the hit. You had to enter the tearoom through the gift shop, and from the day when Enid Bennett, as the first of the star waitresses appeared, the profits of that gift shop jumped to more than $27,000 a year.

Today the various girls take turns at waiting on table. Naturally some of them are more faithful to it than others. ZaSu Pitts, who'd adopt every stray child on earth if she could, is one of the regulars. Then there's pretty Julanne Johnson, Katherine Dale Owen, Virginia Valli—both before and since she married Charlie Farrell—Dorothy Sebastian, Virginia Cherrill, the Young girls—Loretta, and Sally Blane, and Polly Ann Young.

The various executives' wives appear regularly—Mrs. Hunt Stromberg, Mrs. Wm. Thalberg, Mrs. Frank Calvin, who is Cecil B. DeMille's daughter. Katherine Perry, who used to be a Follies girl and proved that a Follies girl can make a love match and stay very much married—as she did prove by marrying Owen Moore a long time ago and still being very happily married to him—is one of the League's leaders among "kitchen help."

THE girls take turns in waiting on table, playing cashier, helping in the kitchen and looking after the babies in the nursery. And if you think it doesn't take management — even under these ideal conditions —to keep these all-star casts happy, why, just ask Mrs. Lehr about it. It takes a smart woman to manage all that.

But even at this, the lady doesn't stop. Besides her League management, Mrs. Lehr runs another little hobby —runs it right into hundreds of thousands of dollars a year. She has a list of wealthier motion picture men whom she calls her "Minute Men." Twice a year she calls upon them for stipulated sums of money. She calls upon them and gets it. She gets it with no questions asked and uses it for worthy people temporarily down on their luck. She loans little sums, without interest, and pretty often without any security but the character of the person receiving the loan.

And when she hears of an actor who's temporarily down on his luck, she often manages to get work for him without his ever knowing that anyone stepped in to help him. In this way she not only helps him find himself again but saves that most precious of human possessions, pride.

In this work also, of course, her pet stars, who work hand in hand with the League, help her. They often hear of new pictures that are being cast and somehow manage to get word to those who need the work.

Another way in which the most famous stars in Hollywood help the League is by donating gowns which they have used only once or twice. Many of them have at one time or another been extras. They know how hard it is for most of the extras to provide their own wardrobes on their slender incomes. And the studio rules require that extras must do this, except for costume pictures. Through the work of the League, the extras can buy the most expensive Paris creations at nominal sums.

Marion Nixon smiles at the League cashier. And why not? The cashier is that good "Bad Girl," Sally Eilers

Photos by Wide World

At the left is Sam Goldwyn's latest discovery, Greta Grandstedt. Across the table Barbara Weeks rests from Nursery duty, while Sally Eilers leaves the cashier's desk long enough to take their order

For Hollywood has a heart. Make no mistake about it. It isn't a hard-boiled town.

No town could be where a group of stars, who've worked hard all day at the studios, under the blinding glare of Klieg lights, spend many of their evenings doing things for other people.

No town could be cruel and heartless where girls like Joan Crawford and Janet Gaynor, who have the whole world at their feet, who want for nothing, care enough about those who are in want to dash down to the League on the days they've promised and act as waitresses.

Very often they sacrifice their own lunch hours to do this.

Among the waitresses-for-a-day on the day I visited the League were Thelma Todd, Dorothy Sebastian, Katherine Dale Owen, ZaSu Pitts, Janet Gaynor and Joan Crawford.

Over in the adjoining nursery seventy-five babies were being cared for while their mothers were at work. Barbara Weeks, Wampas Baby Star, was on Nursery duty. Mrs. Abraham Lehr was busy giving one of the youngsters his mid-day bath.

I think all that's wonderful. It would be wonderful in any city in the world.

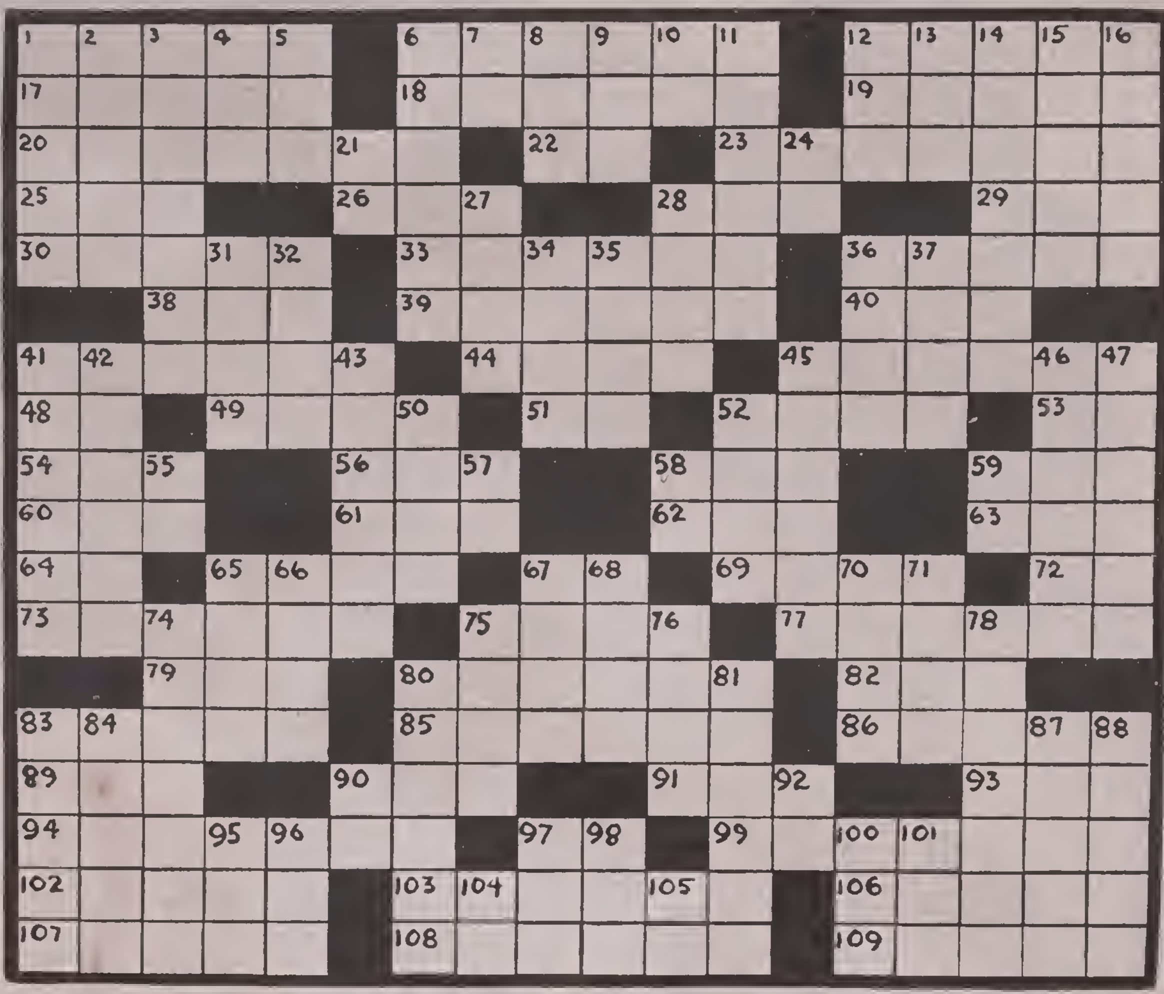
So if you've always thought of Hollywood as just a jazz town, as blatant as a flapper rouging her lips for her lover's kiss, think of it for a little while as having a heart, of doing its bit for the people within its midst.

MOVIE-FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Alma Talley

74 Down

17 Across



6 Across

1 Down

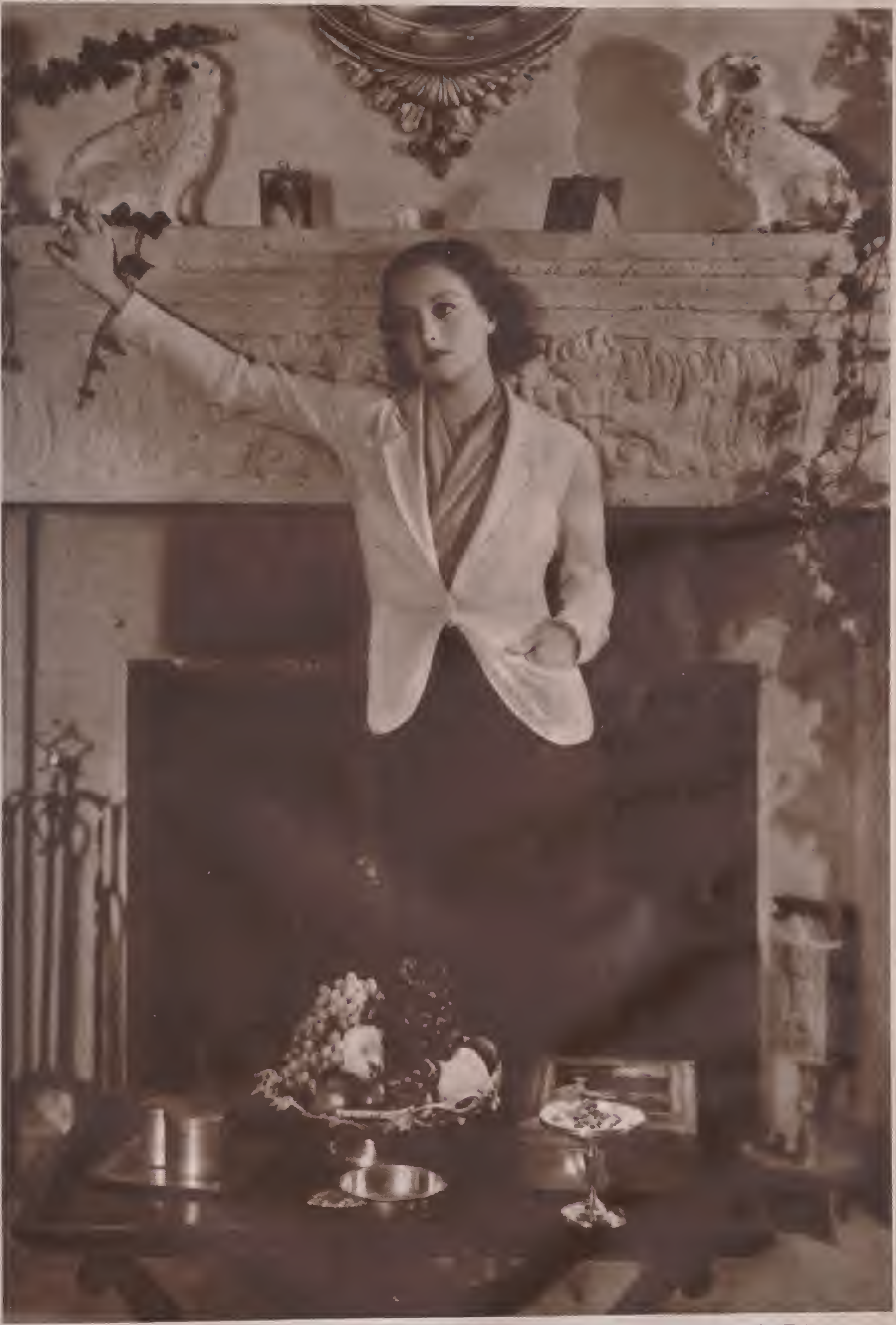
ACROSS

1 The screen's newest male sensation.
6 Carole Lombard's new bridegroom.
12 To elocute.
17 Paramount Western hero.
18 Former Frenchwoman star at M-G-M.
19 Went forth.
20 Chemical substance used to detect presence of others.
22 Printer's measure (half an em).
23 What you're doing in a chair.
25 To prohibit.
26 Native metal.
28 A donkey.
29 To observe.
30 Leading lady of the barkies.
33 A color
36 Flies.
38 To hasten.
39 Idea.
40 Former star, now dead, of gruesome films.
41 Unwilling.
44 This is sung in musical films.
45 Detectives in gangster films wear these.
48 Note of the scale.
49 To move.
51 Actor's favorite pronoun.
52 Her real name is Anita Pomares.
53 Highway (abbreviation).
54 What a cat would say in a talkie.
56 The M-G-M lion.
58 Chum.
59 Dined.
60 Anger.
61 The better to hear a talkie with, my dears.
62 What stars say they live for.
63 Article.
64 Of, in a French version.
65 Difficult.
67 Printer's measure.
69 Kin.
72 A Swedish comedian.
73 Confesses to.
75 Beams of light.
77 Lively.
79 Exist.
80 Broken (slang).
82 French unit of area (plural).
83 Ventures.
85 Mr. Vivian Duncan.
86 One who carries (slang).
89 Not well.
90 A cutting implement.
91 Mire.
93 Age.
94 Graceful and refined.
97 To a higher place.
99 Mr. Joan Crawford.
102 Pertaining to tone.
103 Sinning.
106 Untrue.
107 Garbo's nationality.
108 To revoke—as in cards.
109 Arabian chieftain.

DOWN

1 The screen's one and only!
2 Open spaces.
3 "Anna Christie" of the silent version.
4 A limb.
5 Compass point.
6 You are this when you go to a movie.
7 Mysterious force.
8 Grief.
9 Sea eagle.
10 French article.
11 To diminish.
12 Frequently (poetic).
13 A rodent.
14 Coming into notice.
15 Doctrine.
16 Rims.
21 Negative.
24 Part of verb to be.
27 God of love.
28 Excitedly eager.
31 Tunes.
32 Repose.
34 A particle.
35 The number on a baseball team.
36 They wave this in a U. S. Marine or army film.
37 Vein of ore.
41 Mexican actress who played in Barrymore's "General Crack."
42 Turned aside.
43 The girl who made good as "Bad Girl."
45 A sea in Eastern Europe.
46 Actress in "The Prodigal" who recently had a baby.
47 Hard as steel.
50 What you do to a book.
52 A public playground.
55 Lindbergh and his plane.
57 Conjunction.
58 A parent.
59 Near by.
65 To engage.
66 The actor who always stutters.
67 A direction.
68 Fabulous tale.
70 Demonstrative pronoun.
71 The man the heroine marries.
74 Garbo's only rival.
75 A trick.
76 Appear.
78 Ex-Mrs. Jack Dempsey.
80 The Cisco Kid of Fox Films.
81 To slave.
83 Joan Crawford does this to keep her figure.
84 To permit.
87 To rub out.
88 One who tears down a building.
90 Article.
92 Perform.
95 Go about idly.
96 Prohibitionists disapprove of this.
97 A vase.
98 A dessert.
100 Germany's famous film company.
101 Underworld slang for leg.
104 Concerning.
105 No good (slang).

The answer to last month's puzzle is on page 117. The answer to this puzzle will appear next month.



Here is a girl who dyed for her art. Forever changing, forever new—that's Joan Crawford. This picture, taken in her Brentwood home, is the first of Joan with her hair back to its natural glorious coloring. Note the pictures of Joan and young Doug on the mantel

The first shots from "Private Lives," the stage hit which Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence made famous. Here you have Norma Shearer as the divorcée who meets her divorced husband on her honeymoon with her new husband

And here's Robert Montgomery crooning a tune to the woman he couldn't live with and couldn't live without. Two great stars in one great picture. That's M-G-M's new system, and we're all for it

Christmas *in* Hollywood

This is the Hollywood Christmas spirit, posed by Bobby Coogan and George Barbier, just everybody at peace and everybody happy

There's no snow on the ground, but all the trees along the roads are strewn with colored lights

Gifts—Parties—Christmas Trees—and All the Little People of the Studios Getting the Big Things from the Stars

By HARRIET PARSONS

HOLLYWOOD, home of the capital "I," incubator of temperament, city of competitive conceit, has one day in the year when Ego is ruled out of the game. Yes, sir, on the 25th of December every year that ole devil Ego finds himself buried and forgotten in a welter of brightly colored paper, red ribbons and altruism. Movie stars are so busy remembering the folk who have helped them quietly and unobtrusively during 364 days of the year that they forget about themselves on the 365th.

Christmas in Hollywood—or rather Christmas Eve—is the day of the unimportant. On December 24 those whose names never appear on billboards, credit sheets or in headlines come into their own. It's the one day in the year when stenographers, electricians, prop boys and carpenters find that their unballyhooed rôles in the Hollywood scene are really appreciated. It is they and not the stars who are the center of studio festivities. Probably you thought of a Hollywood Christmas as a supreme battle of personalities—a time when moviedom's celebrities try to outdo one another with gorgeous parties. You'd be surprised.

On every lot the first thought is for the least famous. Days—even weeks before Christmas—the stars request lists of the minor studio employees. And when the big day comes no one is forgotten. Studio watchmen, gardeners, telephone operators and gatemen, unimportant cogs in the daily routine of a great industry, suddenly find themselves deluged with gifts from world-renowned celebrities. Mary Smith, who has been simply a nonentity pounding a typewriter, suddenly finds that her name means something when she sees it on a card accompanied by the legend "With best wishes from Ramon Novarro." Think of the thousands of stenos in the country who would give their souls for that little piece of pasteboard—not to mention the costly gift which accompanies it.

All festivities which take place on the lot on Christmas Eve include these minor employees. And it is their pleasure which is the prime rule of the day. But let us go through a few of the studios and see just what happens.

OUT at M-G-M work supposedly continues as usual during the morning before Christmas—but there is a feeling of suppressed excitement all over the lot—a holiday feeling. Stars' maids and chauffeurs rush around the lot with arms laden with packages. The stars themselves arrive carrying armloads of gifts.

Almost every year Ramon Novarro is the first to arrive. Ramon always attends midnight mass Christmas Eve and frequently excitement keeps him awake the whole night thereafter, so that he arrives, breathless and wide-eyed, on the lot about dawn. The other stars drift in more naturally and when noon comes there is a free turkey dinner for everybody in the commissary, which has been decorated for the occasion. Not noted for its artistic appearance, the drab commissary suddenly becomes a warm, friendly room with its big Christmas tree standing just inside the doorway.

Even Hollywood Boulevard goes dramatically Christmasy. The lamp posts become jazz Christmas trees

AFTER luncheon the visiting begins. Little groups begin to collect all over the lot. Everyone is welcome everywhere.

Buster Keaton and Jack Gilbert both hold open house in their bungalows and usually stage some kind of a show, with Buster doing comedy falls and Jack emoting. At either place, no matter who you are, you're invited to share the Christmas tree, the music, the refreshments. You'll see Jack Gilbert dancing with a little steno and making her feel for the moment that she is important as —let's say Garbo. It will probably be weeks before the typist's heartbeat goes back to normal. No wonder she's wishing every day were Christmas Eve. Over in a corner Bob Montgomery is talking to a prop boy and listening to his views with as much respect as if he were Einstein. The prop boy is already anticipating the moment when he will say casually to his pal who works in a filling station, "Yeah, that Montgomery's a right guy. Sure I know him—had a long talk with him the other day." In other words, the steno and the prop boy are getting the thrill of a lifetime, Gilbert and Montgomery are feeling the warm glow of human kinship, brotherly love and what not—and everybody is happy.

Incidentally, Dorothy Mackaill is another who holds open house. Dot's bungalow on the Warner-First National lot has the latch string out for the entire studio on the day before Christmas. And while I'm on the subject of Dorothy—she walked around the lot last year with her pockets and hands full of five dollar gold pieces, handing them out to everyone with whom she ever worked.

BUT to return to M-G-M. During the day Marion Davies will have some sort of celebration. One year Marion had a dinner on one of the big stages for 2,200 needy kids and their mothers. Each youngster received a toy and each mother a big Christmas basket with the makings of a Christmas dinner—turkey and all. After the banquet the kids were entertained by a vaudeville show in which many of the M-G-M stars took part. Through Marion's efforts and kindness they got a million dollar show for nothing. Incidentally, Marion's Christmas list would make a Dreiser novel look like a couple of short sentences.

AS a matter of fact, I doubt if there's a star in Hollywood who hasn't a staggering list of friends, relatives, servants, dependents whom she wishes to remember at Christmas time. The number of people to whom Bebe Daniels gives presents every year sounds like the population of these United States. And what presents that girl does give! Silver fox scarfs and gold mesh bags are just mere small presents on Bebe's list. And you should see Edward Everett Horton, who is one of the most thoughtful of film folk, sitting in the aisle at Bullock's Wilshire, while a steady stream of salesgirls files by him, submitting merchandise for his approval. Eddie sits there for hours, shaking his head yes or no; he selects every gift on his enormous list himself.

But we were speaking of M-G-M. The spirit which prevails at the Culver City studio, the fraternizing, the general good will, the thoughtful generosity is typical of the atmosphere which prevails on every movie lot in Hollywood on Christmas Eve.

OVER at Universal there are two stately evergreen trees at either side of the main entrance. These are strung with colored lights a few weeks before the holidays and kept lighted every night. Universal does not go in as much for dressing room parties as M-G-M. It has been found that employees prefer having their own parties and having the stars drop in and mingle. Thus each department on the lot plans a Christmas Eve party in its own offices. There is great (*Continued on page* 111)

Hey, you molls and gun girls, here's James Cagney looking at you. He's made up his troubles with Warners, gotten himself a nice salary increase and is all set for stardom. In "Taxi!" he uses that wink to get Loretta Young all hot and bothered

Heart hunger? Constance Bennett, for all her success, knows love is the most important thing in the world

The Romance of Constance Bennett

By S. R. MOOK

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dick Mook, who wrote this story, is Connie Bennett's best friend among the Hollywood writers. To him alone does she give statements for publication. Most stories about the Bennett girl have been exaggerations—or fiction. This one is all true.*

A COUPLE of years ago Constance Bennett returned to Hollywood after a five-year absence to resume her screen career. Since then, there has hardly been a month that she hasn't been featured in every magazine chronicling events and personalities connected with the industry.

As she herself once said, "I've been accused of everything except incest and arson. I'm sure the only reason my detractors neglected to mention the former is that my father happened to be in the East and they were so busy thinking up other things to say that they overlooked the latter."

She has been called high-hat, ritzy, temperamental, snobbish, selfish, and a lot of other "ishes" and "als" that elude me at the moment.

The most serious charge laid against her is that she disrupted Gloria Swanson's home and stole her husband. Let's see about that.

GLORIA and her Marquis had been separated a year and a half before Constance ever met him. At the time he left Hollywood there were whispers of an impending divorce and it was more or less an open secret among friends of the couple that the end had come, barring miracles. Yet, no sooner was Constance seen with him than she was credited with breaking up the romance.

Now, here's another angle to that story.

Gloria, you see, pictured as a martyr, suffering in silence, with Constance as a charming interloper, makes a much prettier picture, much spicier copy than Gloria as a married woman, a little bored with life. The latter picture, you understand, is nothing out of the ordinary. There are millions of women like that. You can go down to the divorce courts every day and listen to all that. But all Hollywood knew that Gloria *was* bored. Most of Hollywood even knew that there was

It wasn't a successful marriage, that of Connie to Phil Plant. Connie loved deeply—but has been too good a sport to whimper over her heartbreak. Will the Marquis de la Falaise (he's in the lower picture) bring her happiness?

another man in the offing.

The Marquis went to Paris as a representative of Pathé. And Gloria remained behind, although no stories were circulated of her eating her heart out in solitary anguish over the separation.

IN Europe the Marquis received instructions from his employers to try to sign Constance Bennett to a contract. Constance is beautiful and charming. The Marquis, in his way, is equally attractive. He called on Constance and, being anxious to close the deal, exerted himself to be agreeable and fascinating.

Constance, feeling that he might be the means of providing an anodyne for her own unhappiness (*her* marriage had just gone flooey) was just as determined to make a good impression on him.

The contract was not an easy one to negotiate. UFA was angling for her and M-G-M was trying to prevail upon her to come back and work out her unfinished contract with them. It was necessary for the Marquis to see a good deal of her. Finally the contract was signed.

Just how interested in each other, personally, they became at the time, I do not know. Constance was undoubtedly kindly disposed towards him for negotiating a lucrative contract for her and he was equally pleased over having consummated an important commission.

In addition to this, it is only natural that when two attractive people are thrown together frequently, both trying to be pleasant and agreeable, that their interest in each other should pass beyond an economic one.

THEN Constance came to Hollywood. People — writers—wouldn't leave her alone. She has always been a romantic figure. But she has also always tried to live according to the dictates of good taste and she steadily refused to discuss her private affairs with strangers. So a few people, unable to get first hand information, dug up the stories of her dealings with the Marquis and elaborated on them. She was reported engaged to him, although he was still married to Gloria and no mention of a divorce had been made—other than the same rumors that had been floating around ever since his departure from Hollywood—before he met Constance Bennett.

She started work on "This Thing Called Love." Edmund Lowe played opposite her and immediately stories about them began to fly.

(*Continued on page* 118)

Three marriages, three divorces, and romance always within her grasp. Such is Gloria. The circled gentleman is Michael Farmer, her newest excitement

What Next, Gloria?

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Can La Swanson realize the romance of knowing love over and over again, always new, always thrilling?

WHAT next for Gloria Swanson? If the past is, as I so firmly believe, a crystal that reflects the future, there can be only one answer. For Gloria in the future, there will be love. There will be mad winters and tremulous springs. Heartbreak, that there may be renascence. With Paris and New York, Hollywood, and Mediterranean shores for a stage. And there will be headlines in the newspapers, bold headlines that will ask, "WILL GLORIA WED AGAIN? Movie Star Admits She Will if Marriage Promises Happiness."

And there will be dozens upon dozens of photographs of Gloria happy and smiling and reaching just about to some man's broad shoulder. And the man won't mind the posing business at all—any more than Michael Farmer did lately—because Gloria's eyes are such a smoky blue.

It always has been like that with Gloria. It will continue to be. When at last it ends I, for one, will be sad, for it will mean Gloria has grown old; that the screen is doomed to lose her loveliness. *For, make no mistake*

Gloria was never lovelier than during those first days when she was using the title, "The Marquise de la Falaise." Henri taught her much

about it, the thing in Gloria that keeps her reaching for love is responsible for that exciting quality she possesses on the screen. I have seen Gloria in love and I have seen her out of love. And out of love it always has been as if she had died a little death. Her greatest pictures, too, have been made when she was enriched by some emotion. It is as if such emotions were fuel for her fire, personally and professionally.

WHEN Gloria was very young she married Wallace Beery. In his way, with his great heartiness for life, Wally is something of a sheik. He was a Swedish comedian when he and Gloria married and she was a bathing girl. They didn't have any money. They lived in a modest little bungalow with geraniums growing at the door. And Hollywood never wearies of telling how, between pictures, Gloria used to wash and scrub. Not with drudgery. To Gloria keeping house for the man she loved never would be drudgery. Rather an adventure. But without love, even surrounded by such luxury as the old czars knew, she would find life pretty dreary.

OF course I don't know why that first marriage ended. It probably is very true that the more romantically inclined you are, the more difficult it is for any emotion to measure up to your high standard. Just as they insist many stay away from churches because they are so deeply religious that no creed approaches their spiritual ideal. Be that as it may, with their love gone, neither Wally nor Gloria was willing to compromise; to settle down and eat a mouldy half loaf.

Gloria had left the Sennett comedies. In De Mille extravaganzas she was becoming famous. Justly so. Anyone able to wear those ridiculous gowns and coiffures with the éclat and poise Gloria displayed merited renown.

Speaking of this phase of her career, Gloria once said to me:

"When I found I was getting on, I wanted to get to the top.

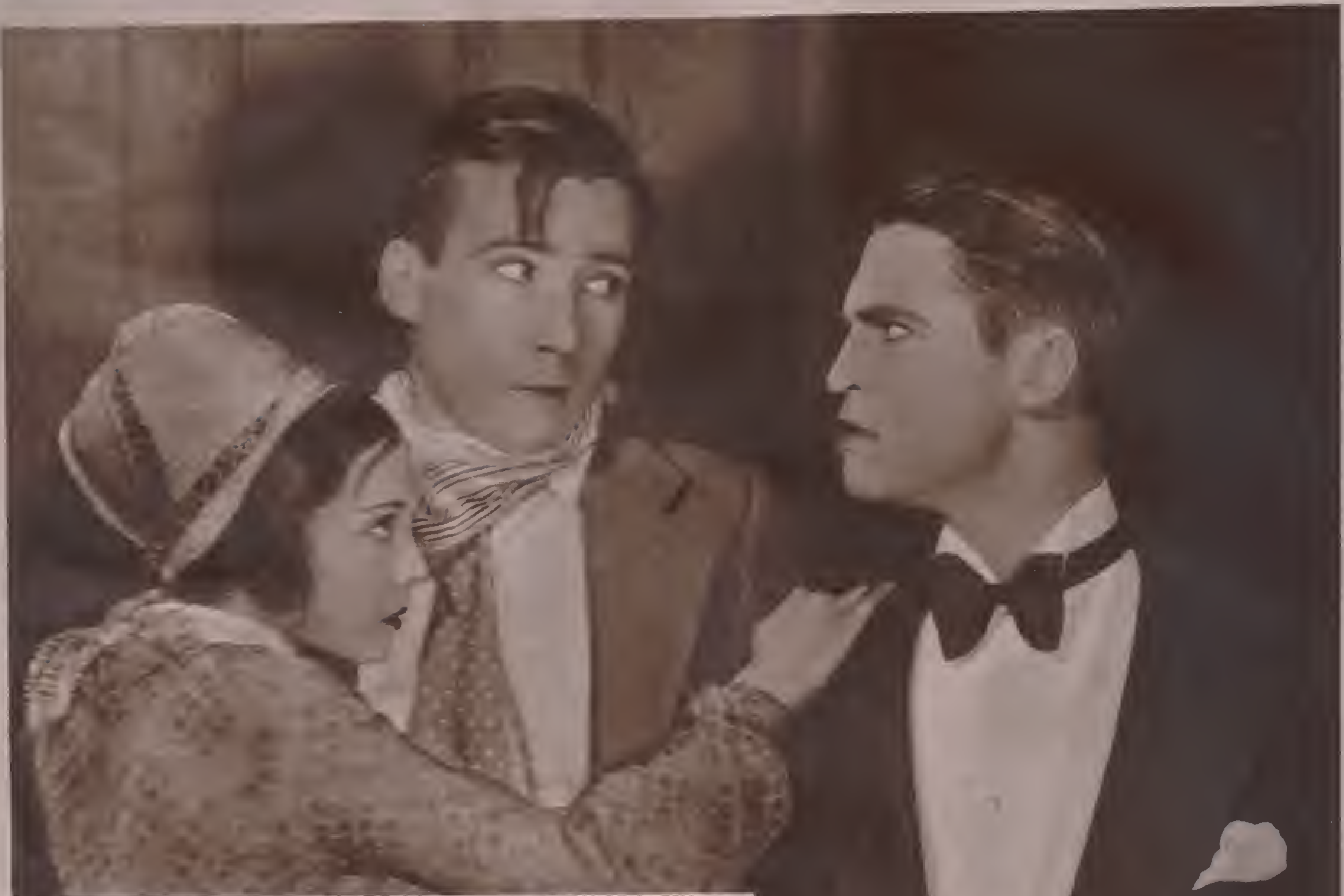
"I worked nights. I forgot there was anything in the world but motion pictures. I took no time out for my own life. Until one afternoon I went into the Ambassador Hotel. I heard music playing and I thought it must be a big party. And then, of course, I realized it was tea time and men and women were dancing. And it occurred to me that I had been missing a great deal. I thought I'd like to dance at tea time . . . and wear flowers on my shoulder . . . and sit opposite a nice young man at a rose shaded table . . . and dally. . . ."

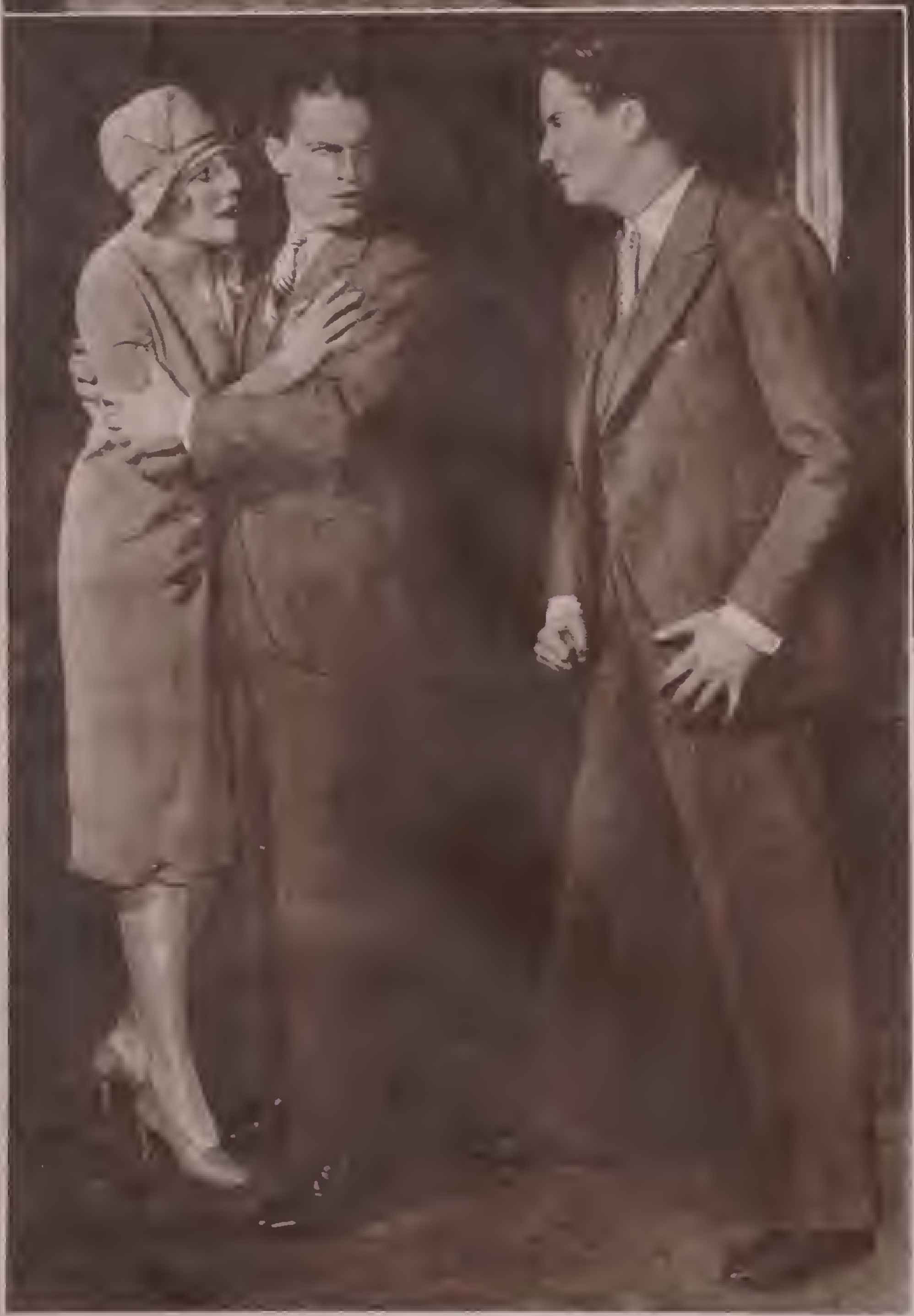
YOU see, she tried denying herself her woman's birthright—to love and be loved—and life grew stale. Years given to work alone must pall upon anyone, especially anyone born of parents with enough enthusiasm for life to call their child Gloria.

Which brings us, understandably enough, to Gloria's mad, count-the-world-well-lost romance with Herbert Somborn. Herbert Somborn taught Gloria how to play. He helped her leave her problems at the studio and be carefree, as befitted her slim years.

Of course, Gloria had become a stranger to the young wife who had washed and scrubbed and driven about in an uncertain car. She was famous and poised and ready for cultural, cosmopolitan interests. Somborn supplied them. He had spent most of his life in Europe. If he wasn't actually wealthy he was on the fringe of money. People talked of a rich uncle or a rich aunt. He was received everywhere. He had easy manners. He never had been so driven by economic pressure that the enthusiasms of youth had been squeezed dry or that he had grown careless about charm.

A FEW hours after Gloria received her divorce decree from Wally Beery she and Somborn were married. There could be no question of their devotion. And brave in her love, Gloria proceeded to defy the jealous goddess of Fame, to retire, and (*Continued on page* 116)





WHAT a lot of difference just a few years make! Lookit these pictures, taken on Broadway in February, 1927, B. T. (before talkies). The play was "Crime," produced by Al Woods. The important people in the cast were James Rennie and Kay Johnson (lower picture). The unknowns were a kid named Sylvia Sidney, a boy tagged Douglass Montgomery, a handsome duck called Chester Morris. So what? 1931 finds Rennie and Miss Johnson back on the stage; Douglass Montgomery is Kent Douglass and can't make up his mind whether to be stage or screen; Chester Morris is a world-famous star, and Sylvia Sidney is Paramount's pet

Inside Stuff

That Chatterton Contract

Ruth Chatterton finally went definitely over to Warners on November 1.

And here's the inside story on that.

All the time Paramount and Warners squabbled about who was to have her, Ruth just sat tight. *She* had nothing to worry about. She had an air-tight contract, and either one company or the other had to pay her all that money.

Finally the two companies got together and agreed that each should assume half of Ruth's contract. That is, Ruth would work for Paramount six months and for Warners six months. They were both delighted with this solution of their problem.

The next morning the Warner executives called Frank Joyce, Ruth's agent, on the telephone and informed him of the plan.

"Oh, yeah?" he said. "Well, it's in Ruth's contract that she can't be loaned to another company, so how do you like that?" and hung up.

So Ruth is now exclusively a Warners' star.

And Other Contracts

All the important studio quarrels have been patched up lately.

Even Barbara Stanwyck, who walked out on Columbia on Husband Frank Fay's advice, agreed to come back.

She's to get a $5,000 tilt in salary on "Forbidden" and two more pictures for Columbia. That raises her salary at that studio to $25,000 a picture. In between pictures she can work for Warners or anyone else.

Happy Returns

Ann Harding's birthday party was a huge success. Harry Bannister built a theatre on the hillside and its doors were opened for the first time on Ann's birthday. A newsreel and Mickey Mouse comedy preceded the feature showing of "The White Hell of Pitz Palu."

The party began at dinner. Guests were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Blum (Carmel Myers), Mr. and Mrs. Rollo Lloyd, Dr. William E. Branch, Robert Williams, John Farrow, Joan Carr, Alexander Kirkland and Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Nash (Ann's sister).

Following the theatre opening the guests adjourned to the "green room," where they were served refreshments and played games. Joan Carr remained the undefeated ping-pong champion.

Clara Bow also had a birthday recently. Her most cherished present was a Chevrolet roadster given her by Rex Bell. Rex bought the car with his first pay check from Universal.

Snaggle Tooth

Throughout "Sooky" young Master Robert Coogan will appear with one upper baby tooth prominent in its absence. The tooth fell out just before they started production, and as the youngest Coogan had not appeared before the camera, the bicuspid did not have to be replaced or its loss alibied in the script.

Such occurrences are frequent now that the studios are using so many child actors. So often are baby teeth lost after a picture has begun that one Hollywood dentist, a Dr. Helen Stahle, has become a specialist in false plates for children. Dr. Stahle is retained on call by several companies and renders emergency first aid in cases of sudden attacks of the troublesome snaggle-tooth.

The doctor, it is said, keeps a card index which lists potential patients and the current looseness of each of their baby teeth which might later cause a production problem.

Dinner Tale

At a dinner party given by Zoë Akins, the playwright, Lilyan Tashman went into ecstasies over the beauty of the service plates. "Beautiful!" she cried. "They must have been terribly expensive." Miss Akins thought. "Four dollars apiece, I think," she said. Lilyan seemed quite hurt. "They're hardly worth that much," she murmured.

He Must Have Constance Bennett on His Mind

Robert Williams made a personal appearance at the Cathay at the opening of Ann Harding's "Devotion." He said, without realizing it or covering it up adequately, "Nothing has given me greater pleasure than to work with Miss Bennett on this picture."

Accident Department

Columbia is getting very hard on people's ribs. Buck Jones busted his while enacting a fight in a bar in the picture, "Headin' for Justice." Don Dillaway at the same studio demonstrated some football tactics in a speakeasy to some admirers and while playing about smashed in two ribs.

But other studios have their accidents, too. Warner Baxter's leg was injured by falling glass from the set used in "Surrender" at the Fox Studio. Work had to be suspended on the picture for several days.

Inside Stuff

More Cheerful News

Joan Bennett is up and about. Even though she had to arrive in an ambulance, she went to a special party given by sister Connie. She also attended a football game and cheered lustily.

New Romances

It wasn't so long ago that Frances Dee was one of the girls Howard Hughes was taking out to help him forget Billie Dove. Now Frances has a real romance of her own, good-looking Frederick J. Perry, English Davis Cup player.

The Fox debs of 1931, the gals that caused the Wampas Baby Star rumpus, Conchita Montenegro, Helen Mack and blonde Linda Watkins. Cute, aren't they?

Repartee

Jackie Cooper was at the M-G-M studio when a writer came in to interview Clark Gable.

Gable turned to Jackie.

"Don't you wish you were being interviewed like me?" he asked.

"Don't you wish you were as good an actor as I?" countered Jackie.

Casualties

John Miljan is nursing a sore back from crawling up ladders to prune eucalyptus trees.

Help! Help!

Joan Crawford is the latest member of the film colony to get a bodyguard. Her hardware-carrier has what we call a soft job. He rides around with her wherever she goes, including parties, even when she is accompanied by Doug, Jr. It seems she got some threatening notes—probably written by a crank—and Doug rightly believes that it is best to be on the safe side.

When a vamp becomes just a married lady—Rita La Roy and Ben Hershfield signing the license to become Mr. and Mrs.

One-Armed Paper Hanger? Sure!

You've certainly heard the one about how busy the one-armed paper hanger with hives was. Well, the Dick Barthelmesses are having a new home put up in Malibu. They dropped in to see how things were going and—presto!—there was a one-armed paper hanger hanging paper. His wife cut the sheets to suit and he plastered them up.

Contented Executives

Seen entering the new gymnasium at the Paramount studios were Jesse Lasky and Jesse, Jr. One was going in to reduce and the other to put on weight in the form of muscle.

"Miss Garbo, May We Present——"

Greta has worked for M-G-M for seven years. Ramon Novarro has labored in the same studio for ten years. But, believe it or not, they never met. When he was scheduled to play opposite Greta in "Mata Hari," he ran around the studio asking, "Won't someone puh-leese introduce me to Miss Garbo?"

Inside Stuff

Fame and Fords

Clark Gable has pulled a fast one on his new home town. While he was an up and coming leading man he drove around in a honey of a black and silver Packard roadster . . . the kind that people from Albuquerque turn around in the street to stare at. Lately the experienced boulevardiers have been asking each other where Clark is keeping himself, as there was no sign of the super-roadster.

Will he be the lucky boy to slip a wedding ring on Dorothy Mackaill's finger? He's her current fiancé, Neil Albert Miller, and he's werry much in love

At last we are able to solve the mystery. We saw Clark hurriedly getting into a Ford coupé the other day, and before he was able to get away we cornered him. He was quite frank about it. "Well, when I wasn't anybody around here I needed that car to attract attention. And it did! Every time I came out of a store there would be a crowd around it and that was good for business. Now that I don't have to worry so much, I sold it for a Ford. That saves gas and I have some privacy besides."

No wonder Clark made good! He's a clever boy!

Cupid and the Cradle

About the youngest romance that is burning up the boulevards hereabouts is the one that Eddie Quillan and Maureen O'Sullivan are carefully fostering. Eddie is getting a reputation as being one of Hollywood's most jealous suitors. He gets burned up whenever Russell Gleason or any other of the young blades around town who know his weakness makes an approach to Maureen.

With a merry, but nervous laugh, Eddie assures everybody, "Of course, the guys are only trying to kid me!" But, Eddie, are you sure?

Have Your "Pitcher" Painted?

One of the newer fads out here is to have your portrait painted by a young Polish paint eater. His name is Lautmann and he has already done Sally Blane, Patsy Ruth Miller, Carmel Myers and Laura La Plante, with many other celebs on his list.

A Change of Homes

Among the many picture folk who are building their homes further from the studios are the Conrad Nagels. They have a place up near the Rod La Rocques in the mountains. Among their other neighbors are the Dennys, Anita Page, the Hoot Gibsons, Richard Dix and Mary Astor. Mary has a clause in her contract that for two weeks betwen her pictures she be allowed to retire to the mountains and stay there undisturbed by calls from the studio, regardless of their import or importance.

Here's where a great love ended—in the divorce court. It's Loretta Young testifying why she didn't want to remain Mrs. Grant Withers

Name Changes

Charley Chase says that he is going to change his name to conform with the widespread depression. The way collectors are buzzing around he thinks it ought to be Chase Charley.

Inside Stuff

George Arliss took a little vacation back to England and his beloved garden. But even there he didn't forget to wear his monocle!

Ambulance Case No. 187,692

One way of trying to get a job was recently demonstrated by Mary Kinney, an extra girl. She walked into the executive reception room at Paramount and promptly threw a fit on the floor. She couldn't be calmed by anyone until Mel Shauer, an associate producer, and Joe von Sternberg, the director, came around. They had been attracted by the girl's piercing shrieks. As soon as she got enough of the big shots clustered around trying to help, she dropped her pose and said that she had to have work in pictures or she would blow her brains out. Hollywood has heard that before. So quickly that it dazed her, the young lady found herself in the studio ambulance, en route to the hospital where doctors could tell how badly afflicted she was—if at all. Nothing more has been heard of that particular aspirant to stellar glory.

Romance in the Purple Sage

After having been on the same lot for two years Marguerite Churchill and George O'Brien finally met when they played together in "Riders of the Purple Sage." After weeks of location they came back to Hollywood to find that Marguerite's contract had been allowed to lapse. But what did they care? They were—and are—so much in love with each other that little items like contracts made no difference.

School Marms Take Note

Gary Cooper appeared late one morning at the studio where he was working on "His Woman." When he did show up he had the following note: "Please excuse my boy Gary for being late. I sent him on an errand. Mrs. Cooper."

Hot Tamale

When a mutual friend introduced Lupe Velez to Clark Gable in the M-G-M dining-room, the rafters shook. Lupe threw her arms around Clark's neck, gave him a typical Lupe hello and then calmly resumed eating her lunch. No one else could get their minds on food after that. Lupe, however, has her mind on her picture, in which she plays opposite Lawrence Tibbett. The two have lunch together every day and Lupe has taught the opera singer to sing "The Peanut Vendor," in Spanish.

Thrift Note

Alison Skipworth is one actress who does not intend to end her days in any actors' home. She resolved twenty-eight years ago that when the dull days came she would have a home to go to, so she purchased a farm on Long Island. During the twenty-eight years that she has owned the place she has spent three days on it. From which one would judge that the dull days haven't come yet.

Word from the Wise

Jean Harlow autographed one of her portraits to a boy friend thusly: "By special permission of the copyright owner."

Rainy-Day Note:

When John Gilbert lost practically every cent of his money two years ago he was wise enough to learn a lesson from the experience. Since that time he has been putting his extra cash into a trust fund which now amounts to $100,000. Of course, that isn't so hard to do when one's salary is $10,000 a week.

And Then the Other Fellow

A call went out at Paramount the other day to get a double for Jim Thorpe, the Carlisle Indian star of "Touchdown." After hours of search the make-up man located a prospect. He worked feverishly with his grease-paint to enhance the resemblance. After he had pronounced it a perfect job, the actor timidly inquired, "Do you really need those deep lines under my eyes?" "Certainly," replied the cosmetician, "I've gotta make you look like Jim Thorpe. Now you do look like him. I used to know him well."

The begreased, painted actor smiled. "I am Jim Thorpe!"

Russell Gleason, the boy who goes with all the girls. Here he's lunching at the Brown Derby with Marion Shilling, but it might just as well have been Mary Brian or Dotty Jordan or six others

The Barefoot Boy

Even directors are getting childish out here. Ernst Lubitsch is spending most of his time running around in his bare feet—at least while he's at the studio. All his nice new German shoes have bad squeaks and Herr Lubitsch finds it easier to be suave with bare feet than with shoes that herald his arrival.

Change of Heart

Fame and fortune are fickle dames, Nancy Carroll is finding out. The other day she was presented with a brand new dollar and a request for a de luxe, autographed picture. Just as she was about to send the picture, a special delivery, air-mail letter came, excitedly demanding the return of the money. With a wry smile Nancy sent back the dollar—and a picture.

Just Being Contrary

Adolphe Menjou, the perfect sophisticate and clubman type, has never belonged to a club in his life.

Diplomacy

Before Marlene Dietrich's husband, Herr Sieber, left this country, he borrowed a car from a friend and, gaily unconscious of anything like speed regulations, came down New York's Park Avenue around fifty miles an hour. An Irish speed cop overtook him. With heavy sarcasm he inquired, "Say buddy, where's the fire?" Sieber thought deeply. At last, he figured it out. "Och, yah," he murmured happily as he flashed his Dunhill lighter out for the dazed cop.

Transportation

Midst great crowds of purring Rolls-Royces, Billy Bakewell rides serenely to and from work on a bicycle. The M-G-M publicity department announces that he has gained nine pounds doing it! There goes another good reducing remedy!

Gag

Some of Hollywood's wise-guys were discussing a nice young actor whose only fault is that he is married to a successful actress. He is always around in gorgeous cars and clothes. "How does he make all that money?" someone asked. "Oh, he lives by the sweat of his frau!"

Another Noble Experiment

Gary Cooper has gone and bought another ranch! This one is to be known as Gary Cooper's ranch for Agricultural Experimentation. Make mine a hamburger!

An Ill Wind

When Lawrence Olivier was taken sick it brought some good luck to Basil Rathbone. You remember Basil left Hollywood in a huff about a year ago because he didn't get the right story material. However, he has returned to Celluloid City to play opposite Pola Negri in her new picture, "A Woman Commands," the first she has done since silent films. . . . Basil is being protected from the wiles of Hollywood damsels by the presence of his wife, Ouida Bergere, the scenarist.

'Sprise party. The camera and the crew were busy on "Touchdown" when Joby Ralston Arlen walked in with a cake and announced it was Dick Arlen's birthday. Sweet thought, that

Talking of Love, It Seems That—

—though Miriam ("Smiling Lieutenant") Hopkins and Husband Austin Parker have announced their separation, they go places together.

—James Kirkwood, who was divorced from Lila Lee last year, married Beatrice Powers, an ex-Follies girl.

—Jack Dempsey got his divorce from Estelle Taylor, and Estelle is furious and says she should be the one to get the divorce. Estelle may get it from another court yet.

—a lot of people doubt that the separation between Joan Crawford and Doug, Jr., was due only to a raid of white ants upon the walls of their home.

—the blessed event the Reginald Dennys were expecting turned out to be a boy. He is their first child. Mrs. Reginald Denny used to be Bubbles Steifel, screen and stage beauty, you know.

—Mrs. Janet Hamilton Gattis, who divorced John McCormick because she found that he still sighed for Colleen Moore, has found a new romance already—Dean Markham, a bookseller, whom she met in Honolulu.

—there are a lot of budding romances in Hollywood. One of the newest and nicest is between Constance Cummings, Columbia player, and Leslie McFadden, son of Congressman McFadden of Pennsylvania.

—when rumor said that Lily Damita had just eloped to Mexico with her newest heart, Sid Smith, she was at a party at Hearst's ranch.

—Doug Fairbanks is planning to fly to the Brazilian jungles, and that to avoid rumors of a separation in the Pickfair household, they're announcing that Mary may either fly along a short way or join Doug and Victor Fleming in some South American city. Mary, Victor Fleming adds, dislikes flying.

—Margaret Livingston returned alone from her honeymoon with Paul Whiteman, explaining that he couldn't go back with her because he had lost so much weight that none of his clothes fitted him. Margaret had to return to Hollywood to start work under her Columbia contract.

—the Irene Rich-David Blankenhorn marriage is near the rocks.

Frosted Chocolate Malt?

Anna (Frosted Yellow Willow) May Wong has her sister working for her, as social secretary. Hollywood is convinced that the girl's name is, in Chinese, Frosted Chocolate Malt.

Raspberry!

At the opening of "Devotion" at the Carthay Circle three young men stood near the doors. They wore shabby rain coats, dark glasses and old slouch hats. The reserves were nearly called out when these three gave vent to loud raspberries every time a celebrity was introducd at the mike. One of the guards was just about to lay violent hands on them when he recognized one as Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. On closer inspection the other two were recognized as Clifton Webb and Alan Vincent.

Shirt Studs and Tiger Lilies

Ina Claire and John Gilbert are seen going everywhere together now that they are divorced. The day the final decree was handed down, Ina sent him a beautiful set of shirt studs with a note to the effect that she hoped when he wore them he would remember their many days of happiness together.

In between dates with John, Ina is being rushed by Joel McCrea and Robert Ames. Bobby arrives at the house every morning and leaves one dozen tiger lilies, whether Ina sees him or not.

Inside Stuff

Roar of a Rooster

An operator in a theatre projection booth recently indulged his sense of humor at a preview by crossing the sound track of the Pathé rooster with the film of the M-G-M lion. As a result the startled audience heard the lion crow lustily.

It hasn't been so long, by the way, that Leo has been roaring constantly. When talking pictures first came in, M-G-M had its trade mark synchronized. But the lion's roar wasn't up to expectations on the then unperfected sound track. It was a sort of a sickly roar and caused the audiences to titter.

Then some bright boy at the studio conceived the idea of having sound only on comedy releases. For serious dramas the lion remained silent so as not to provoke laughter when the picture opened. This worked splendidly. It even served as a tip-off for the film critics who might be undecided as to whether the feature was supposed to be funny.

When a better job of recording was accomplished, however, Leo was allowed to sound in all pictures, drama or comedy. Then some jester had to gum up the works again by making him crow. Poor Leo.

Difference

The difference betwen Benny Rubin and Sam Goldwyn, they say, is that Benny is an intentional dialect comedian.

It's a Seestem!

A certain blonde star reputed to spend a quarter of a million dollars a year on clothes really gets most of them by buying them for a song after the producers have paid the top original prices for them as part of the wardrobe for her pictures.

Let It Be Known—and Seen!

The Jack Warners are building a new house at Malibu. By day, the famous California sun rays light the house.

By night, huge flood lights illuminate the structure!

Ford Crack No. 9386

Donald Dillaway explained that he bought a Ford because it exhausts him to drive a Rolls-Royce to work.

"Gosh," said a friend, "I'd be willing to exhaust myself if I could afford to drive a Rolls."

"So would I," retorted Don.

Romance Note

Eddie Buzzell and Sidney Fox are blazing. Eddie was heart-broken at first when Ona Munson divorced him, but he isn't any more.

Fame

Al Boasberg, writer, recently asked Joan Crawford for a photo. "Just autograph it on the back," he said easily. "They're too hard to sell when the front's all messed up."

Dick Cromwell has got Joan Crawford on his hands! Dick, a swell artist, modeled this mask of Joan, his favorite star, while he was between scenes on "Fifty Fathoms Deep." Smart lad, Dick

Charlie's Antics

With news wires from Europe carrying rumors of possible foreign production, possible villa buying, possible matrimonial ventures, possible knighting, Charlie Chaplin seems to be having a busy time of it.

He announces he will stay in Europe for some time yet to come. But no one knows what the little comedian will do. Least of all, Charlie.

P. S. And in Hollywood, Georgia Hale gets several cables a week from him.

The Brook Rolled On

Boulevard stop signals will mean something in Clive Brook's life from now on when driving through Hollywood. An unsympathetic, unfanlike, motorcycle officer arranged that. Five dollars' worth.

Hollywood Journey's End

Rather a tragic sequel to what started out to be a real career was the published news that Tom Douglas ("Journey's End") has filed bankruptcy petition. Assets $800; liabilities $18,670.

And Now It's Director-Actor

Now that so many star actors have gone into this business of acting and directing as well (Lowell Sherman, Erich von Stroheim, Lionel Barrymore, Ramon Novarro), the directors have decided that turn about is fair play.

So Lewis Milestone played the rôle of a bartender in "Front Page"; Director Fred Niblo plays a part in his production, and Director Paul Sloane acts as a barber in "Consolation Marriage."

Perhaps Cecil DeMille will take a bath in his next.

Ricardo Cortez had an unsympathetic personality when he started in pictures. People didn't like him. He didn't like people, except one, Alma Rubens, his wife. He adored her. He lost Alma—but he found his soul

Beautiful, tragic Alma Rubens who loved drugs more than she loved her own life

He Learned Through Heartbreak

Tragedy and Fate Have Created a New Ricardo Cortez

By MARQUIS BUSBY

TRAGEDY either embitters or it ennobles. It may ruin a life, or a great person may grow out of the complete wreckage of happiness and hope. It takes a great person to come back—one who inherently has "the stuff."

Ricardo Cortez has faced heart-breaking tragedy. He lost his fight to save the life of Alma Rubens, his wife. His motion picture career seemed ended. No one would give him a job. He was practically penniless. Many people in Hollywood disliked him. He finally left the coast to try the stage in New York; to make a picture in Europe; to get a new grip on himself.

Out of all of that Ricardo Cortez has climbed back to amazing success. But even more unusual than the "comeback" in the face of such odds, is the fact that Rick is a much finer person than he was during the earlier days of his career. He has learned charm, and sympathy, and tolerance. He is a much better actor than ever before. He is a much greater person today. Tragedy and misfortune have produced one of the most human and interesting men on the Hollywood screen. A weaker person might well have gone off the "deep end."

"I DON'T know that I have changed so much," he said, "and yet I must have changed a great deal. One thing that I have learned is a sense of humor. Hollywood can never hurt me again. I know that nothing is lasting out here. I don't think that my head will be turned this time.

"You see, I can remember back a year or two. I remember the unpleasant things people have said of me. I remember the people who bowed coldly to me when they saw me. Some of those same people are very cordial now that my career is going well again. They ask me to this place and that. Once it might have turned my head. Not now. I don't want to hurt people, either. I know what it is to be hurt."

(*Continued on page* 124)

Having What It Takes

Read This Article and Find Out What Is the Most Important Thing in a Star's Life

By SARA HAMILTON

Mary Pickford in 1929 when she made "Coquette" and called herself the "new" Mary, and in 1918 in "Daddy Long Legs," with Conway Tearle. The tragedy is that eleven years made absolutely no change in her!

Anita Page was "discovered" in 1925. She had youth, beauty, charm

IF some one suddenly gave you three quick, snappy guesses as to what was the greatest factor in a movie star's life, what would you guess? Offhand, say.

Beauty? Huh uh.

Charm? Guess again.

Ability? Something more.

Something a whole lot more.

What is this dreaded monster that mows down, in the very midst of their careers, the little Mary Brians, the Buddy Rogers, the Johnny Mack Browns?

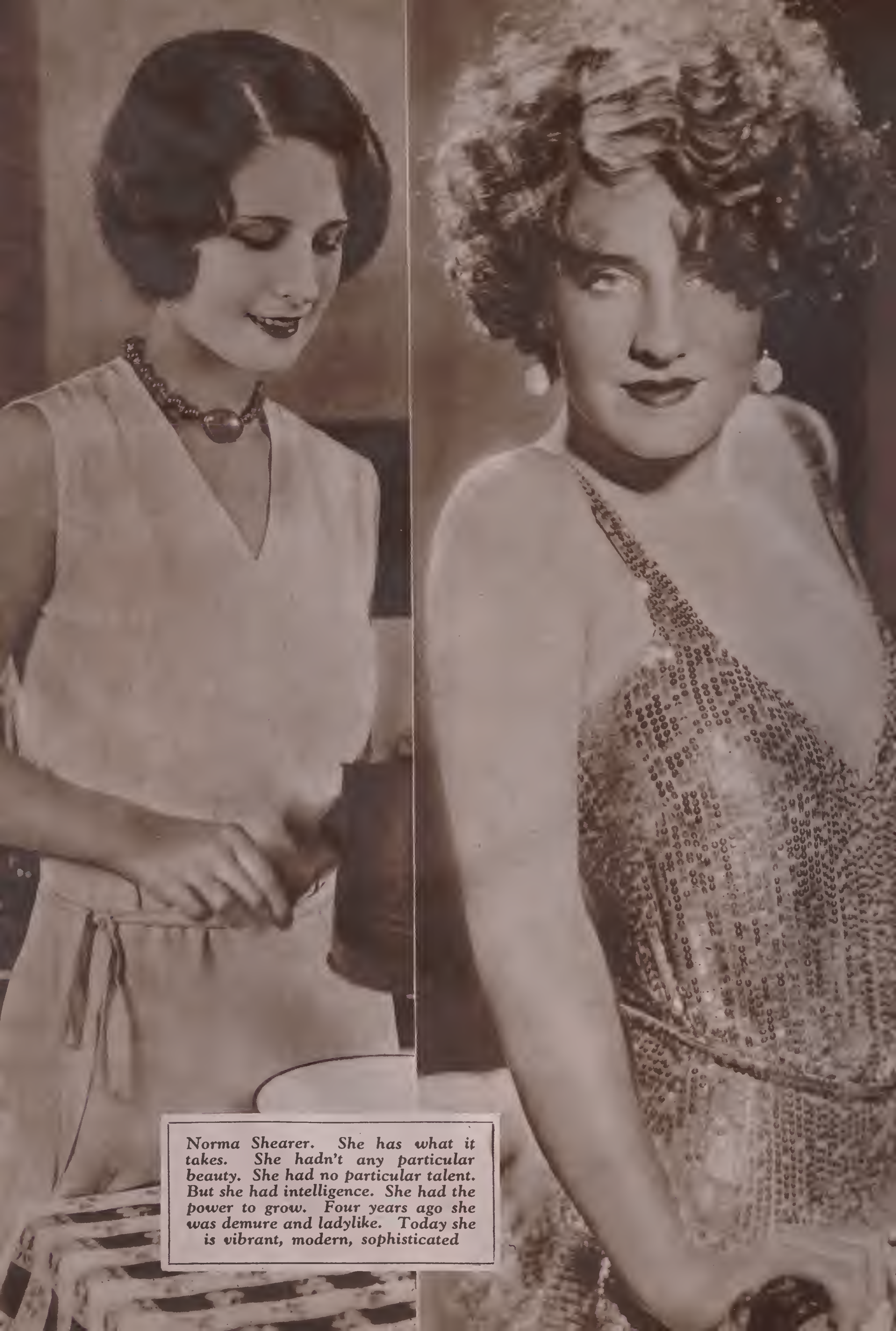
THEY have charm, have splendid good looks, ability. What didn't they have?

Well, they simply didn't have the biggest, most valuable asset in a movie star's career. The ability to change with the times. To expand. The power to grow. That's the secret of a star's success, lasting success, that is.

Take the case of Norma Shearer, for instance.

A few short years ago Norma was on the edge of things. About done. What happened? What miracle took place? For just give a look at the Norma Shearer of today. Successful, sure of herself, glamorous.

Anita Page in 1931. The color of her hair has changed. So has the style of her dresses. But Anita herself?



Norma Shearer. She has what it takes. She hadn't any particular beauty. She had no particular talent. But she had intelligence. She had the power to grow. Four years ago she was demure and ladylike. Today she is vibrant, modern, sophisticated

PHOTO BY HURRELL

"Yes, but she had influence behind her," some say.

No influence, no matter how powerful, could keep Norma Shearer in the spot she holds on the screen today.

It might put her there. But it couldn't keep her there.

NORMA SHEARER has actually become a glamorous, charming, sophisticated woman in life. For she realizes the camera is a probing, delving, all-seeing eye. Quick to spot deception if she were only pretending. She knows, too, the average movie audience is an intelligent mass of people. Quick to detect a false note. And quick to resent deception.

So Norma Shearer simply did away with herself. Outright. And became another person.

I have no doubt being a modern sophisticated woman, (on the screen of course), who cheerfully offers up herself for love and even without the excuse of love, is not too appealing to Norma. For Norma doesn't live that way herself. She is very much married, very much the devoted mother. But Norma realized the trend of times. That this was the day of the modern women. Sophisticated. Daring. Startling. And so Norma Shearer started discarding the meek, the sweet, the virtuous Norma. No one had any use for the colorless, spotless heroine. So she created for herself a new personality. Gay, witty, sparkling, with breathtaking clothes, a little laugh like the flowing of champagne, and a fine disregard for old standards.

A CHARMING, new woman in life. A charming new woman on the screen. And off-screen, a sophisticated woman in complete harmony with her new screen self.

And now they speak very quietly, and almost in awe, down at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer of an even newer Norma. The pendulum is swinging. The fans have said enough of vice. Let's have a little virtue for dessert. A little less sophistication.

Joan Crawford manufactured her own personality, created her own beauty. From a rough, raw little "hey-hey" chorus girl she made herself into a cultured woman of the world

That alert and perky ear of Norma Shearer has caught the whisper of unrest. She knows. And is getting ready for the change.

Norma Shearer has learned to grow. She'll go on for years in the hearts of the fans. Being what they want her to be. Doing what they want her to do. On and on. Wise Norma.

But Buddy Rogers has gone back to his band. His trombone, his saxophone. His (*Continued on page* 113)

Malibu, Playground of the Stars

A sight the outsider never sees, Malibu Beach, simple and unpretentious

Movie Mirror's camera man catches a rare sight—Marilyn Miller lunching alone

Joan Crawford high-hat? Malibu, where the stars can be themselves, knows different. Joan is vivid, gay, dashing, anything but ritzy there. That's Doug, Jr., looking so pleased and proud

By HARRY D. WILSON

MALIBU—playground of the stars! The very name intrigues. It out-Newports Newport for exclusiveness. High walls, barbed-wire fences and trusted servants help to keep out uninvited guests.

Here, an hour's ride from Hollywood, motion picture stars and high-powered executives have built their beach homes on the famous Malibu rancho. Here is the spot where the movie great turn their backs to their public. Here they let down after strenuous week days at the studio. Acting is forgotten. They only act themselves.

Only a short time ago in this same spot cowboys galloped their horses along the sands and herds of cattle browsed undisturbed on the sweeping acres beyond. A

At Malibu Beach, the stars turn their backs to the public. Even the dogs are exclusive

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon may be wondering how soon they can take their pride and joy, two-months-old Barbara, to the beach

Mmm, aren't they a grand romantic couple? Phil Holmes and Sylvia Sidney visited the beach—but, alas, only to take shots for "An American Tragedy"

long dirt road was the only means of communication between Hollywood and the ranch. Now the state highway runs alongside the restricted Malibu section.

THOUSANDS of visitors drive past every day, craning their necks—all eager for a glimpse of a favorite star entering his or her back door, for the homes of the stars were carefully planned. The front doors face the ocean.

Telephones finally found their way into the stars' houses and it is not unusual for a famous celebrity to call a neighbor on the wire frantically and explain she had asked twenty guests for supper and that there were already over forty, with more coming all the time.

Perhaps it was Anna Q. Nilsson who was the real discoverer of Malibu Beach and its charms. Several others claim the honor, among them Warner Baxter,

Down to the sea in shapes: Skeets Gallagher, Mae Sunday, Rudolph Cameron, and Mrs. Skeets Gallagher

Louise Fazenda and Marie Prevost. But Anna Q. Nilsson was, at least, the one who did the most talking about Malibu in the beginning and who started the stellar migration that way.

WHILE Malibu is a community all to itself, Warner Baxter runs Will Rogers a close second on self-appointed offices. What Will is to Beverly Hills, Warner is to Malibu. He's the honorary fire chief and holds the offices of Mayor, board of supervisors, judge, police chief and dictator supreme. Warner, when occasion demands, has a trayful of badges, their nickel-plate well rusted by the salt air, which he proudly displays. The only office Warner fights shy of is custodian of the divorce court in the colony. He leaves such delicate matters to the two divorce lawyers who have moved into the movie whirl, brief cases and all.

The gulls that enjoyed the old rancho quietness now screech in surprise at the sight of movie heroes stripped to the waist, wearing short bathing trunks, and feminine beauties in abbreviated suits, courting bigger and better sun tans.

Eat, drink, get tanned, and be merry is the Malibu slogan. Studio worry is taboo. Stars who try to outdo each other on the screen vie only to beat each other at a game of bridge; to gain a deeper tan; to crack the smartest joke. Movie heroes and executives challenge each other to ball-throwing and other beach sports.

No one ever declines an invitation to spend a week-end at Malibu. Who would turn down the chance to see all the stars of the film firmament in one grand array? In the brief mile or two of Malibu are a hundred houses of a hundred kings and queens of movieland.

I was admitted to Director Herbert Brenon's English garden, where I found him dressed for tennis—fairly beaming with anticipation of a game.

"Cheerio," he cried, "welcome to Malibu."

Victor Schertzinger, the famous composer-director, was there, ready to join the game, wearing a heavy

When better ping-pong is played, Dorothy Lee will play it. She's the ping-pong pet of Malibu

Neil Hamilton starts his day by doing a daily dozen at the beach with Clint Hester, his physical culture trainer

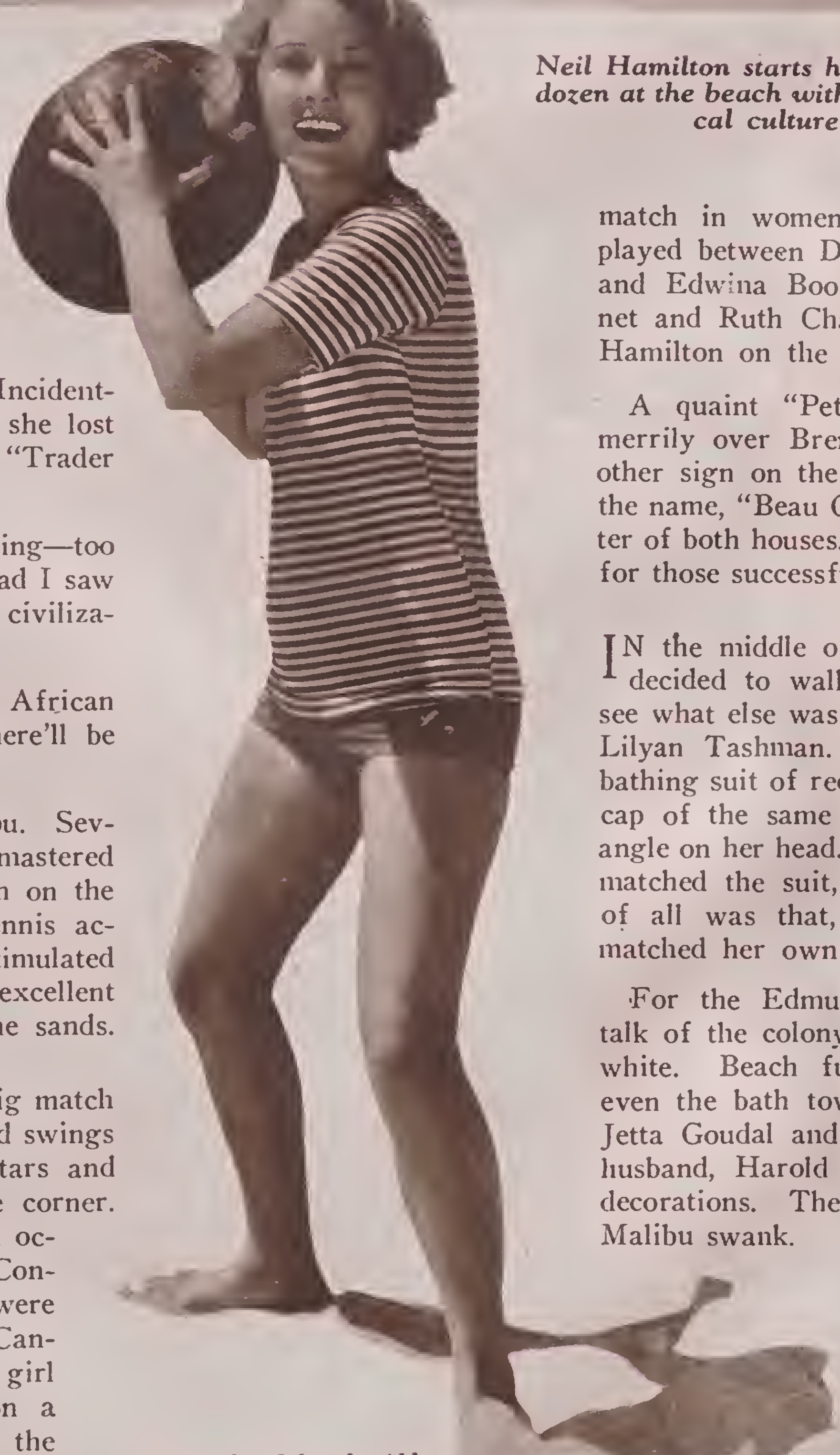
wool sweater over two shirts. He's trying to take off some excess poundage on the courts. Under a wide umbrella, racquet ready, sat Otto Matiesen, who had been selected as Herbert's partner. Edwina Booth, who plays a good game, made up the foursome, a bright orange ribbon holding up her golden hair. Incidentally, she has regained the health she lost during her African trip, making "Trader Horn."

"African jungles are thrilling—too thrilling," she shuddered. "I'm glad I saw it all, but it's good to be back in civilization."

"Don't get her started on those African adventures," said Brenon, "or there'll be no tennis."

Tennis is the big sport at Malibu. Several stars and directors have mastered strokes that would put Bill Tilden on the defensive. Brenon guides the tennis activities, keeping the Malibuites stimulated with good matches. A dozen excellent cement courts are dotted along the sands.

THE day I visited Herbert, a big match was scheduled. Beach chairs and swings were filled with merry-making stars and starlets. Bessie Love sat in one corner. Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli occupied seats near her. Johnnie Considine and George Fitzmaurice were in a huddle on the court. Eddie Cantor with the Cantor sextette of girl children were sitting together on a long bench. The participants of the game were George Fitzmaurice, Dick Barthelmess, Alan Dwan and Joel McCrea. Later in the afternoon a match in women's doubles was to be played between Diana Kane Fitzmaurice and Edwina Booth on one side of the net and Ruth Chatterton and Mrs. Neil Hamilton on the opposite.



Dorothy Mackaill is Malibu's finest girl swimmer and general athlete

A quaint "Peter Pan" sign swings merrily over Brenon's front gate. Another sign on the adjoining house bears the name, "Beau Geste." Brenon is master of both houses. Each has been named for those successful films which he made.

IN the middle of the tennis matches I decided to walk down the beach and see what else was happening. I ran into Lilyan Tashman. She wore a striking bathing suit of red and white. A knitted cap of the same colors sat at a rakish angle on her head. Her socks and sandals matched the suit, and the neatest touch of all was that, in this outfit, Lilyan matched her own home.

For the Edmund Lowe home is the talk of the colony. It's done in red and white. Beach furniture, the garden—even the bath towels run true to color. Jetta Goudal and her artistic decorator-husband, Harold Grieve, supervised the decorations. They are the last word in Malibu swank.

"I thought I'd be smart and build something different," said Lil. "Now I realize I'm just plain dumb. I wanted a hide-away for purposes of rest, but I went too far. Instead of getting away from people and relaxing from the daily grind, I'm kept busy all day showing visitors the house and answering foolish questions."

"What you want is a tent," interrupted Eddie Lowe, who had come up from behind and was listening to Lilyan's lamenting.

I left Lilyan and Eddie, and went on my way. A few doors away, Eddie Cantor was playing ping-pong with Harpo Marx.

"I've got the system," laughed Broadway's ace comedian. "I spring a joke, Harpo laughs, and I make the point between chuckles."

Ma Cantor and Harpo's wife were watching the game as Eddie piled up his score.

"If the four of us brothers were here," Harpo growled, "you wouldn't be so fresh, would you?"

MARY ASTOR stopped further arguments, appearing in a white hand-knit bathing costume, cleverly cut, with the ends of a neatly concealed brassière crossing in back and forming a belt ending in a modernistic buckle in the front. Wearing a navy crêpe beret, little blue-and-white checked sandals and carrying a red cottage crêpe beach robe over her

Now backgammon is a game for two, so whom can Miriam Hopkins be playing with? Probably Director Dudley Murphy

You'll always see Dick Barthelmess on the beach, for he's an enthusiast about all outdoor sports

Victor Schertzinger, the director, and his young daughters, Patricia, seven (on her daddy's shoulder), and Paula, six, ready for a dive

Otto Matiesen, Herbert Brenon, Milton Cohen, Betty Williams and Edwina Booth think tennis is a great racket

Horace Brahm, stage player, and Lilyan Tashman set some fashions at Malibu. Lil starts a style by wearing a bathing suit to match her beach house

arm, Mary was indeed a charming sight.

A few yards away, Jackie Coogan was found trying to persuade his little brother, Robert, he could teach him how to swim. What a strange likeness this youngster has to Jackie! And he's climbing to fame almost as quickly as "The Kid" did when Chaplin discovered him with his father on the Orpheum stage in Los Angeles.

ERNST LUBITSCH hove in sight with Ona Munson on one arm and Lady June Inverclyde on the other. The famous Lubitsch cigar was in one corner of his mouth. We started talking about exercises and how good the seashore was for health.

"Can you bend your body and touch the sand with your fingers without bending your knees?" Ona asked the director.

"Don't be foolish," said Lubitsch, handing his cigar to Lady Inverclyde and taking a deep breath, "just watch me do it." Herr Lubitsch bent forward. So did his knees. He tried again, but there was a foot between his hands and the sand below. Suddenly he smiled. "I should have known better,"

(Continued on page 126)

Content and without envy, Wally loves people, dogs and flying ships

Regular Guy

He's Wally Beery, Everybody's Friend and Nobody's Critic

By MARY SHARON

In the old Sennett days with Louise Fazenda. Wally says his greatest trial was the comedy corsets he had to wear

THE Wally Beery I know isn't much different from the screen Wally Beery you know. Only there is a great deal more to my Wally than there is to yours.

I knew Wally as a successful film actor back in the days when Hollywood was still a cow pasture. I was gathering material for the Great American Novel I intended to write and Wally was one of the big fellows over at Sennett's. There wasn't an actor in Hollywood then who commanded or deserved more respect than Wally did.

I lunched with him the other day at the M-G-M commissary and we grew reminiscent together.

"Things are so different from what they used to be," I suggested.

"I'll say they are," Wally growled as he speared a

Chef's Special Baby Trout. "It's all wrong, if you ask me, dearie." (Every girl is dearie to Wally.) "The only thing that's just the same as it used to be is the way they still hold out three days from the old pay check. But they ruined all the fun in making moving pictures when they made a business out of it. Why, a feller might just as well be in the clothing store business for all the kick he gets out of it."

"Yes. I guess you're right," I agreed, "but making pictures is still a dangerous business."

I was thinking about the stunts in his latest one, "Hell Divers."

"Dangerous?" he demanded belligerently. "Where do you get that? There ain't no danger in making pictures. Never was."

I WAS too polite to remind Wally of the time when he was the villain at the old Sennett Studio and was blown up in a derrick. Something went wrong with the dynamiter's calculations and the charge went off a weeny bit too close. Wally was an unholy sight to look at, and he was picking splinters out of himself for days afterward. But I suppose that wasn't dangerous from Wally's viewpoint. That was the necessary spice to life as he was living it then.

I'll never forget the Wally who used to sport around Hollywood in the old days. Sport is hardly the word, for Wally was never the show-off. Rather he was a respected actor who had made good. I don't think another man in Hollywood was looked up to then as Wally was. He was a pioneer and he wasn't the ordinary good fellow that he is today. All the girls on the lot admired him, but none of them would have thought of attempting to flirt with him as they would with the other actors. Wally was a one-woman man when he was at Sennett's. And the one woman he belonged to was petite Gloria Swanson. I remember the first day that Gloria came upon the lot. Wally had casually let it be known that he had sent for the little woman and he intended to have her used in pictures. And then she came.

The girls were crowded in he little dressing-room on the balcony making up for a retake when Gloria sauntered in and stood in a bewildered manner, surveying the dismantled set directly below.

She was small. Not especially pretty. And she was wearing a jaunty little black and white checkered suit, with a white ruffled-front voile blouse. Her hat was black with a high crown and big red cherries spilled down one side. She was carrying an enormous flowered bag. At least, it looked enormous in her small hands. And she was wearing the white-topped kid shoes then in vogue. She seemed unsure of herself.

Marie Prevost noticed her first.

They are Hollywood's two favorite persons, Wally Beery and Marie Dressler, and they favor themselves with each other's company a large share of the time

"I wonder who that girl is down in front?" she commented.

The rest looked. Someone said, with a shrug:

"She doesn't look like so much, if you ask me."

I think it was Louise Fazenda who called down and invited her to come up on the balcony.

THERE was something sweet and likable about her. And it quite knocked everyone for a goal, when she said she was Mrs. Beery. She got on famously with the girls from the first, but she was never one of the gang. Principally, I think, (*Continued on page* 112)

PHYFE

Never flashing into fame like a comet, Warner Baxter keeps right on being popular. In fact, he's the writer's pet. He gets more fan mail than any other male player at the Fox Studio. He's so devoted to his wife, Winifred Bryson. He won't even employ any men servants. His next picture, "The Cisco Kid," is a honey

What Fur?

Any fur, says Hollywood, but be sure the lines of the coat are simple

By MARJORIE GRACE

Dorothy Jordan, wise child, dresses to suit her personality. She's cute. She's clinging. She's got a Southern accent. She chooses a little velvet hat with a drooping plume, a snugly black pony coat, trimmed in rabbit, and a big white muff

I'VE never seen the girl who didn't want a fur coat. I never hope to see one. I think the yen for a coat of fur is one of those permanent feminine urges like having a beautiful, straight nose or a full date book. A girl just wants to own one!

That's why I've assembled this collection of coats for you to cast your eyes upon this month.

In a town where every fact is news, it's strange that the fact that Hollywood is fur-coat crazy hasn't gotten out. But, generally speaking, it hasn't. The truth is that where girls in average towns are delighted with one fur coat and hysterical with joy if they are among those darlings who rate two or three, Hollywood girls feel positively undressed unless they have half a dozen. They have sports fur coats, afternoon fur coats, evening coats, little capes, short jacquettes, everything they can possibly assemble, made of the finest or most original pelts obtainable. In the old days of the Talmadge sisters' supremacy Constance and Norma used to hire a whole floor in a cold storage vault to treasure their furs in summer. Today everybody save the lowliest extra girls—and even some of them—have ermine coats for the big film openings.

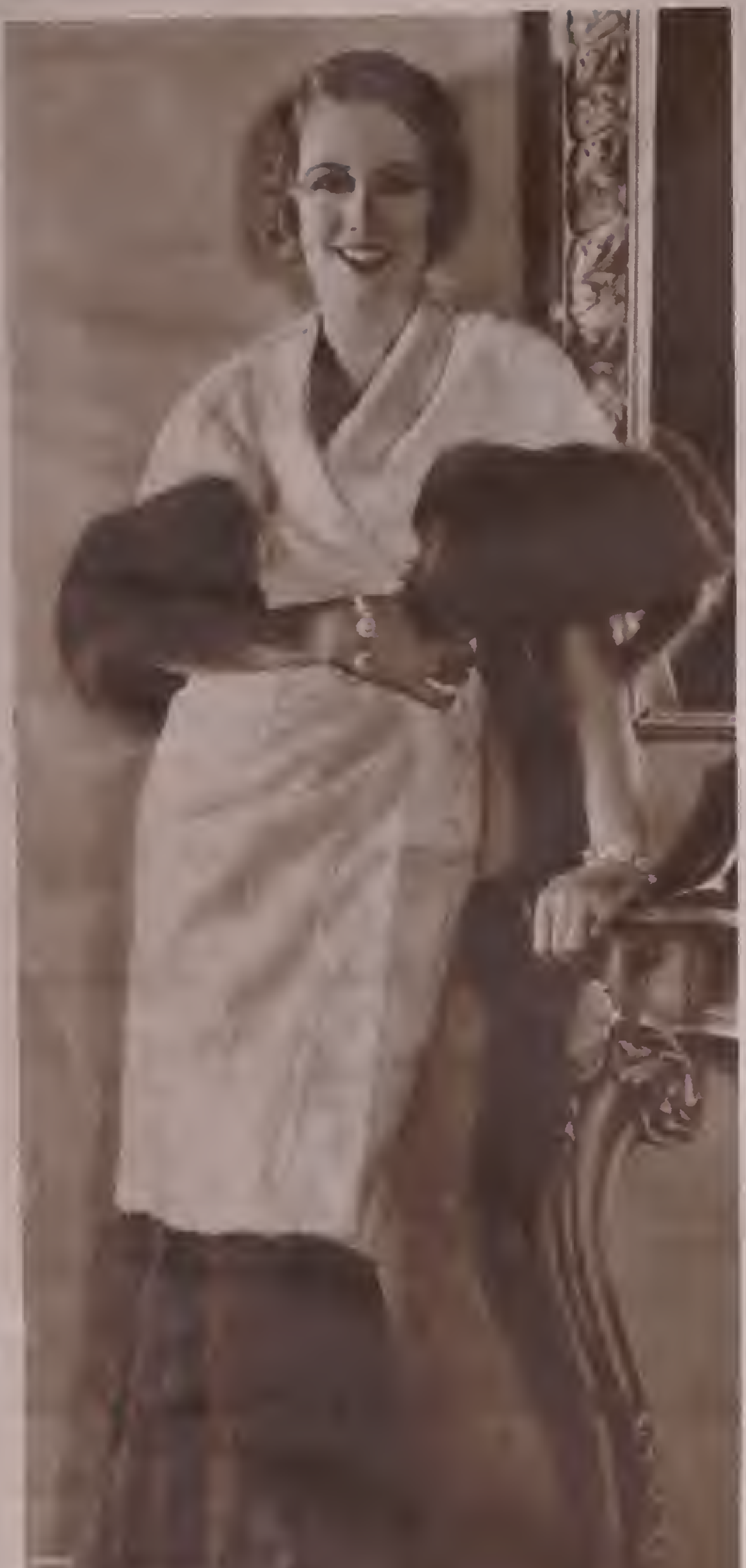
So Hollywood knows what to do with them, and in the five coats I'm showing here I think you'll find several ideas that you can adapt to your own wardrobe.

NOW Paris may do what it likes with furs, but Hollywood feels that a fur coat should do just two things and two only. One, it should show off the fur itself. Second, it should give a slim, youthful line to the figure.

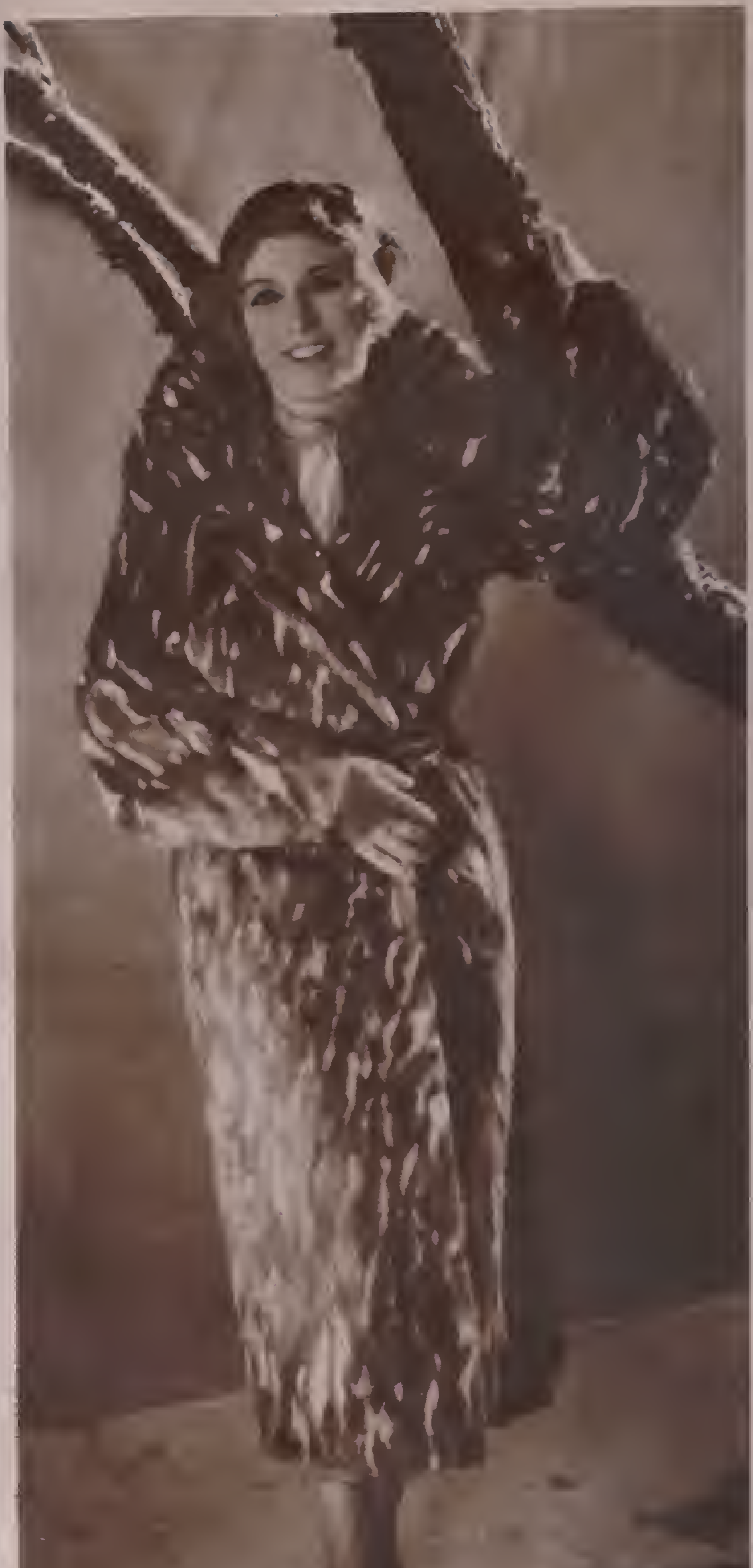
Take the little trick Irene Purcell plays with coats. Irene has a white ermine trimmed with white fox for utterly grand occasions. The line is completely simple, so that nothing can detract from its luxury. But—and here's where the trick comes in. Irene also has a coat of white kidskin with elbow-length cape sleeves trimmed with blue fox. This is also for evenings. It is charming, but not at all expensive. A girl can wear it without feeling she looks as rich as the First National Bank.

While most coats are of some brown pelt, the various minks, or beaver, or kolinsky, I personally feel that a black fur coat, such as Irene is wearing on Page 55, is a much wiser buy, particularly for the girl who has only one fur wrap. The big hunch is that you can wear a black coat with any color dress, even brown. You can only wear—smartly, that is—a brown coat with brown, beige or the brighter pastels, and red. And you always have a shoe problem unless you stick relentlessly to brown. Irene's coat is black caracul—but you could copy it in pony, or the very dark Hudson seal, if you wanted to be more thrifty.

FOR novelty, look at Dorothy Jordan's cute outfit just above and Irene's white-flecked coat on Page 54. Dorothy's is of pony and lapin, fashioned in the 1880 mode, inexpensive and long wearing. Irene's is of mink bellies, which have been



Length's important on the new fur coats. Don't have your coat too long or too short. Ten and a half inches from the ground is best for the average figure

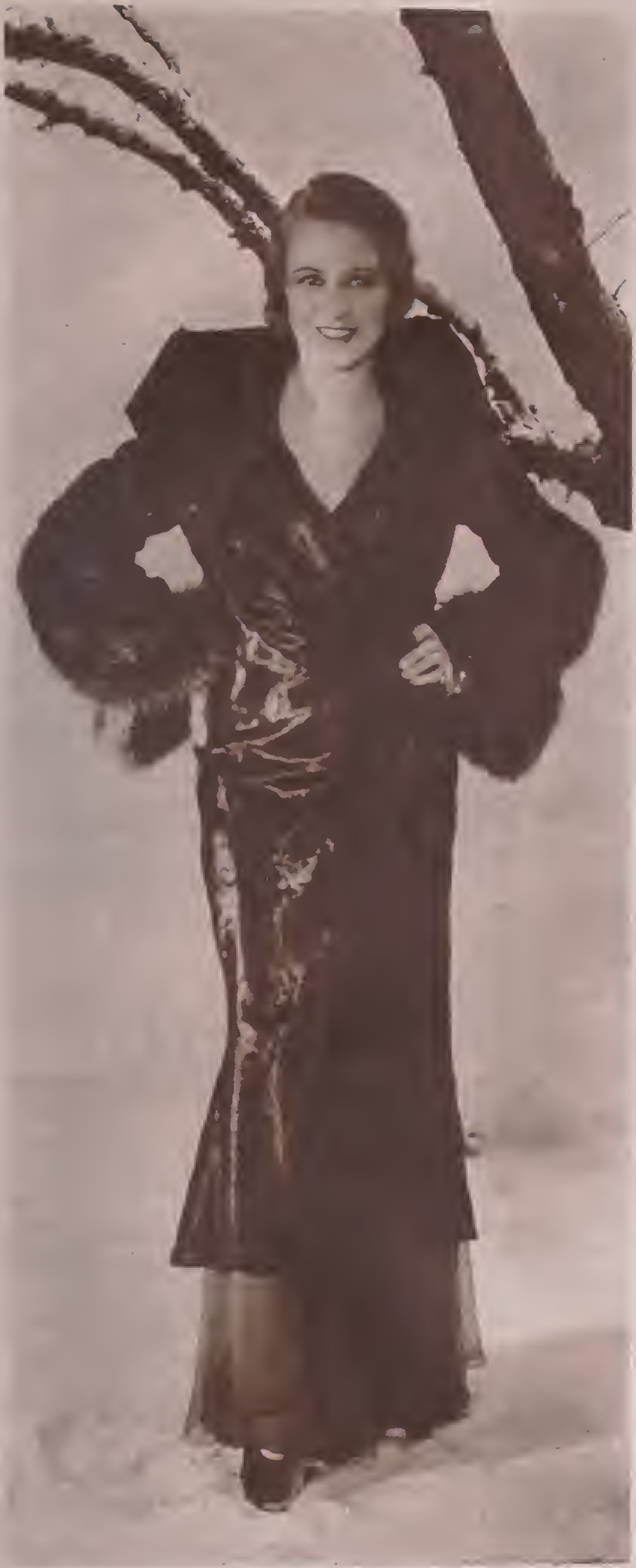


The four coats illustrated here are Irene Purcell's idea of a proper fur wardrobe. This coat of "mink bellies" can be worn for sports or dress wear

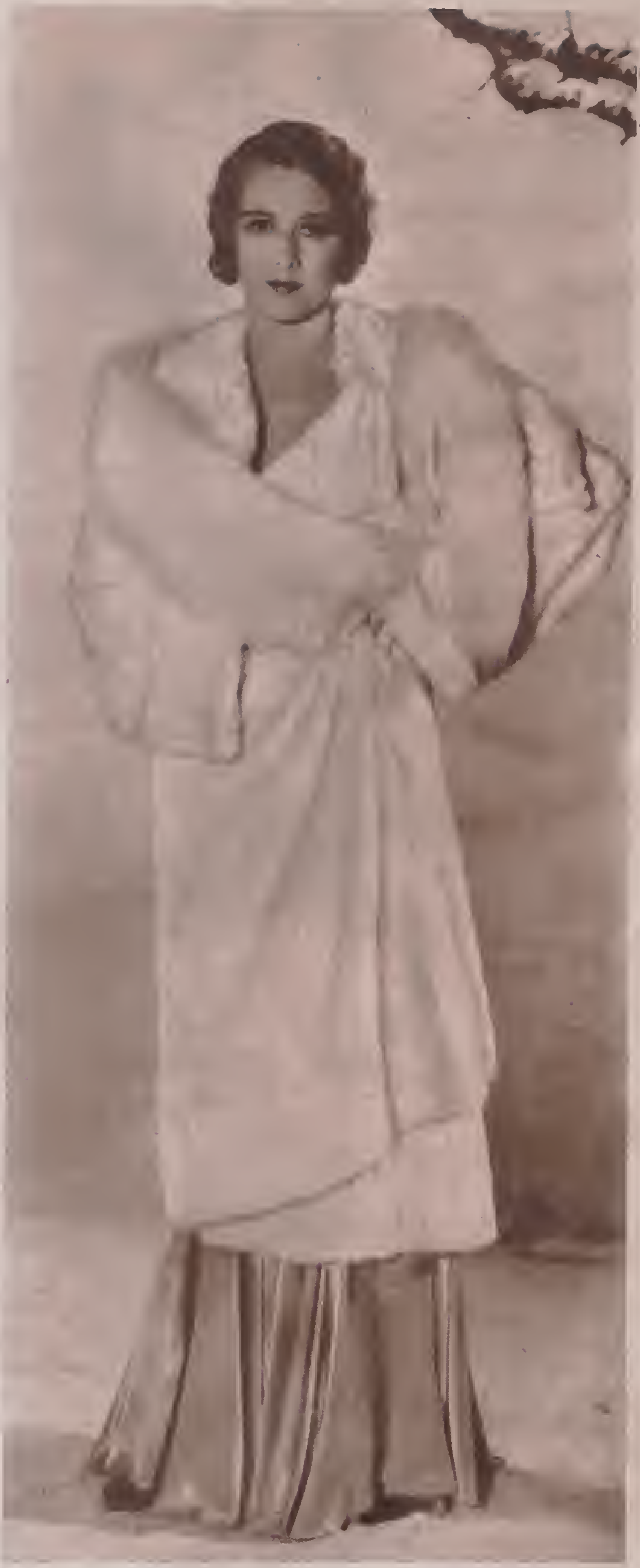
discarded up until this year, when expensive mink coats were assembled. Obviously this soft under-fur won't wear as the mink backs would, but neither does it cost as much, and if you want something very new, you might investigate this newest fur.

AS for the actual style of the coat you choose, the wisest rule is to select one that isn't too elaborate. Trick collars, amazing cuffs, uneven hemlines are just never seen on the better coats. The really expensive models—those that sell at real luxury prices—are made as simply as a little girl's pinafore. So don't betray your unawareness of this when you buy a coat at a moderate figure. Stay plain. It helps a lot, since a fur coat, more than any cloth coat, must be worn with so many different dresses and at such varying times of the day. If you get a smart enough fashion, it is even possible to wear it both for daytime and for formal evening wear.

Take the little kidskin affair Irene Purcell shows. It it quite inexpensive. It will wear for many seasons. Being white naturally limits it for daytime wear. But a thrifty girl could have this model in gray kidskin and use it for both day and evenings. Which reminds me to call



Black caracul with black lynx, supple and flat. For afternoon wear or evenings. Very practical, as it can be worn with all colors. Very warm, too. Notice the way the sleeves are trimmed to the elbow



White ermine and white fox with a big, crushy collar and straight square sleeves. Should be worn long. On the other page, the white coat is kidskin. Almost as effective and one-fourth the cost

black lapin to your attention. Brown and beige—and even white—lapin has become so common that smart girls may hesitate to buy it. Black lapin is new this year. It looks charming and is very snuggly, and the cost of it is just one of those beautiful moments in your life. You can buy black lapin and still have enough money left for a couple of dresses.

THE very first thing about all clothes, coats, hats, shoes or what have you, is that they should be suitable, not only to your face and figure but to your temperament and the life you lead. Don't buy fancy clothes if you never have fancy occasions on which to wear them. Smartness is the art of looking right for your surroundings. The art of looking right—and of making people look right at you.

An important fashion point is that the models Irene shows you will probably still be smart next winter. Dorothy's is a one-season model. Which really makes Irene's better investments than little Miss Jordan's. Still, maybe that Southern child has got the right idea. She knows the most important thing about any coat is the girl inside it.

Lew Ayres appears in two pictures this month. "Heaven on Earth" isn't very believable

Movies of the Month

(Check ✓ for the good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss.)

After starting off the season with its most glittering product last month, Hollywood has had an off month. None of the pictures this month gets MOVIE MIRROR'S *double check, although there are some very good single check pictures. The three best are Lew Ayres' "Spirit of Notre Dame," William Haines' new Wallingford picture, and Warner Baxter's swell action picture, "The Cisco Kid."*

On the other hand, practically all the movies of the month are at least satisfactory program pictures. The worst picture of the month is Tallulah Bankhead's "My Sin," and even that doesn't compare with such really choice bad pictures of recent months as "Enemies of the Law" and "Should a Doctor Tell?"

Heaven on Earth (Universal). Lew Ayres in "The Spirit of Notre Dame" and Lew Ayres in "Heaven on Earth"—what a contrast and proving nothing so much as how dependent every actor is on good stories! This one has just too much water in it.

Lew is a shanty boy adopted at babyhood by a steamboat captain who murdered his father. The captain tries to keep the boy's identity a secret, but the boy learns about it and goes back to "shanty town" and his people. He meets a girl, poor as himself, but young and beautiful and that is where the "Heaven on Earth" comes in. Also the water. There's the Mississippi rising and finally a flood and the story gets drowned.

There is nice work by Elizabeth Patterson in a character rôle. Anita Louise seems pretty immature for the girl. Lew brings all his usual sincerity to his rôle—but nothing can change the original scenario on this.

✓ New Adventures of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford (M-G-M).

Don't shy away from this thinking that you know all about that guy, Wallingford, and what of it? For M-G-M has turned out one of the gayest, most amusing comedies in months in this opus, and the neatest little depression cure imaginable.

Do you remember Wallingford, who was always discovering some scheme to make money without working for it? He's up to the same old racket here, but he gets mixed up with a dame and love practically wrecks him. That's the story, but it is the dialogue and the acting that count in this. The dialogue is swell. William Haines is the star, giving a performance that equals his grand acting in his old "Brown of Harvard" days. He's not, thank goodness, a fresh egg in this. He's breezy and natural and very ingratiating. Leila Hyams is the girl and Ernest Torrence is Bill's pal. The big performance of the picture, however, is contributed by one Jimmy Durante, a new clown from Broadway. Here is a great comic find and he steals the picture as simply as a baby wins hearts. Don't miss this goof. We forecast that he's going to be one of the most popular persons in pictures in less time than it takes to write this.

✓ **Devotion** (RKO-Pathé). This picture is one you'll either like a lot or not at all. We loved it.

It's not such great shakes as a plot, but Ann Harding glorifies it with a sensitive performance that is very touching.

"Devotion" is the story of a girl who dons a disguise in order to be near the man to whom she is attracted. Not until she is hopelessly in love with him does she learn that he is married. And, oh, what a terrible wife he has!

Though the material is a trifle thin, the comedy situations are delicious. And the acting is scrumptious. We adore Ann; we love her performance; but, we ask you, is it nice to disguise Ann Harding's natural beauty for three-quarters of any production? That's the only quarrel we really have with the picture.

Leslie Howard plays the man Ann loves and his performance is as perfect as Miss Harding's. You'll get a lot of pleasure from the work of these two. We think "Devotion" is worth seeing because of them.

Twenty-four Hours (Paramount). Did you ever wonder what could happen to one family in a big city in the course of twenty-four hours? Here's the answer.

The picture contains such excellent dramatic material that you never quite understand how or why it's missed. Probably it tells too much; covers too much dramatic territory; doesn't quite jell.

Certainly it is beautifully photographed, splendidly acted and intelligently directed. It comes pretty close to being a grand picture—and then just misses.

Kay Francis and Clive Brook are a husband and wife, really in love, but a little bit bored with one another. Clive begins a flirtation with a night club singer. He doesn't know that she is married, and to a gangster at that, and that while he lies in her flat, sleeping off too many cocktails, she is going to be murdered by the husband, and he is to be accused of the crime.

Clive Brook and Kay Francis give interesting performances, but the picture belongs to Miriam Hopkins, who plays the singer. Watch this girl! She's headed for stardom or we miss our guess.

✓ **The Spirit of Notre Dame** (Universal). If you think this is just another football picture, you're wrong. It is football and it is college, but the dandiest little combination of those two yet shown. It's crammed with action. The big scene is the big game, of course, but with such a different touch. This picture was made with the cooperation of Notre

Here's a new picture thief, Jimmy Durante. He's in "Wallingford," with Billy Haines

Miriam Hopkins gives a dazzling performance in "Twenty-Four Hours"

Ann Harding and Leslie Howard are the lovers in "Devotion"

The month's best picture—"The Spirit of Notre Dame." Lew Ayres is grand

Dame University and with the spirit of the late Knute Rockne, famous coach, dominating, and somehow that combination gives it an authentic air that makes it as real and thrilling as an actual big game in an outdoor stadium.

It's got a grand story, too. Bucky O'Brien and Jim Stewart become room mates as freshmen. They go out for the football team and both make it. They're pals in everything, including gals and young love affairs, until Jim begins to get a swelled head. That makes for the drama that will keep you excited till the very end.

Lew Ayres comes back, and how! Not that Lew has been away, but he hasn't been having the pictures he deserved. He's got it here and he lives up to it every minute. You'll adore him more than ever. Billy Bakewell plays Jim and very nicely, too. The cast is studded with real football names and J. Farrell MacDonald contributes the finest performance he has ever given as Rockne himself. Don't miss this—and you can take the whole family.

✓ **The Cisco Kid** (Fox). This one we go for in a great, big way. It's got everything.

The acting's great. The settings are great. The direction is great. The photography couldn't be improved upon. There's an accompanying musical score which never gets in your way but which is always delightful; there's a baby in the cast who practically steals the picture; and, best of all, there's a stunning action story with a startling twist at the end. And how you can get more than that for your money we don't know.

Naturally, Warner Baxter is once more "The Kid," up to his old stunts of robbing the rich to help the poor, and when that boy goes into a love scene with the fiery Conchita Montenegro, pass the fans, children, pass the fans.

It's a really thrilling outdoor story, "The Cisco Kid." Warner Baxter's the star

The whole family can go to this and have a great time.

The Road to Reno (Paramount). One day the State of Nevada passed a new law, which made the business of getting a divorce in Reno even easier than it had been before. Immediately after, the attention of the nation was focused on Reno as the more-than-ever divorce mill. And particularly did Hollywood find itself interested. The net outcome, among other things, was that a lot of movie-makers put into production stories about Reno.

And "The Road to Reno" is one of them. Not much can be said about it, because it's simply a repetitious story about giddy goings-on that have to do with divorce, love, and the other side of the picture called Love. Oh, it's all right enough, in its way, and it has a lot of good actors and an equal lot of good action. But it isn't an awfully good movie.

"The Road To Reno" isn't as hot as it should be

Mae Clarke and Ricardo Cortez give dramatic performances in "Reckless Living"

It's about a woman who mistakes frequency of divorce and remarriage for Life. It ends happily, in a fashion, but quite unbelievably.

Lilyan Tashman is the central character, and she brings to the screen that strange artistry that has made her famous. It isn't so much a matter of good acting ability as it is personality that puts her over, but put her over it does, and her work in this is just another enjoyable manifestation of that situation. Buddy Rogers, de-starred, contributes another good auxiliary performance. Peggy Shannon, hailed as Clara Bow the second, isn't a second Clara Bow, but does capably enough. Other good actors in the cast add other good performances.

Reckless Living (Universal).

What a grand little actress Mae Clarke is! She's not beautiful or particularly glamorous, but she makes every film in which she appears vivid and interesting. "Reckless Living" is another production that gets more from the actors than it deserves. Ricardo Cortez and Norman Foster play the men in love with Mae and they're splendid, too.

A bookie on horse races—that's Cortez—tries to win back his former sweetheart, now married to a young boy trying to get along. Not getting along fast enough, the young husband gambles all the family savings on a horse that loses. It's been Cortez's hope that this would bring the girl back to him. But it doesn't. She goes back to her job as manicurist until—well, if you're interested, see the picture.

This isn't very important, but you'll get some enjoyment out of it.

Riders of the Purple Sage (Fox).

This is the third time that "Riders of the Purple Sage" has been filmed. Splendidly mounted, with wonderful scenic shots, there's life in the old drama yet.

Lassiter is played by George O'Brien, who protects Marguerite Churchill against the men who are trying to rob her of her ranch.

The action is swift, but there are a great many loose ends which are never quite gathered together. There are mysteries, which, even at the end, remain a little vague.

Lassiter is supposed to have come to the sage country to avenge the death of his sister, Millie, and to find out who killed her. Instead of that person being someone already familiar to the audience, he suddenly appears toward the end of the picture.

A great deal of fuss is made about the mystery of the curly-haired child whom Marguerite Churchill has adopted; but nothing ever comes of it.

In spite of its complicated plot, however, the picture has speed, romance and gorgeous settings, which compensate for any faults in the story.

Tommy Meighan is subordinate to Hardie Albright in "Skyline"

For beautiful scenes and swift action, try "Riders of the Purple Sage"

Skyline (Fox). In the old days—"silent days," they're sometimes called—Thomas Meighan would have utterly dominated any picture he appeared in. But this is 1931. Pictures make sounds. They talk. And the old order has changed.

That brings us to "Skyline," Fox's story of the Horatio Algerish rise of a young lad from the ranks of waterfront laborers to an enviable position as an engineer. Thomas Meighan is in it. Not alone that, but he receives top billing in it. Yet, let the truth be told, Meighan's part is definitely subordinate to that of the young fellow—Hardie Albright, one of the newest of the Fox "discoveries."

The story concerns a big skyscraper builder (Meighan) and the daughter (Maureen O'Sullivan) of a construction foreman, and a naive young fellow (Albright) and a worldly wise woman (Myrna Loy). The triangle theme pops in—the angles are the last three players.

There are some perfectly delightful individual performances in this picture, all of which help to lift it from what it might have been into the level of the better group of pictures. And besides that, whatever Tommy Meighan does in the way of returning to the screen is intrinsically interesting.

Penrod and Sam (First National). It's only natural that, after a tremendous smash such as "Skippy," there'd be a grand rush by all movie producers to follow up. And so there have suddenly appeared a succession of "kid pictures"—and this "Penrod and Sam" is just another.

The trouble with follow-up pictures is that they are usually inspired by some outstandingly fine production, and as a direct result, the successors hardly ever come up to anywhere near the leader. That's true here. But don't misconstrue that to mean that "Penrod and Sam" is a bad picture. Because it isn't—it's simply that it isn't another "Skippy."

It deals with incidents in the lives of two boys and their gang. There are plenty of good, funny gags, and a bit of pathos here and there. Your own youngsters will get a grand treat out of this show, so take them along when you go. If you haven't any of your own, you'll probably find somebody else's hanging around the ticket office.

Junior Coghlan, a crafty little actor, does the outstanding work in the cast. He achieves the greatest naturalness. Then there are Leon Janney, growing up a bit now; Johnny Arthur, Nestor Abor, Billy Lord. Among the adults in the cast, ZaSu Pitts, as might be expected, is outstanding. It's amazing how this actress steals top honors in so many productions.

"Penrod and Sam" is no "Skippy," but it's pretty good fun

My Sin (Paramount). Tallulah Bankhead's second poor starring picture in a row. It is the dialogue which makes this so awful. It creaks with age. You anticipate every line, every situation, every twist in the plot from almost the opening line.

This is the picture of which Dorothy Parker said, when told it was the story of a woman with a past who redeems herself, "But is the public ready for that yet?"

Tallulah Bankhead moves throughout this picture, a rather fascinating figure, though she never quite loses herself in her rôle.

Fredric March is interesting in the first few scenes as the lawyer who has gone native, but as soon as he reforms, his performance becomes colorless.

It seems to be Tallulah's fate that it is always her *next* picture that is going to be good.

Tallulah Bankhead is still a star in search of a picture in "My Sin"

The Road to Singapore (Warners).

William Powell's first appearance under his Warners' contract finds him the same fascinating devil with women that he was with Paramount. In "The Road to Singapore," he moves his activities to the Far East and concentrates his attentions upon Doris Kenyon, wife of a physician.

The picture is saved from mediocrity only by the performances of its principals and its splendid local color. William Powell is his usual suave self, except that he seems too self conscious about being irresistible to women. Doris Kenyon is literally a revelation as the neglected wife.

Action, however, is at a minimum. The atmospheric settings are lovely but the piece remains a talky problem drama of the drawing room variety.

William Powell at Warners' is still William Powell of Paramount

Elissa Landi in "Wicked." Elissa's not wicked. But the picture is poor

Wicked (Fox). If you think this is going to be a glamorous story of a woman who sins, you might just as well stay home and listen to the radio.

Elissa Landi isn't wicked. And neither is the picture. It's just dull.

Mostly it's set in a woman's cell in a prison. Elissa has been jailed unjustly because she accidentally shot an officer while trying to defend her husband, who, unknown to her, was a crook.

To make Elissa's experience more harrowing, she has been jailed just when she is about to have a baby.

Elissa Landi overacts. Victor McLaglen is adequate as her leading man. Una Merkel is one of the few bright spots in the picture. She's such a relief in the midst of all this heavy drama.

The Story of My Life

Clark Gable

As told to Jane Meredith

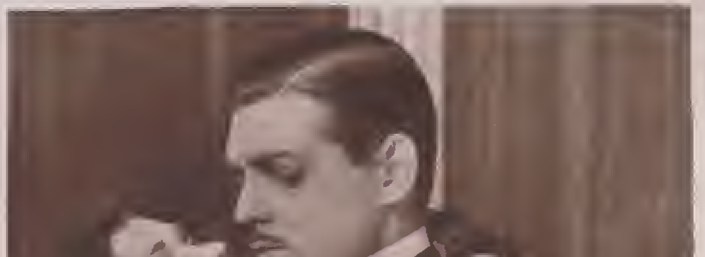
I WAS born in a little white frame house in Cadiz, Ohio. My father was William Gable, an oil contractor. My mother died when I was seven months old, and I lived with my grandparents until I was five and my father married again. I loved my new mother and the new town where we went to live, but I never cared a lot about school. However, I made up my mind to be a doctor. When I graduated from high school I got a job in order to earn the money to go to medical school. I got work in Akron as timekeeper in a rubber factory, during the daytime. Nights I went to a night school—until the fatal night that I went to see the local stock company and met a couple of the actors. From that time on, it was all over. I hung around the theatre, abandoned medicine, and finally got an acting job at ten bucks a week. I trouped with the company at that salary for two years, until the bitter cold March day when we landed in Butte, Montana, and were completely stranded.

IT'S a funny sensation to find yourself completely alone in a strange place, with only twenty-six cents between you and the world. Especially when you're very young and when a March wind is spraying you with sleet. And, if there is anything colder than a Montana wind in March, I've never found it.

I felt that queer sinking feeling which had come over me the day when I hit Akron and wandered around that railroad station waiting for the other boys. That time it was adventure mixed with a boy's natural fear at being on his own for the first time. In Butte it was still adventure, but mixed with desperation.

The members of the company shook hands, wished each other luck and separated. Most of them went directly to the telegraph office to send out calls for help. I thought of my father and the security of the life which would be waiting for me in Oklahoma. I wrote a wire to Dad. In fact, I wrote several wires, trying to make them very casual and unconcerned. Then I tore everyone of them up.

I hit Broadway in a drama called "Hawk Island." I have never been happier than in those days



I KNEW that I could never go back to the oil fields or a store in some little town. I couldn't admit to my father that I had failed. After all, I had told him with all a boy's bravado that I was capable of taking care of myself.

So I hung around the station until evening. Then I hopped a freight train and started for Portland, Oregon. A few months before I had happened to meet some people from Portland and I knew that, if I could manage to get there, I'd find a helping hand. The freight train was the only visible and practical means.

I landed in Portland at three o'clock in the morning, slept in the station until a reasonable hour and telephoned the people on whom I had pinned all my hopes. They had left town the week before for New York.

There was nothing to do then but to get out and find some kind of a job, anything, to earn money for some food and for a place to sleep. I shaved and cleaned up the best I could and started out. Lady Luck was with me. In one of the first places I landed, a little theatrical booking office, I heard about a company, leaving that evening for Astoria, a small fishing town.

I went down to see the manager and gave him a long song and dance about my experiences. He needed a heavy. I got the job. And that night I had the first square meal I had eaten for quite a long time.

THERE were no salaries paid in that outfit. It was run on the cooperative plan, share and share alike in the net proceeds. I stayed with them nine weeks. My largest weekly income was seven dollars and eighty cents and that was a big week. The smallest amount which we received was one dollar and thirty cents for an entire week of fourteen performances and two different plays.

But it was fun. Everyone in the troupe took the whole thing as a lark. Most of them were young and ready to laugh. I can remember walking down the street with the ingénue in the company, a peach of a girl, debating whether we should eat soup and coffee for dinner or pie and coffee. We took the pie because it looked so good and we had eaten so much soup. That was during the one dollar and thirty cent week.

Then the manager became ambitious and decided to go touring around the little towns in the neighborhood. That put the finishing touches on the company. We couldn't stand the gaff. So we all had one last bowl of soup on the general fund and parted. Once again I headed (*Continued on page* 128)

HIS WOMAN

A Paramount Picture.
Adapted by Adelaide Heilbron and Melville Baker.
From the novel, "The Sentimentalist," by Dale Collins.
Fictionized by Alma Talley.

THE harbor of Timarindo echoed with the shouts of sailors, the curses of stevedores loading ships with tropical fruits: bananas, oranges, dates, figs. Sirens hooted. The water lapped softly against the quay. And off in the town, the low bright-colored Spanish houses caught the last faint rays of the sun.

Captain Sam Whalen stood on the deck of his freighter, *The Christine,* bawling out orders to stevedores, cursing when they ceased work for a moment to mop perspiring brows, his fists ever ready to knock down anyone who displeased him. Captain Whalen, for all his handsome blue-eyed youthfulness, was a hard master, serving an even harder master, the wild and stormy seas.

"Coming ashore, Mr. Gatson?" he called to his Chief Officer. "All loaded?"

"All except Number 2 hold," said Gatson.

With a final bellow to the stevedores to keep working, Captain Whalen stepped into the dinghy with his first mate, took a long gulping swig from a bottle of gin and passed it on to Gatson.

THEIR dinghy rippled through the water, between barges discharging fruit to freighters bound for Europe, America, the Orient. From the shore, as the dinghy approached, came the sound of church bells, the calls of fruit vendors, the tinny noise of an old gramaphone. But Captain Whalen, swigging gin, did not even notice these noises, nor did he see the poorly clad woman who walked the steps of despair to the quay and slowly, carefully, deposited a large bundle in a rowboat anchored there.

Captain Whalen was preoccupied with thoughts of his own. A few hours on shore. Liquor. And women. His lusty male imagination could see already the lights of Alisandroe's, the honky-tonk of the port, could hear the soft Spanish music, could feel the caresses of women.

Captain Sam was a man among men, a devil among women.

He had had experience with men, experience with women; but when, hours later, he rowed himself back to his ship alone and saw a bundle of blankets in the

Sally lowered her lashes, from which she had wiped the mascara. Sam offered her the job of taking care of the nameless baby on his boat. "But," said Sally, suddenly demure, "on a freighter? With all those men?"

CAST

Sally Clark	*Claudette Colbert*
Capt. Sam Whalen	*Gary Cooper*
Gatson	*Averell Harris*
Alisandroe	*Douglas Dumbrille*
Maria Estella	*Raquel Davida*
Aloysious	*Hamtree Harrington*
Mark	*Sidney Easton*
Baby	*Richard Spiro*
Agent	*Joe Spurin Calleia*
Capt. of Schooner	*Lon Hascal*
Mr. Morrisey	*Herschel Mayall*
Customs' Inspector	*Harry Davenport*
Gertrude	*Betty Garde*
Flo	*Charlotte Wynters*
Doctor	*John T. Doyle*

rowboat beside him, which suddenly began to howl, he realized that he was about to have his first experience with a baby.

"Mark. Aloysius," he called, as he seized his ship's rope ladder. The ship's two colored boys poked their black faces over the rail. "Someone has left a baby in this boat."

With male clumsiness, he lifted the baby up the rope ladder. Under the light in the cabin, he saw the note pinned to the blankets. "Please be good to baby and take him to states. His father inglishe sailor who go away. Mother go away now because no more money."

Sam looked at the baby. "Got to get him ashore," he said, out of his inexperience with babies. But the baby looked up and gurgled. It crooked a tiny finger about his own. And then Sam knew he could not put the baby ashore, that tomorrow, when he sailed for the States, the baby would sail too. The only problem was to get someone who would know how to take care of it.

THAT is how it happened that Sally Clark, dropping in next day at a shipping agent's on the quay, overheard a strange request for a woman to ship on a freighter as nurse for a little baby.

Sally had just come from Trinidad. Before that she had just come from Cristobal. For Sally was a girl about town—about too many towns. Sally was a derelict, flotsam tossed about by life.

She had hoped to find a job, as entertainer, in Timarindo. But Alisandroe, proprietor of the honky-tonk café, had only laughed at her. But through him she had received the letter from a girl friend which said: "Saw Danny last week. He said everything's O. K. now. No reason you can't come back to New York. We're in with a great bunch now and the pickings are swell."

She was Sal of Singapore, drifting in from nowhere. She had known too many ports, too many men, too little love

He was Capt. Sam Whalen, who took his women where he found them, until he found an abandoned baby and looked for a baby's nurse

"Captain told me about your being a missionary's daughter," said Gatson. "I had an idea I'd seen you before." "You couldn't have," said Sally. "No?" said Gatson, "Well, I'll be around"

Back to New York! No reason she couldn't go back—except that she had no money.

She didn't know what she hoped for, by going to the shipping agent's office. She only knew that, tired of being an outcast in strange spiggoty parts, she must somehow try to get back to New York, where "the pickings were swell." So she stood in the anteroom of the agent's office and listened to the extraordinary errand of the customer inside.

"I told you," the customer bellowed, "I wanted a decent woman, not a tramp like that."

Patiently the agent spoke of the difficulty of getting such a woman for a freighter, but he promised to try again now. Sally heard the door close after him as he went out on to the quay.

"A decent woman," the customer had said.

SALLY removed her tawdry earrings. She wiped off her mascara, her lip rouge, the exaggerated color in her cheeks. And she strolled into the inner office, where the customer sat alone.

"Why didn't he tell me about you?" said the amazed customer.

"About me?" said Sally, "I came in to see about sailing to New York. I heard a boat was leaving tonight. But I didn't know whether they'd take a passenger. I mean"—she lowered her brown eyes—"a girl—alone."

"Say!" Sam plunged his gin bottle into his pocket.

"I'm from Trinidad," said Sally. "My father was a missionary there and he—" her voice choked—"he died. I hoped to get a boat from here to New York."

"Gee," said Sam, "this is a break for me all right." And he told her about the baby, the already so dear little baby that must be taken care of—and Sally was just the girl to do it.

"But,'" she protested, "on a freighter? With all those men?"

Captain Sam was a man among men, a devil among women. He rushed into the fight because he wouldn't let a man like Alisandroe get away with anything

Sam arose to his full height of six feet three. "You'll be as safe on my boat as on a liner," he said.

CAPTAIN SAM was a man of his word. On the boat she heard him, as she sat in the cabin with the baby, bellowing forth at his men.

"Nobody's going to speak to her—not even look at her. She's a decent girl. She ain't used to swearing. And the first guy that makes any passes at her will get his head knocked loose."

Sally smiled to herself. She looked down at the baby in her lap, sucking milk from a well-scalded beer bottle through a nipple made of a finger of a rubber surgical glove. The baby, the words of Captain Sam, made her feel suddenly contented, and very, very touched. And suddenly, too, she felt ashamed.

When the baby had fallen asleep in his cradle improvised from barrel staves, she folded cloths into diapers. Sally, who had not worked in years, found this a labor of love. She didn't know why. Sally, of the alleys of lurid seaport cities, felt the first faint stirrings of a wish for only one path—the straight and narrow. And all because of the respect of one man, the affection of one little baby.

But, though one man respected her, there was another who eyed her very shrewdly. Gatson, the first mate, loomed up in her doorway. Startled, she recognized him. Two habitués of many ports recognizing each other.

"CAPTAIN was telling me about you," said Gatson, and something in his pig eyes warned her to look for trouble. "Said you was a missionary's daughter. I had an idea I'd seen you somewhere before."

"You couldn't have," said Sally.

"I s'pose not. Must have been some other girl in Cristobal. Sure looked like you, though."

"I've never been in Cristobal."

"No? Nor in Port au Prince for instance? I remember buying drinks there for a girl. She looked like you, too. Listen, Sally, suppose we quit kidding."

(*Continued on page* 114)

Lew Ayres isn't extravagant. He isn't greedy. In his recent contract quarrel with Universal he was called both. But Lew has his own ideas about money. New and startling, here they are in his own words

Why I Want to Be Rich

By LEW AYRES

FOR some reason or other it's not considered quite nice to talk about money.

I've never understood why. Money may be the root of all evil, as some people argue, but the lack of it, it seems to me, is the root of most of the world's unhappiness.

That's why I'm not ashamed to admit I want to be rich. I want to be rich because I want to be happy. I'm primarily interested in pictures as a means of expression, but I'm also interested in them as a means of earning a living. If the public keeps on liking me, I shall become rich. I'll keep right on working when that time comes. The only difference will be that I won't have to play any sappy part that comes along. I'll be free then to do as I like. But my wish to have money goes even deeper than that. Let me do a cut-back into my life and tell you the whole story.

Just recently, as you know, I've been married to Lola Lane, the girl I've been engaged to, off and on, ever since I first began paying attention to any girls in Hollywood. If Lola and I were afraid of marriage for a long time—though we were always very much in love—it's no wonder. We both had childhood memories of the unhappy marriages we had seen.

When I was four or five years old my mother and father separated. I'll go to my grave believing that if we had had more money, they would still be living together. Father never made an awful lot. In fact, it was awful little. That's no reflection on him. Some men have a faculty for making money and some haven't. He was one of those who haven't.

Well, we lived in a tiny little place and mother and dad were always under each other's feet. Dad used to love to thump the piano and it nearly drove mother crazy. There was really no reason why he shouldn't have played it if he wanted to, but, on the other hand, there was no reason mother wasn't entitled to quiet if she wanted it. Our home was too small to permit both.

Now, if dad had had more money, he could have said to mother, "We're beginning to get on each other's nerves. You take a trip for a week or two and I'll have a good time pounding the piano. By the time you get back I'll be tired of it and we'll both be ready to settle down again."

But he couldn't make a gesture like that. So they had to stick it out and they got more and more on each other's nerves, until finally they reached the breaking point and separated.

I'VE been raised—literally—in a school of hard knocks. Until recently I've never had any money to speak of and it's because of that I've learned the value of a dollar. A dollar doesn't sound like much, but when you stop to think there are a hundred pennies in a dollar it takes on a different value.

Later on, when I was old enough to go to school, we were still in straitened circumstances. I used to get a dollar and a quarter a week for spending money and that had to cover carfare to and from school, desserts for lunch, movies and, in fact, all my amusements and expenses except clothes. It didn't go very far, I can tell you.

In the year or two I fiddled around Hollywood trying to get into pictures there was never a time when I had $5 all in a lump. There was a whole year when I didn't have a single date because I couldn't afford it. I couldn't play tennis or golf because I couldn't afford it. There were times when I lived on fifteen cents a day in order to make my money last.

Lew after going through two years of living on an average of fifteen cents a day, got his big break—and $250 a week—in "All Quiet." That's Louis Wolheim, of beloved memory, with him

I used to stick my head in the door of the Cocoanut Grove or the Blossom Room to watch people dancing and laughing, but that was as close as I got. It seems to me now that most of my life I've been on the outside looking in. I made up my mind if I ever got a decent job I was not going to go haywire; I'd save enough to insure myself a steady income so I'd never have to pinch pennies again.

The funny part of it all is now I can afford to indulge myself and I have no desire to own an extensive wardrobe or be a habitué of any of the night clubs. I've only been to two premières in my life.

When you're young it's awfully easy to get into the habit of a big car, a chauffeur, servants around the house, lots of clothes, taking a crowd here and there. That would be all (*Continued on page* 110)

Lew and his new bride, Lola Lane. Lew doesn't want love in a cottage. He watched it in his parents' case and saw it didn't work

He breaks all the rules of good interviewing, this Morris guy

Other Stars *and* Chester Morris

By SAMUEL RICHARD MOOK

I DON'T like Chester Morris. He gives me a pain in the neck. There are a lot of things about him that rile me.

For one thing, it's absolutely against all the rules of Hollywood society for anyone to be perfectly frank and honest. But Chester is. If he has something on his mind, instead of smiling to your face and expressing himself more forcibly than politely behind your back, he'll come right up to you, regardless of who is present or where you happen to be, and say, "What the deuce do you mean by writing such and such a thing?" Or, if it happens to be something you've *said* instead of written, he'll say, "Where the devil do *you* get off saying anything like that about me? Where'd you get your dope?"

Now, when things are handled in the good old Hollywood manner, the Injured Party goes around to your friends, telling how he's been double-crossed, and the friends come back to you and say, "So and So is sore. He heard you said or wrote such and such," and you think up a good alibi and finally go the I. P. and explain everything—to your own satisfaction, if not to his.

But when things are handled in Chester's way, it sort of knocks you off your pins because you haven't time to think up the alibi and you can make up your mind you're in for a bad half hour.

Of course, the Hollywood way, these things drag on for weeks and months sometimes before everything is settled, and the way Chester does it, it's all over pretty quick and he forgets about it after that. But still——

THEN there's that little matter of a star's position and dignity. You like to think of them as being aloof and glamorous and all that. Chester isn't. He's as plain and unassuming as last year's hat.

Some stars go a little grand and invite people to their parties whose names will look well in the society columns and hire a bodyguard and all that sort of thing.

Chester invites whom he pleases, and as likely as not when you arrive he'll greet you with "For Pete's sake! Are you here again?"

Just to give you an idea of what a star *should* be like, take the case of John McCormack, the Irish tenor. During the making of "Song O' My Heart," he placed himself in position against a piano to sing. The lights had been focused on a spot six inches to one side of where he stood. But do you think John would move those six inches? Not he. He was a star. *He* knew what was what. He leaned smilingly against the piano for an hour while sweating electricians moved heavy lights to focus on him where he stood, very dignified.

CHESTER won't act like that, at all, at all. When the camera men are ready to shoot a scene, if a light is out of focus, he'll grab hold of it and help the electricians shift it into position so they can get through with the scene quicker.

Take Ruth Chatterton. She hasn't been in pictures any longer than Chester has, but *she*, too, knows what's what. A visitor on her set can hear her lilting voice calling, "Ingebord, Oh, Ingebord, my make-up case, please." Or one can watch her arriving grandly on the set while Ingebord trails behind under a load of clothes.

Chester hasn't sense enough to do that. Not long ago I was over at Catalina Island when he was on location there with the "Corsair" company. The studio had supplied him with a valet for the picture. Chester watched him struggle down to the boat the first morning with six or seven changes of costume. The second morning, with no sense of his position, he said—right out in front of everybody—"You can't carry all that stuff, let me have some of it," and *he* hauled half of it down. And that's the way he acted all the time. Finally the production manager on the picture, in a fit of exasperation, demanded of him, "Say, Chester, is Eddie working for you or are you working for him? I just wanted to know so I can adjust the payroll."

Chester was thoroughly abashed, as well he might have been—but he kept hold of his load of clothes and, what's more, he continued hauling them down there all the while they were on location.

MOST stars have one form of greeting for executives and directors and a totally different tone of voice for bit players, prop men, etc. That's as it should be and enables visitors on the set to know, without having to ask, who's important and who isn't.

But this Morris guy can't seem to learn that. He'll greet his valet or the fourth assistant camera man in exactly the same tone he'll use to Sam Goldwyn or Joe Schenck. It makes it all very confusing.

Until recently when they cut the admission for premières down to $3.00, it was an unwritten law that all stars and featured players must attend. Of course, important stars like Barthelmess and Garbo could skip one once in a while, but none of the lesser or newer ones could afford to. Tashman, Lowe, Swanson, Farrell, Gaynor—the whole tribe of them—were almost as much of a fixture at a première as the lights and the announcer. But not Chester. In the three years I've known him, I don't think I've seen him at but one—and that time he attended because the studio asked him to.

AND, of course, everyone knows that after you've "arrived," staying home nights is simply out of the question. You must be seen constantly—if not at the Grove or the Blossom Room or Embassy—at least at all the large parties that are given.

But do you think Mr. and Mrs. Chester Morris go out? Oh, you do, eh? Well, you're crazy. If someone they particularly like happens to be having a few friends in, Chester and Sue will appear—and have a swell time. And so will everyone else, because they're grand company. But if the party is given by someone in whom they aren't interested, there's as much chance of their showing up—regardless of who throws the brawl—as there is of the Prince of Wales attending a christening of the ex-Kaiser's sixty-seventh grandchild.

If you really want a squint at Chet and Sue, hang around the smaller picture houses on Hollywood Boulevard and you're pretty sure to catch them about one night a week buying their tickets.

And that business of going into the picture houses is another instance of Chester's lack of taste and judgment. Nobody likes to stand in line—picture stars least of all—and they don't do it. They'll walk boldly up to the doorman, ask for the manager and then explain that they feel uncomfortable standing in line—everybody stares so, you know—and could he please slip them in. He can—and does—and usually the stars neglect to buy tickets first.

But not this fish, Morris. He'll stand in line if it's a block long, assuming that he isn't known and has no more rights than any of the others waiting to get in. And if a few people recognize him and stare, he firmly believes they're staring because they think he's funny looking.

Other nights, he and his wife will sit home, perfectly satisfied and contented with each other's company.

THEN there's that little matter of idiosyncrasies. If one of our pampered little darlings happens to have a wakeful hour or two during the night, she—or he—will come moaning on the set next morning, vowing, "I didn't sleep a wink all night," and it will be repeated at intervals during the day until everyone on the set—including visitors—is properly impressed and sympathetic.

Chester happens to suffer from insomnia. But I doubt if six people in Hollywood outside of his wife know it. He'll pace the floor for hours, (*Continued on page* 117)

Dangerous *at* Seventeen

Marian Marsh is One of those Beautiful, Sweet, Innocent Sophisticates Who Slay Men—and Other Women

By DORA ALBERT

I HAD called up the press agent to ask him some fool question about what Marian Marsh's next picture was going to be or something like that.

"You can't put too much stress on that girl," he said. "I used to think she was just a cutie. Then I saw 'Five Star Final' and wow!"

Now I'm not pretending that everything that press agents say is the gospel truth. There are press agents *and* press agents. There are the ones who'll admit, when they're pressed, that little Miss Angelic So and So is So-and-So. There are the ones who won't admit anything. And there are the one's who'll try to befuddle and bamboozle you, swearing that all their players are geniuses and all their pictures are works of art.

This happened to be one of those press agents you can trust. So when Marian Marsh came to New York on a vacation, I grabbed my hat, left my typewriter standing uncovered, dashed for the elevator and then dashed for a taxi.

MARIAN MARSH was posing for fashion pictures in one of the most exclusive shops in New York. She had already seen The Little Show (she adores Beatrice Lillie, who was in it), and she wasn't scheduled to visit Grant's Tomb till the next day, so all she had to do in the meanwhile was to whirl around from Milgrim's to Hickson's trying on their latest fashions from Paris—golden brocades, lace that would tremble at your touch, and blue gowns that were a dream.

The first thing that struck me about Marian Marsh was the girl's absolute ease of manner.

They swear that she is seventeen. She *looks* seventeen. But such poise, such calm, such innocent sophistication!

She looks as if nothing could fluster her. She isn't conceited, but she has tremendous self-possession.

She put on and took off ermine wraps worth thousands and thousands of dollars with all the ease in the world.

You'd expect a young girl like that to be excited by the novelty of success. You'd expect her to be nervous and a little awed.

She isn't any of these things.

WHILE the wardrobe woman fluttered about her in the dressing room and asked her this, that and the other thing, and while I asked her that, this and the other thing, she calmly changed from cobwebby red lace to blue brocade, and from blue brocade to a thing of gold with flounces and bustles—all the time answering the volley of questions that came from both of us.

"How did you acquire all this self-possession at seventeen?" I asked breathlessly.

"Do you want antique or modern jewelry with this?" asked the wardrobe woman.

"I think antique would be best, don't you?"

And then, turning to me with a faintly amused smile in her blue-gray eyes, "I guess I was born this way."

"But people can't be born that way," I protested.

"Your black slippers will go best with this," said the wardrobe woman.

"Yes, it's hard to wear slippers you're not used to," said Marian. "Don't you think I have too much jewelry on?"

"No, I think you need the jewelry to set the dress off," said the wardrobe woman.

FRYER

Marian Marsh on top of the world, or more exactly on top of New York, giving the big town the once-over. It doesn't scare her. She knows she's conquered it

"I WAS shy as a child," said Marian to me. "I guess I just grew out of it.

"For one thing I always go out with people who are older than I am. All my friends are about thirty or thirty-five. Young people are so—young."

"Do you go out much with boys?" I asked.

"No," said Marian. "A year ago I was interested in them. Now I'm not. Sometimes I almost dislike them."

"What?" I gasped.

"Don't you sometimes feel annoyed with people, especially the opposite sex? Don't you ever feel like saying, 'Oh, men—pouf, pouf!'

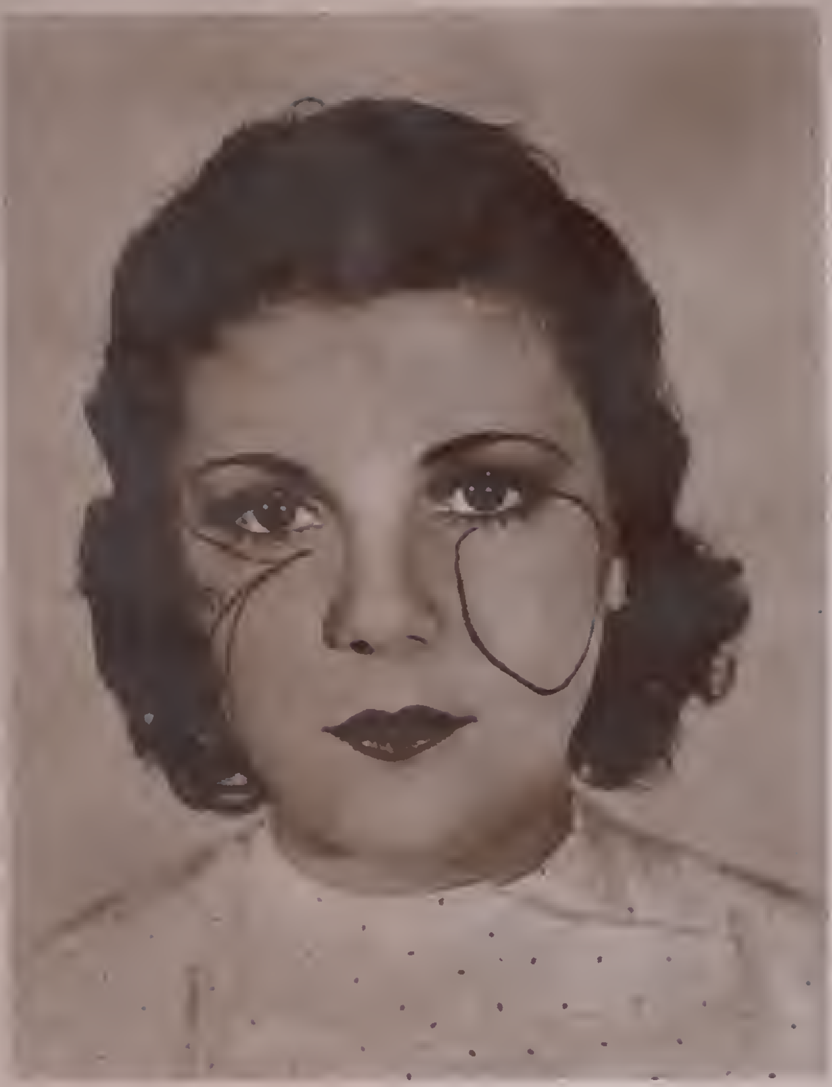
"You just happened to catch me on a day when I do."

Just at present, anyway, her career comes first in Marian's life.

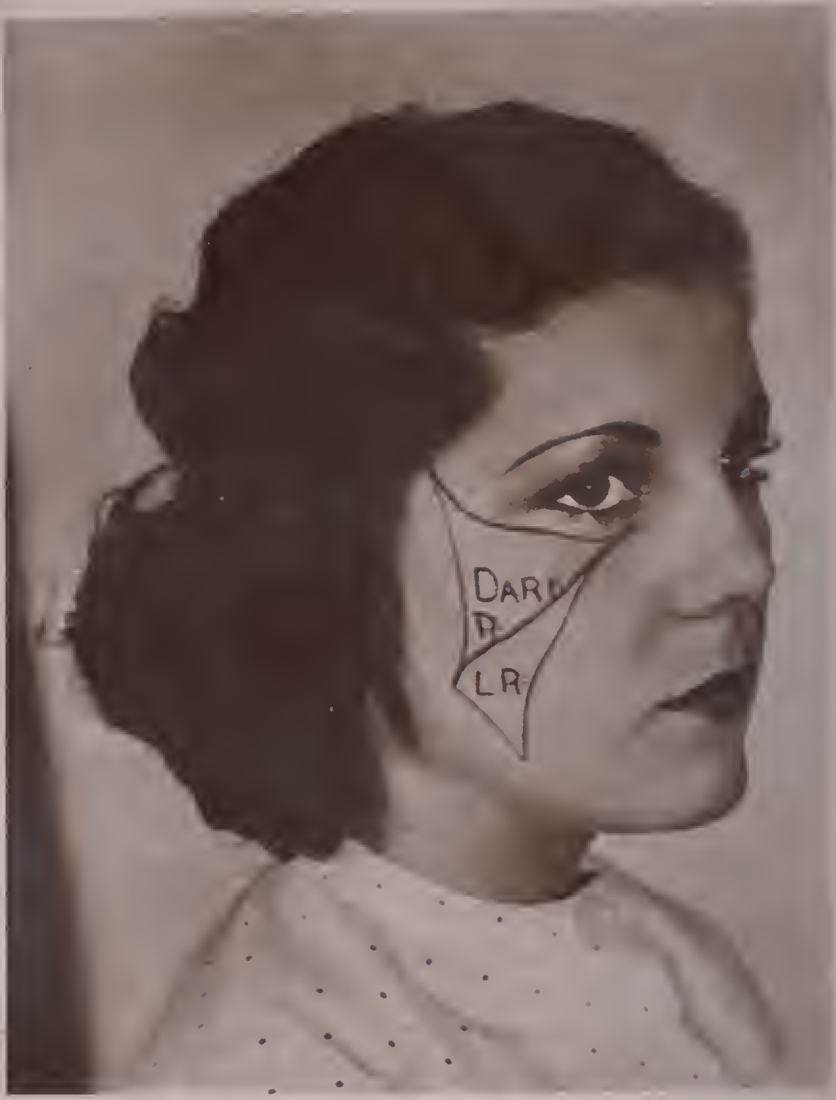
You probably thought when you saw her in "Svengali," that she was making her début in that picture. We all got the idea at first that Marian Marsh was a sort of Cinderella newly sprung upon the world.

SHE isn't. For two years she's been haunting studios, taking tests, being signed up under contract — and then waiting and waiting and waiting. She's been an extra and played bits, but the hardest thing she or any player has had to face is this interminable waiting for parts that never come.

(*Continued on page* 125)



(Figure 1) Here are two contrasting ways of applying rouge. Which is right for your face?



(Figure 2) Are you a fat face? Dark rouge above, light rouge below will overcome it

Do You Want a New Face?

Learn How to Apply Rouge and You Can Remodel Your Whole Expression

Note: This is the second article by Perc Westmore, President of the Motion Picture Studio Make-up Artists' Association, and one of the most expert make-up men in Hollywood, on everyday make-up for the American girl. Last month, Mr. Westmore's advice dealt with eyes and how to make the most of them. This month, he tells about How to Use Rouge. Little Ruth Hall of Warners-First National put on six different make-ups just to show for this article what make-up changes will do.

By PERC WESTMORE

YOU might not believe it, but rouging your cheeks and painting a fire engine amount to exactly the same thing! But oh, lady, lady—how differently they have to be done.

It's like this.

Why is it that when a fire engine comes down the street even through heavy traffic, you can see it blocks away? Because it's painted red. And why do they paint fire engines red? So that you can see them coming blocks away.

Now take a girl. Working on the very same principle that paints fire engines red—namely, that red is an attraction to the eye—girls rouge their cheeks to attract attention to their beauty. Figuratively speaking, so that they can be seen a block away. But not, my dears, for the same purpose that they paint fire engines red. That's so you can run away from the fire engines.

As a matter of fact, red, according to scientific test, is the color most discernible to the human eye at the greatest distance. That's why danger lights are always red.

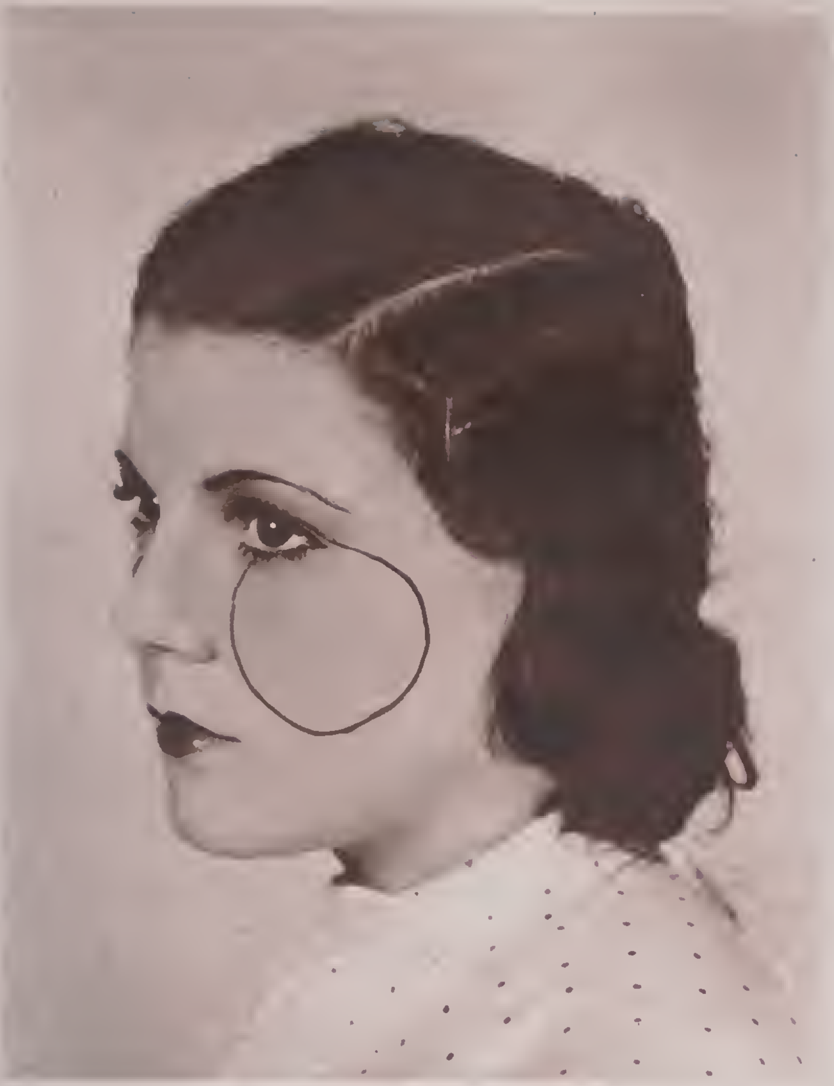
All right, then—now we have red both as an attraction to the eye, and as a danger color. And red rouge can be either attractive or dangerous——

When applied subtly, cleverly, intelligently, and with an understanding of the fundamental rules of make-up, it enhances loveliness. But when smeared on, sloppily applied, wrongly placed, sharply outlined, overdone, it looks shabby, cheap, unattractive.

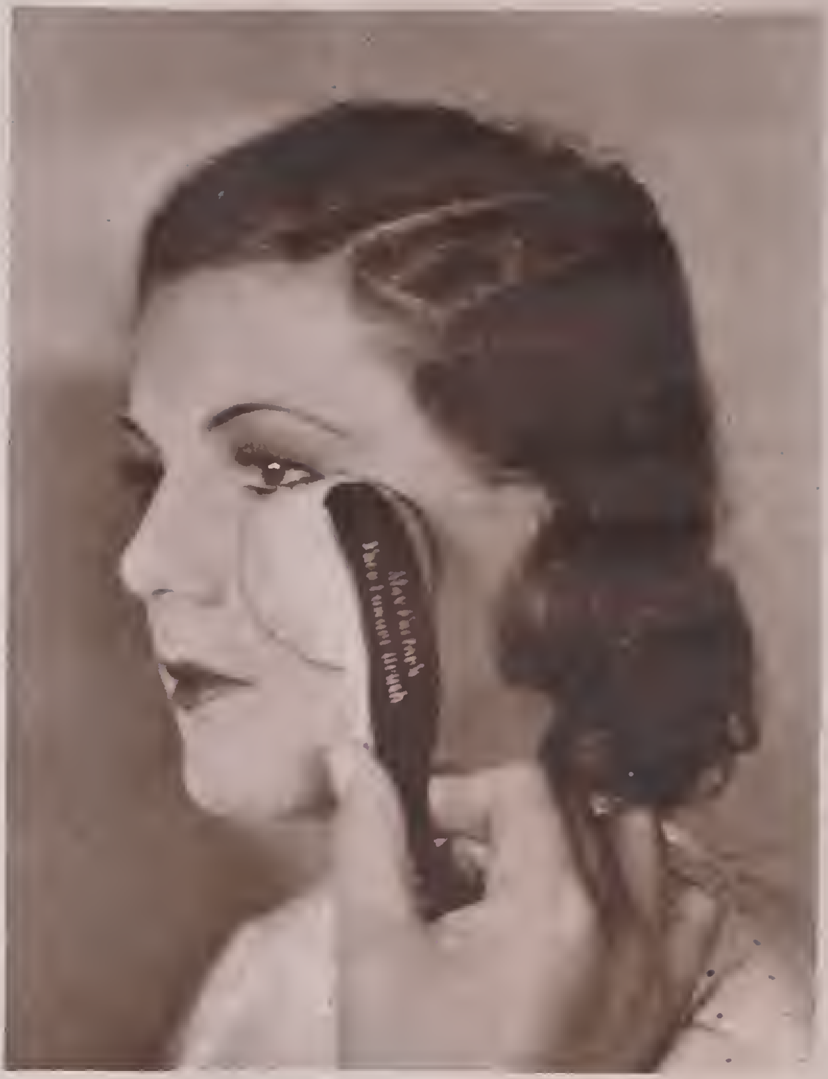
And never forget this greatest rule: BETTER WEAR NO ROUGE AT ALL THAN TOO MUCH.

The old-fashioned manner of rouging was to apply the color in a V-shape. It was known among cosmeticians as just that—a "V."

Since those days, however, beauty culture has gone a-studying. Much attention has been applied to all its branches, and by no means least to the proper methods of applying color to the cheeks. Definite laws have been



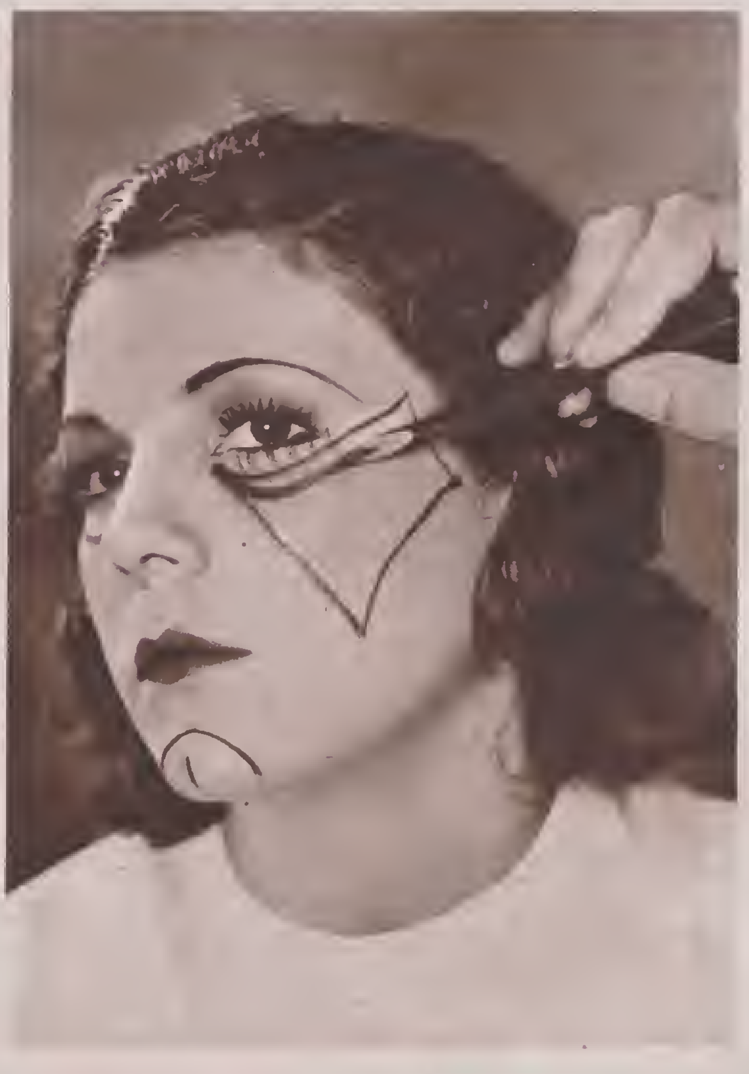
(Figure 3) The thin faced girl must always apply rouge in a circle. Don't let the circles show on your face like this, however



(Figure 4) The circles shown are merely guides to help you. After applying rouge, as illustrated, blend it gently into the powder

set down as a result of this research—just as painstaking as scientific research in any other field. And its findings are just as definite.

ONE of the first rules is that the girl with fat cheeks should rouge in an entirely different manner from the girl with thin cheeks. Now look at the illustrations—Figure 1. Here pretty Ruth Hall, young actress at Warner Brothers-First National studios, shows, by means of lines I have drawn on her face, the contrasting effects of the rouge methods to be followed by the thin-faced and the fat-faced girl. You can see at a glance that one of Ruth's cheeks appears fatter than the other in this picture. It really isn't—she's lovely symmetry itself, this girl. But the illusion is produced by the lines.



(Figure 5) Two rouge tricks—to hide rings under the eyes and to diminish a too prominent chin

Now then, my ladies—you do not want to paint LINES on your cheeks to gain these effects—but you can and do use ROUGE. Now this illustrates the point I'm making so strongly here—because it's important. It is absolutely necessary to know just where to apply rouge to make yourself most attractive. You can't just daub it some place on your cheek and let it go at that.

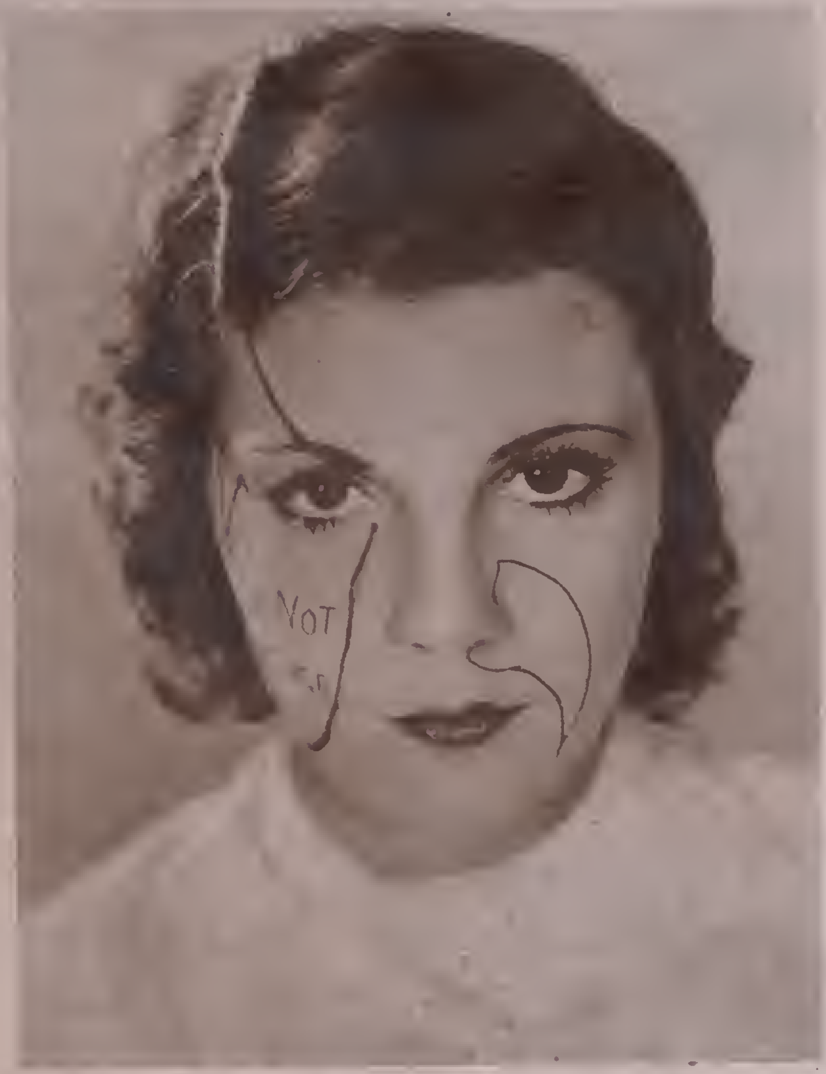
Before I go into further detail, let me warn you not to be a bit misled by these illustrations. Naturally, you must not rouge sharply in these outlines. These outlines merely indicate the general area to be rouged. But the outline of the rouge must be imperceptibly blended into the complexion, so that there is not the slightest indication of even the faintest line any place to mark where the rouge ends. Remember that always. The best method is to apply rouge with a rouge brush, with a circular movement.

Now, to amplify Figure 1, let's look at Figures 2 and 3, the *tri-circle* and the *circle* methods, respectively called.

Figure 2 shows how the full-faced girl can make her cheeks look less fat. Let her apply a dark shade of rouge to the highest point of her cheek bone, blending it carefully into a lighter shade on the lower part of her cheek. Be careful again that there is no line left to show the demarcation between the two shades of rouge. Blend, blend, blend, always. The effect of this rouging method will be to reduce fat cheeks in appearance and counteract the effect of high cheek bones and possible hollow cheeks.

Figure 3 is for the thin-faced girl; the circle method. The line shows the approximate area within which the rouge is to be kept, and also, of course, the circle shape. If you have hollow cheeks, you should also use, as in the previous case, a darker shade of rouge on the upper part of your cheek and a lighter on the lower—but retain the circle method.

Figure 4 brings us to a discussion of the mechanics of rouge-application. Here Ruth Hall is shown using one of the new rouge-brushes just perfected by Max Factor, which, handled in a circular motion, achieves a perfect blending of rouge more effectively than with the hands, cotton, or chamois, or what do you use?



(Figure 6) ***These are don't. Don't rouge around the nostrils or cheek lines***

MANY women make the mistake of applying their powder-foundation (either a cold cream, a liquid, or astringent), and then immediately over that, a dry rouge. This is wrong. It is wrong because the dry powder mixes with the foundation and becomes moist rouge. It then rubs into the pores, and creates large pores and other skin troubles, as well as a less becoming make-up.

The correct method is this: First apply your powder-foundation. Second, apply the powder over the whole face. And then, and not until then, apply the rouge. After the rouge is properly applied, as per the rules in this article, more powder is laid over it, and the entire effect neatly toned by light brushing with a face-powder brush or puff.

Figure 5 shows how to reduce the uncomely effect of dark circles under the eyes. The heavy line of the pencil shows this dark line, and indicates the point where milady goes to work to nullify its effect.

Be very careful in selecting your rouge. It must have a brown base, and it might be wise to consult a beauty expert when selecting the type for the first time.

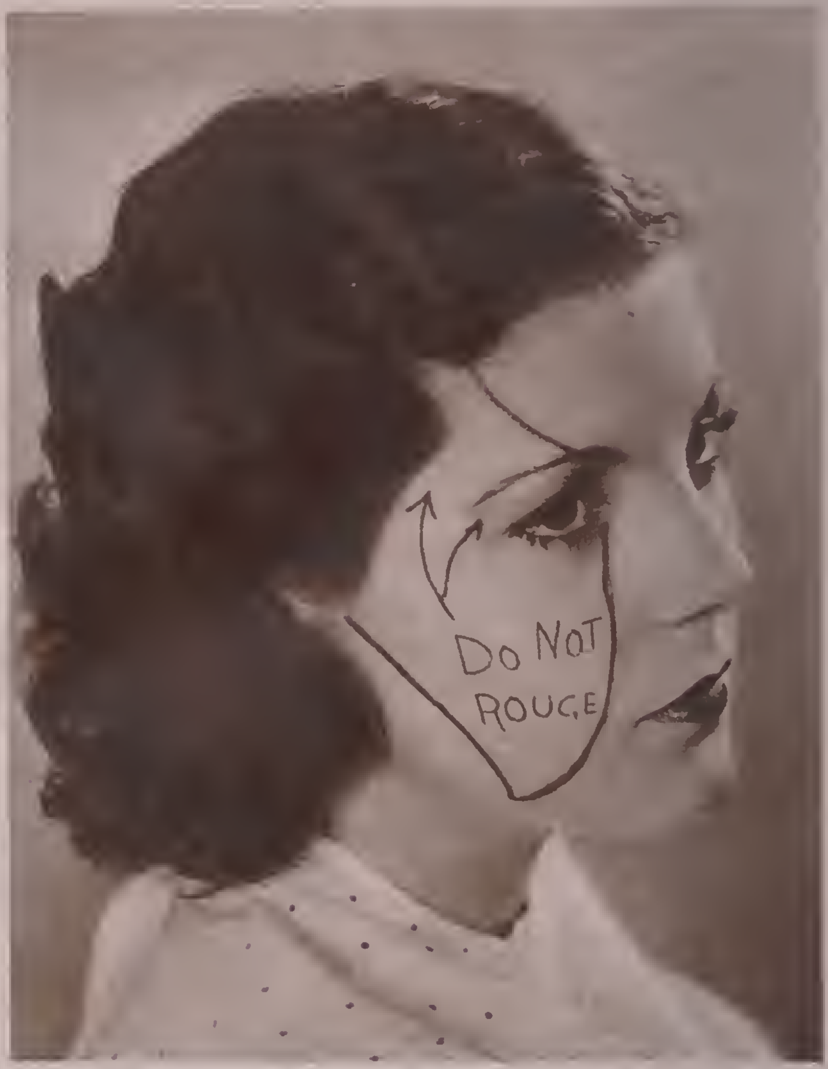
APPLY with this brown base rouge in a narrow strip along the unwanted dark line under your eye. Let it run above and a bit further below the line. And don't forget to blend. Then use your regular face rouge in the rest of the area indicated by the large rectangle, and blend your brown-base rouge carefully in. You'll be surprised how much you can do to get rid of those tell-tale lines under your eyes with this method!

On Figure 5, also, there is an indication of what territory to use for the woman who wants to use rouge on her chin. Only the woman with a prominent chin should use it, and even she very sparingly. As a general rule, my advice would be to avoid rouge on the chin.

Figures 6 and 6-A show where not to rouge. There are areas on the face which rouge must never touch, for various reasons. Around the nostrils and along the line from the nose-tip to the lips, rouge would be moistened and absorbed by oil and perspiration, and would become unsightly, merely accentuating lines which should not be plain. And to use rouge above the eyes or on the temples makes you look too peevish, and the boy friend may get scared. You've probably noted that when a person angers quickly, a flush creeps over the temples and above the eye, indicating temper. Well, rouge used here would produce the indication—and who wants to be thought too quick-tempered?

And here are a few important general points in conclusion:

Do not use a rouge with a blue cast. It will give a cold appearance, unlifelike and repellent instead of attractive.



(Figure 6A) ***Don't rouge above the eyes or brows unless you want to look mean***

Never use rouge direct on powder-foundation. It will become moist and lodge in the pores.

Pick out rouge to harmonize with your skin's color values. If you are good at colors, you can easily do this. If not, it would pay to consult an expert once, and then follow his advice subsequently.

Remember that rouge is an attraction, not a HIGHLIGHT.

Box Office----1931

WHAT does the public want?

Here are seven different answers, the seven greatest box-office pictures of the year as made by the seven greatest companies in the motion picture industry. Here are the pictures that the public, the fan enthusiasts, made most popular; proved them their choice by spending the most money on them.

Look them over and note one amazing thing—there is no one type of picture to which the crowd flocked. You can't say it was this "type" of picture or that. You can say one thing, however. The pictures and the performances that touched the emotions were the ones that got the gold.

For instance, there was "Daddy Long Legs," Fox's big hit of 1931, as charming a Cinderella story as was ever told, with Janet Gaynor playing an orphan, and Warner Baxter playing opposite her. The picture proved Janet a star even without her team-mate, Charlie Farrell. "Daddy Long Legs" had humor, pathos, charm and young love. The public took it big.

Romance? No. Thrills? You bet. "Dracula," the horror picture, was Universal's greatest box-office hit for 1931. No stars in it but that didn't matter

A love picture, yes indeed-y, but such wicked, sophisticated love! Maurice Chevalier, with the twinkling Miriam Hopkins and the beautiful Claudette Colbert opposite him, was at his naughtiest and nicest in "The Smiling Lieutenant," Paramount's pet picture

"The Front Page," a newspaper drama, with only a so-so cast, Menjou, Mary Brian, Pat O'Brien. Not great names. Very little love. But action, humor, and grand performances. United Artists scored with it

HATTIE BURNS
MAYOR

M-G-M has Garbo, Shearer, Crawford, Haines, Montgomery, Davies, Novarro, Gilbert. Great box-office names those and they've been in great pictures during 1931. Romantic young people, that set, and yet it wasn't any one of them in their glittering stellar vehicles who got the biggest box-office money for their firm. Two funny old girls got it—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, two old girls without looks, without "IT", but with acting ability, drama and simple humanity etched by life upon their faces.

The picture was "Politics."

Why did the public flock to it? Well, it was funny for one thing. It was a tear jerker, too, and when you add tears to laughter you've got something the crowd adores.

THE higher-brow critics panned it. They didn't like its being a combination of comedy, tragedy, and a gangster plot. They looked down their noses and said, "This is just a Hollywood version of an old Greek comedy. The Greeks wouldn't have treated it that way." Which didn't stop the public for five minutes. They knew what they wanted. They knew that Dressler-Moran comedies gave it to them and that this one was even better than most of that team's output. The public might have pointed out that the original Greek dramatists wrote for just such crowds in Greece as go to movies in America today—just the average man and woman, girl and boy. But they couldn't be bothered. They were too busy having a good time.

STILL, the emphasis in the motion picture business is always put on stellar pictures. That's as it should be. Stellar pictures are like trade-marked products. Certain names are guarantees of entertainment. In proportion to a star's entertainment value is his box-office value. Call it glamour, or beauty, or sex appeal, or what you like. It all boils down to whether or not the star, or the production, have the power to make the world, for an hour or so, seem to us more amusing, more delightful, more romantic and—yes, even more noble—than usual.

The public will pay for pictures that do that, go to see them wherever they're shown. In that way it pays stellar salaries; builds stars into personages; makes anything possible. Sometimes the exhibitors—that is the men who run the theatres that show the pictures—kick about star salaries, protest because an expensive star means a higher price to show that star's productions.

Recently they've been kicking about Constance Bennett's salary. Turn the page and see what Bennett pictures did in 1931.

When Warner Bros. hired Constance Bennett for five weeks a year at a higher wage than has ever been paid for a like time before, the other movie magnates thought Warners were taking a terrible gamble. Warners had Arliss, Barrymore and others. But little Missy Bennett proceeded to make "Bought," with Ben Lyon, and made the firm their biggest money

RKO-Pathe's big-money picture for the year was a Connie Bennett romance, "The Common Law," with Joel McCrea as leading man. And Fox's second-best picture of 1931 was a 1930 picture, still playing, "Common Clay," with Miss Bennett. So figure for yourself if the girl is worth all she earns

Second Fiddle *Preferred*

Leila Hyams Knows All the Secrets of Popularity With Men

By MYRTLE GEBHART

WOULD you rather be the ideal leading woman opposite a male star or a star in your own right?

Leila Hyams chose the former. She preferred for herself the rôle of "second fiddle."

That she has succeeded is evident in the clamor for her as leading lady by the M-G-M heroes. When several new films are being cast simultaneously, the scramble for her services resembles a football rush.

She has played opposite all of the actors on the lot except Novarro and Tibbett. She is a trifle too tall for Ramon. And she just hasn't had time to get around to Tibbett yet.

She prefers to be a popular lead rather than to build her career toward stellar honors. There is a greater chance of permanence in relegating herself somewhat to the background, she thinks. Her heritage of show-business acumen has sized up the situation, and she figures that a steady job in a more obscure position is better than a quick flight to a glory that may wane in a day.

Leila Hyams plays "second fiddle"—and likes it. She learned worldly shrewdness early. Cradled in a trunk, on the stage when she was three weeks old, she toddled along with her mother, Leila McIntyre, of the vaudeville team of Hyams and McIntyre, when she was just a babe

So, while other girls dream of attaining the Pickford prestige and the Swanson sheen, Leila deliberately cultivates all the graces that will make her *secondary*, but that will cause leading-ladying to prosper. She is game, standing any difficulties like a good sport. Her company need not fear temperamental outbursts. Instead of proclaiming her "rights," if any, she forgets them.

"A swell girl and a competent actress," Bill Haines describes her.

"A great girl! Every member of the company and crew is for her," said Wallace Beery.

Adolphe Menjou suavely paid his respects to her charm —that indefinable quality.

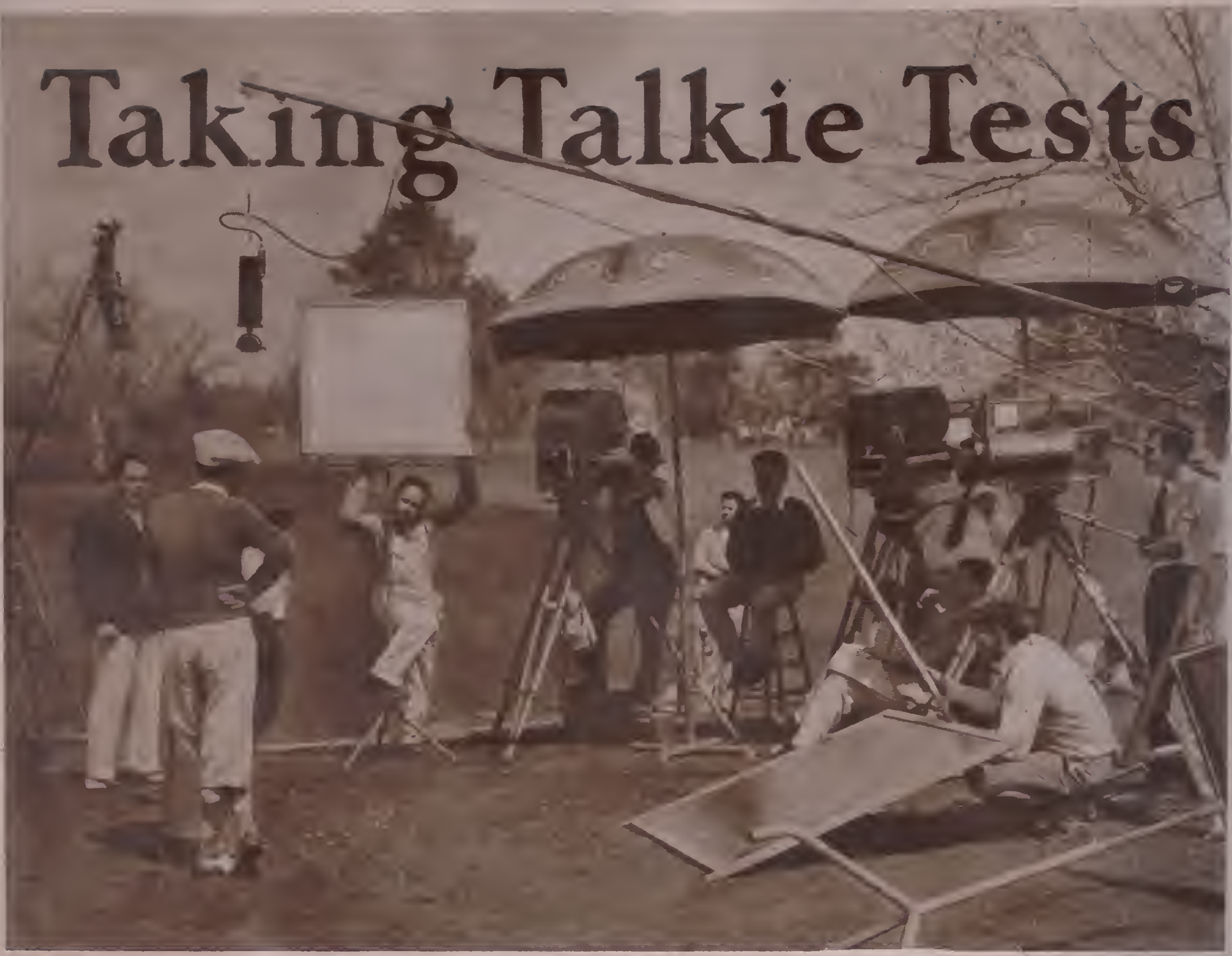
"Personally fascinating and professionally skilled," Bob Montgomery summarized for me the reasons for her popularity on the M-G-M lot.

IT remained for John Gilbert, however, to analyze most thoroughly those Hyams qualities so in demand among men: "She is every actor's ideal of a screen heroine. During our three pictures together, her even temper under the most exasperating circumstances won our admiration. She bore hardships—such as spending day after day in the broiling sun on an unsheltered rock for scenes of 'Way for a Sailor'—in good spirit. Not only was she uncomplaining but, what is more important to a man, she did not sulk. Her competence as an actress eases the star's mind; he knows that her scenes will be well done."

"Are you a baby Bernhardt, that they all want you to share their close-ups?" I asked Leila as we settled for luncheon on the stellar porch (*Continued on page* 120)

She's the actors' ideal heroine. She knows how to please men. And how to make them want to please her! "All men are alike, each a big baby," she says. And how they love it!

Taking Talkie Tests



Big stars or bit players—all must be tested for today's talkies, and for nearly all rôles, too. This is an outdoor test

Entrance Exams for the Hall of Fame. That's What Talkie Tests Are. Do You Think You Could Pass Them?

By GORDON R. SILVER

MODERN microphones, like cameras, do not lie. Wrongful intonations, dropped syllables and slurred speech show up in talkies as plain as a wart on a chin. There is no longer an alibi for the player who once exclaimed: "It's the fault of the photography—not me!" And hence, every newcomer to pictures—and plenty of established stars as well—have to take rigid tests. They've got to succeed at sight and sound or they just can't play, that's all.

If you could come to Hollywood and journey about the studios, you would frequently stumble on little places where a few people would be working. The inevitable mike would be there, the inevitable recording apparatus, and one or two players, perhaps in costume, but as a rule, no elaborate scenery, no cleverly-arranged props, no blinding lights. The guides invariably would hustle you past these little places with the brief explanation:

"They're just giving tests to a few people there and no visitors are allowed to stop."

"But," you might reasonably be tempted to exclaim, "why so much of it? When people pass for the talkies at first, isn't that the end?"

Broad grins would meet this query. And you would find out after inquiry that talkie testing is a rather steady occupation, a long-drawn out affair, and that the player who passes at first has to continue to pass all along the line until stardom arrives, and oftimes even then.

NO two producers or directors or casting directors give their test exactly alike—in fact, in some cases they are widely different. But they all agree that a general test consists of repeating various difficult-to-pronounce words and lines (usually from the rôle they are testing for) into the microphone from various sections of the room or set where the test is being made.

Paramount, for instance, has one sentence that is used as a preliminary test for all new candidates for bit rôles. The sentence reads: "THREE SHIPS SIGHT ZEP AT SEA." In talkies, lisping is, of course, very much out, and one's "s" sounds must certainly not take on the "th" aspect. Therefore, Paramount's assistant casting directors have that sentence ready for all aspiring hopefuls. Those who easily and quickly pass this first test are the ones who get the rôles. Some of the variations in reading the line which this company's casting men have noted to date are: "Three Thips Thight Thep at Thea"—"Three Sips Sight Sep at Sea"—"Three Zips Zight Zep at Zea." None of these speakers were welcomed into the fold!

The Paramount studios alone make an average of 400 screen tests a year. Their established stars seldom take a test—of course, they have their first ones which are on

Indoors, tested for sight and sound. The pretty victim is Laura Lee

Director Dorothy Arzner uses specially covered mikes on all her productions

file. If the rôle they seek is a very unusual and difficult one, then they are tested. Richard Arlen and Fredric March both tested for the lead in "The Sea God," which Arlen succeeded in getting—not because March was inferior but because a production in New York called him away.

MANY players consider taking talkie tests "about the most terrifying experience in the world," but all have had to go through with them. When people are needed for a picture, the casting director sends for those who may suit and they are tested out for the part to be played, sometimes in actual scenes and using identical lines from the picture to be made.

In the early days of talking films, casting directors were given a free rein to sign up all available talent. But now they hold conferences and long telephone conversations in looking up data on prospective players before they are given tests. All this is on account of the increased cost of testing and the wave of conservation sweeping the industry. Yet more than 1,500,000 feet of film are consumed each year in Hollywood on these scenes that are never to be seen by the public!

Talking film tests at the moment cost the studios approximately five hundred dollars each. This doubles and perhaps even triples the cost of the plain screen test in the old days of silent pictures.

The casting men arrange tests for their unknowns these days only after careful study. Their tests are counted against them—that is, the failures. In silent-film days they were just taken as a matter of course.

When the talkies reached the point where stage talent was deemed necessary to pep up the studio ranks, tests were given on a regular wholesale basis. Long-haired Shakespearean actors of the old school rubbed elbows with song and dance men from the big cities. The professional world of Broadway was westward bound, and one and all were given an opportunity to display whatever talent they had before the camera and microphone. This indiscriminate testing went on for a spell and then studio executives saw the terrific bills and nearly swooned! They promptly ordered a halt—and halt the directors and casting men did.

A CONSERVATIVE measure has been adopted by all in testing contract players for new rôles. After the test is made, it is carefully filed away for future reference. The player may or may not obtain the part. If another studio subsequently calls for the loan of the

Norma Shearer's brother, Douglas, is head sound expert for M-G-M. He and Norma often make tests together

The most awful moment in an actor's life—when he hears a faint squeak and learns it's the "play-back" of his own virile baritone

player to fill a rôle similar to the one already tested for, the first company loans out its test. Thus one takes the place of many.

To these films archives, go directors steadily in search of actors and actresses to fill parts. Viewing such tests brought about the casting of several players in "Ladies' Man," starring William Powell. Olive Tell was assigned one of the feminine leads through a test made over a year before for another picture. A test made quite a while back for a similar part gave Carole Lombard her rôle. The practice of interchanging tests was responsible for John Holland obtaining his part. His test was borrowed from Inspiration Pictures, where he was tested for "Eyes of the World."

In the hectic days of procuring foreign talent promiscuously, the testing apparatus would be set up for the ordeal, and after a few attempts to calm down the nervous aspirant, the director would place him or her in front of the mike and camera and start the ritual—but with the power turned off! It would remain like that until the player became completely composed; otherwise it was just called a bad job and no test was made. Now it is different.

"IT costs practically as much to set up the apparatus and go through the dummy testing as it does actually to record," said Benny Thau, casting director at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. "If a player is thought worthy of a test, it is given, whether he or she stays calm or not. We have learned to tell what is microphone fright and what is merely bad or potentially bad acting material. The tests are given now more on a psychological basis, so arranged as to defeat any nervousness one might experience."

Food alters the quality of the voice over the microphone, according to Fred Niblo, the noted director, and therefore, he has always tried to give his talkie tests in the morning, just before luncheon.

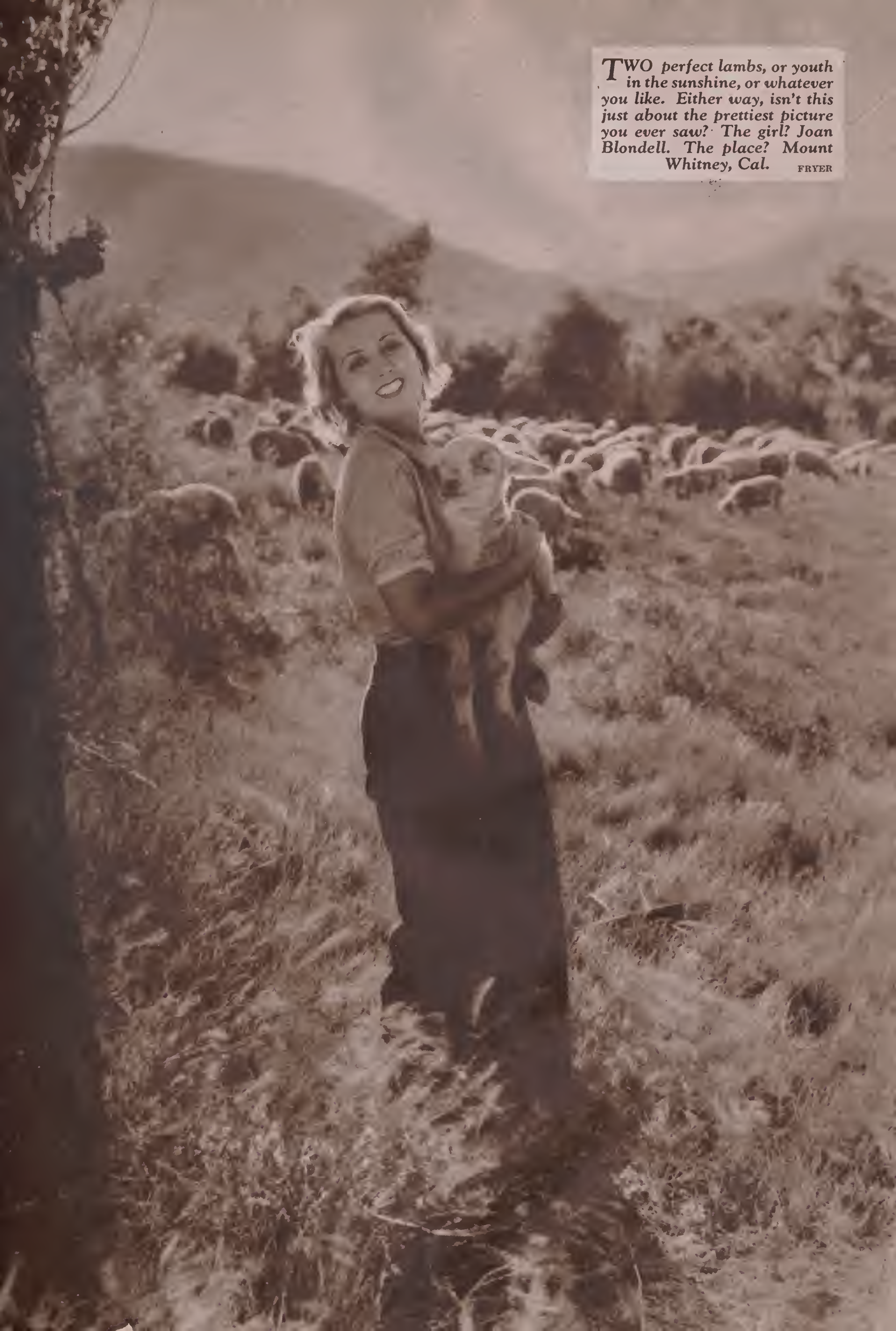
"As a rule, most voices register lower and heavier after a rather hearty meal," explained Niblo. "For that reason most dramatic scenes are better done in the morning after a light breakfast. The same applies to talking picture tests. The voice quality is more flexible and less difficult to control after a light meal. I have heard men's tenor voices drop several notes lower when they make after-dinner speeches. From personal observation, I know it is much better to have tests made in the morning, as the microphone is especially sensitive to any alteration in voice quality."

GRETA GARBO is the only Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player, and perhaps the only star in Hollywood, to walk into her first talking scene without having had a voice test of some sort made or having practiced at all before the microphone. In making her talking picture début in "Anna Christie," Garbo did so without ever having seen a mike before actual (*Continued on page* 121)

TWO of Hollywood's best profiles in one of life's best moments. They're Joel McCrea and Kay Francis in Paramount's "Girls About Town" in which the love scenes are hot-cha-cha

SITTING on the steps to fame. Madge Evans used to sit on soap bars, a tiny little girl, asking, "Have you a little fairy in your home?" Remember? Madge asks for nothing now. She's got it all. You'll see her next in "The Greeks Had a Word for It" and then in "Skyscraper"

HURRELL



TWO perfect lambs, or youth in the sunshine, or whatever you like. Either way, isn't this just about the prettiest picture you ever saw? The girl? Joan Blondell. The place? Mount Whitney, Cal. FRYER

WHY is Anita Page left out in the cold? She's so beautiful. M-G-M is loaning her to Warners for "Under Eighteen." Here's hoping it gives Anita the break she deserves

HURRELL

THEY work together on the same lot, Donald Cook and Marian Marsh. They make pictures like this for Warners-First National. But they both insist they're not romantic. It's only their futures they're thinking of when they look this way. Woof—these starlets!

FRYER

TIPS on TALKIES

✓ and ✓✓ on Shows You Mustn't Miss

AGE FOR LOVE, THE (*Caddo*) This much publicized picture brings to the screen "a new Billie Dove," who turns out to be not so new after all. She has taken off a great deal of weight—perhaps too much. The story concerns the conflict between home and a career. Though you'll hear different from the publicity men, the picture's just fair, wavering between being good and not so good.

☆

ALEXANDER HAMILTON (*Warners*) Excellent acting in a mildly interesting historical drama. Though it is an intelligently directed picture, it by no means compares with "Disraeli." It's more for the schoolm'arm crowd. There are too many speeches and too little action. George Arliss' acting is flawless. Alan Mowbray doesn't look very much like George Washington.

☆

ALWAYS GOODBY (*Fox*) Elissa Landi makes fascinating a story that is full of loopholes. Her performance is even better than in "Body and Soul." She lends distinction to her rôle as the innocent accomplice of a crook who is trying to rob the man she loves. Paul Cavanagh as the impostor and Lewis Stone as the host give excellent support. The story is rather slow moving.

☆

✓ **AMERICAN TRAGEDY, AN** (*Paramount*) Though it's depressing, this is a very good picture, no matter how Dreiser feels about it. Rising to great emotional climaxes, it tells the story of Clyde Griffiths, a sex-starved boy who has an affair with a factory girl, and then decides to murder her because she stands in the way of his marrying the girl he really wants. Sylvia Sidney gives a stirring performance. Irving Pichel as the district attorney steals the picture from Phillips Holmes.

☆

ANNABELLE'S AFFAIRS (*Fox*) A gay, amusing farce about a girl who is separated from her husband, an illiterate miner, for years, and then falls in love with him without recognizing him. Jeanette MacDonald is charming as Annabelle and Victor McLaglen is adequate opposite her. The real hit of the picture is Roland Young, who makes a hilarious and delightful drunk.

☆

✓✓ **BAD GIRL** (*Fox*) Human, simple and understanding, this is the kind of picture which will make you nudge your neighbor and say, "Remember the time when Ellen had her baby? Well, that's just the way Harry behaved." In other words, it's true to life. It's about a boy and girl who fall in love and get married, and almost lose each other because each thinks the other doesn't want a baby. Sally Eilers and James Dunn give grand performances. The picture is just plain human.

☆

BARGAIN, THE (*First National*) Very quiet, very unexciting, very placidly pleasant, "The Bargain" unreels slowly across the screen. It has a lot of quiet charm, and that's about all. Taken from the play, "You and I," it presents the problem of a father who gave up his art career for love and marriage, and sees his son about to do the same thing. Doris Kenyon is very charming in her screen comeback. Lewis Stone portrays the artist competently. Una Merkel and Charles Butterworth add some refreshing humor.

☆

BIG BUSINESS GIRL (*First National*) A pleasant picture with a slim story. It belongs to the "Office Wife" type of film, but this time the boss is the villain who is trying to break up the home of the heroine, Loretta Young. Loretta, Ricardo Cortez and Frank Albertson all give fair performances, but for heaven's sake don't miss Joan Blondell at the very tag end of the picture. She's a scream, in a bit that's all too brief.

☆

BLACK CAMEL, THE (*Fox*) Charlie Chan investigates a couple of murders, and moves in constant danger of his own life. Warner Oland makes the Chinese sleuth an amusing character, whose quaint Chinese aphorisms will either please you a great deal or get on your nerves. But the story is well constructed and contains plenty of complications.

☆

✓ **BOUGHT** (*Warners*) Can you imagine a girl so glamorous that she makes the rôle of a little snob appealing? Connie Bennett is the girl. She spurns ugly things and longs for beautiful ones. She accepts the counterfeit of love instead of the reality. And through it all, you sympathize with her. Richard (Papa) Bennett is also in the picture, but it's Connie's triumph just the same. Raymond Milland is all right as the Arrow-collar type of hero by whom Connie is "bought," and Ben Lyon ingratiating as the man whom Connie really loves.

☆

BROAD MINDED (*First National*) Joe E. Brown is Joe E. Brown—and you know how funny that is. But he isn't given enough good gags, and the fun isn't fast and furious enough. However, you'll get some laughs out of seeing Joe E. Brown act as guardian to a rich young man whose father has told him to keep away from women. Marjorie White contributes some cute comedy, too.

☆

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE (*Fox*) The general level of this picture is not up to Will Rogers' standard. Will Rogers' acting, in fact, is the only thing that makes the picture tolerable and even funny in spots. The plot is silly. It's about a razor-blade magnate who induces the sheiks of the desert to shave with his razor blades. Jetta Goudal is in the cast. She's a rather obvious vamp.

☆

✓ **CHANCES** (*First National*) Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., gives a very appealing performance in his first starring picture. You can imagine how good the acting of the cast is to overcome the handicaps of a trite plot about two brothers in love with the same girl, a bunch of phoney English accents and a number of war scenes which, while well done, don't present anything new. In spite of all these things, it emerges as a really good picture, due to the acting of young Doug, Anthony Bushell and Rose Hobart.

☆

✓ **COMMON LAW, THE** (*RKO-Pathé*) Connie Bennett's acting makes this a good picture. She's utterly fascinating as an artist's model who flouts conventions for the sake of the man she loves. The story itself hasn't much punch any more. See it anyway if you like Connie Bennett. She's gorgeous, and what clothes she wears! Joel McCrea is pleasant enough as the young artist.

☆

CONFESSIONS OF A CO-ED (*Paramount*) Sylvia Sidney gives a good performance in an insipid story about a college girl who loves one lad and, upon being deserted by him, marries another. No actor could win sympathy for the vacillating hero Phillips Holmes plays.

☆

✓✓ **DADDY LONG LEGS** (*Fox*) Janet Gaynor's best picture since "Seventh Heaven." A clean, wholesome, delightful picture for the whole family. Even though other actresses have played it before, the part of Judy seems just made for Janet. Judy is an orphan girl who is sent to college by her unknown benefactor, Daddy Long Legs, and who falls in love with him later on without knowing who he is. Warner Baxter is very good, and Janet is simply grand.

☆

DAUGHTER OF THE DRAGON (*Paramount*) This is another Fu Manchu yarn, plus Anna May Wong, plus Sessue Hayakawa. If you are one of those who follow Fu Manchu's career breathlessly, this will entertain you. Otherwise you'll think that Anna May Wong is grand and the story pretty silly. Sessue Hayakawa is hampered by the dialogue.

☆

DAYBREAK (*M-G-M*) Ramon Novarro in a tender, moving romance about a dashing lieutenant who seduces an innocent girl. Ramon Novarro and Helen Chandler do good work as the lovers. It's a pity, though, that Ramon, with his splendid voice, isn't given a chance to sing.

☆

✓ **DUDE RANCH** (*Paramount*) A good comedy at the expense of the great Wild West. Jack Oakie pretends to be a dangerous killer in order to drum up business on a dude ranch which the customers are finding dull. What happens when some really tough hombres appear makes up the story. Mitzi Green contributes to the fun.

☆

EVERYTHING'S ROSIE (*Radio*) Though the split-up between Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey isn't permanent, in this picture Robert Woolsey does play without his usual team-mate. They're more effective as a team than separated. Robert Woolsey has the part of a medicine man who gets into trouble with the sheriff and gets out of it again.

☆

FIVE AND TEN (*M-G-M*) The story of a family that is ruined by riches. It's fairly good, but too melodramatic. Marion Davies, who's very cute as a comedienne, seems out of her element in heavy drama. Leslie Howard gives an exceptionally fine performance.

☆

✓✓ **FIVE STAR FINAL** (*First National*) This *is* a knockout. It's a passionate indictment of tabloid journalism, backed by powerful drama. What a performance Edward G. Robinson gives as the managing editor! Marian Marsh will amaze you with her dramatic scenes. And Aline McMahon, as Robinson's secretary, is decidedly interesting. The picture's an all-round smash.

☆

✓ **FREE SOUL, A** (*M-G-M*) Lionel Barrymore's performance stands out, even with Norma Shearer and Clark Gable doing simply grand work. This hasn't as much real romance as "Strangers May Kiss," though it has plenty of smashing drama, and lots of sex. Norma is the daughter of a brilliant, hard-drinking attorney who brings her up to be a free soul. When she has an affair with a gangster who attracts her, her father realizes his mistake and tries to save her.

☆

FRIENDS AND LOVERS (*Radio*) Three good actors in a weak picture. The actors are Lily Damita, Erich von Stroheim and Adolphe Menjou. The story is a tale of friendship and love, from Maurice de Kobra's "The Sphinx Has Spoken." The whole thing is too involved and complicated. The actors fail to get away from their real personalities.

☆

GOLD DUST GERTIE (*Warners*) A fair picture in which Winnie Lightner gets some horse laughs as a gold-digger who has two divorced husbands and finds it hard to collect money from them. Olsen and Johnson are also in the picture.

☆

GRAFT (*Universal*) With all its faults, this has speed and action. Its faults are that it is old-fashioned melodrama and that it relies too much on coincidence. It's about the dumb cub reporter who makes a great big scoop just before the deadline. Regis Toomey makes a swell job of playing the young reporter. Sue Carol's the girl.

☆

GUARDSMAN, THE (*M-G-M*) This has perfectly swell situations and grand direction by Sidney Franklin. It introduces the stage actors, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. They give exceedingly clever performances, though they are not as glamorous on the screen as on the stage. The story concerns an actor who decides to test his wife's faithfulness by disguising himself as a guardsman and flirting with her. The flaw in this situation is that Lunt's make-up as the guardsman is so unattractive that it is hard to believe that any woman would fall madly in love with him.

☆

✓ **GUILTY HANDS** (*M-G-M*) High-powered murder story in which you know who the murderer is but are kept in suspense over whether his crime is going to be discovered or not. Lionel Barrymore gives a gripping performance as the attorney who commits a murder to save his daughter from the roué who wishes to marry her. Kay Francis gives the next best performance. You'll like Madge Evans, too, as Lionel Barrymore's daughter.

☆

HIGH STAKES (*Radio*) Just a fair picture, in spite of a brilliant performance by Lowell Sherman, who doesn't get the breaks in stories he deserves. In this one Lowell tries to save his older brother from a baby vamp who's the accomplice of a crook. Mae Murray is amusing as the vamp.

☆

HONEYMOON LANE (*Sono Art*) Sentimental hokum about gangsters who are redeemed by cherry pies. It's clean and wholesome, of course—but is that enough? Though Eddie Dowling is starred, Ray Dooley as a pestiferous child is the only member of the cast who really livens up proceedings.

☆

✓ **HUCKLEBERRY FINN** (*Paramount*) This comes within a shade of being as good as "Tom Sawyer." It deals with the adventures of Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer on a raft. Some of the most amusing episodes are those in which Huckleberry Finn falls in love. Junior Durkin as Huckleberry Finn is every inch the star of this picture. Jackie Coogan as Tom Sawyer is the next best player.

☆

HUSH MONEY (*Fox*) Joan Bennett is very appealing and lovely as a girl confidence worker who after a term in jail decides to go straight. After she gets married her past threatens her future. The ending has a very satisfying twist. Douglas Cosgrove as a friendly police inspector gives an ingratiating and delightful performance.

☆

I LIKE YOUR NERVE (*First National*) One of Doug, Jr.'s, gayest, lightest pictures, reminiscent of the kind his dad used to make. You know, the bold American in Panama who climbs balconies, defies speed laws, and makes the foreigners gasp. Doug, Jr., is amusing, even though he doesn't do this sort of thing as well as his father. Loretta Young is the girl who likes his nerve. You'll like the picture if you're looking just for an hour or so of entertainment.

Check *and* Double Check

Check ✓ for the good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss.

Double Check Pictures of the Last Six Months:

- ✓✓ Bad Girl!
- ✓✓ Daddy Long Legs
- ✓✓ Five Star Final
- ✓✓ The Millionaire
- ✓✓ The Public Enemy
- ✓✓ Street Scene
- ✓✓ Waterloo Bridge

I TAKE THIS WOMAN (*Paramount*) This will leave you well satisfied with the way you spent your evening. Carole Lombard gives one of her best performances as the spoiled society darling who marries a cowboy and can hardly bear up under the drudgery of the work on a ranch. Too bad Gary Cooper looks soo ill! His acting is splendid.

☆

JUST A GIGOLO (*M-G-M*) William Haines in a fair, slightly risqué piece about a man who poses as a gigolo to test the purity of the girl he's about to wed. Irene Purcell can do better.

☆

KICK IN (*Paramount*) Don't let them tell you that Regis Toomey steals this picture from Clara Bow. It was handed to him on a silver platter. What can Clara do but look pretty and sigh softly as the wife of an ex-convict who's helping her husband to go straight?

☆

LADIES' MAN (*Paramount*) Not the right part at all for William Powell. He was right when he said that he didn't want to play a gigolo who lived on the gifts of women who loved him. Kay Francis used to dress her hair more becomingly Carole Lombard brightens the corner where she is.

☆

✓ **LARCENY LANE** (*Warner Brothers*) What a swell team James Cagney and Joan Blondell make! This is a crook picture about a bellboy and a chambermaid who aspire to become big racketeers. The picture is a detailed exposure of rackets, with a moral at the end. It's grand entertainment.

☆

✓ **LAST FLIGHT, THE** (*First National*) A strange picture, unlike anything else you ever saw. It's taken from the magazine serial about Nikki and her War Birds. The strange thing about the picture is the mad and marvelous dialogue. Helen Chandler makes Nikki a fascinating person. Richard Barthelmess is a little too sane for the type of person he plays. The picture deals with the disordered lives of a group of ex-aviators after the War. Elliott Nugent turns in a sensitive and high-strung performance, one of the best in the picture.

☆

LAUGHING SINNERS (*M-G-M*) Joan Crawford gives a corking performance in a picture that M-G-M has been tinkering with ever since it was first known as "Torch Song." As the result of all these remakes, there are some startling inconsistencies, with Joan going blonde in some scenes and remaining a brunette in others. The story isn't at all what she deserves. It's hard to believe in a cabaret girl who sins, joins the Salvation Army, falls from grace again, and then decides to go upward and onward. Clark Gable has a chance to play hero.

☆

✓ **LAWYER'S SECRET, THE** (*Paramount*) You don't have to be a Buddy Rogers fan to enjoy the spectacle of Buddy Rogers stealing a picture from the suave Clive Brook. Even if you thought Buddy was just a sweet boy before, you'll agree that he's an actor now. More pictures like this, Mr. Paramount, please.

☆

✓ **MAD GENIUS, THE** (*Warners*) Powerful drama with John Barrymore as the crippled son of a ballet dancer, who tries to influence the life of a foundling, whom he wants to develop into a great dancer. The picture has a very effective and nightmarish ending.

☆

MAD PARADE, THE (*Liberty*) How the war affected women, with an all-woman cast. Evelyn Brent, Irene Rich, Lilyan Tashman and Louise Fazenda do their best. It isn't quite good enough.

☆

MAGNIFICENT LIE, THE (*Paramount*) Slightly better than "Unfaithful." Not as good as "Anybody's Woman," though it belongs to the same type of picture about a cheap girl with fine instincts. The magnificent lie is a cabaret girl's deception of a blind ex-soldier to whom she pretends that she is a great actress whom he idolizes. Ruth Chatterton's acting is good. It's a shame that the camera has not been very kind to her. Ralph Bellamy is pleasant enough as her leading man. Stuart Erwin, more serious than usual, is splendidly natural and human.

☆

✓ **MALTESE FALCON** (*Warners*) An unusual mystery story, with Ricardo Cortez giving a brilliant performance. Bebe Daniels is only nominally the star in this story of a wily detective who outwits a number of crooks who don't stop at murder to get hold of a precious statuette. The story has a lot of twists, and the solution of the various murders is rather complicated.

☆

✓ **MAN IN POSSESSION, THE** (*M-G-M*) A delightfully sophisticated comedy, with Robert Montgomery perfectly cast as a man who's sent to take possession of a young woman's house because she hasn't paid her debts. Robert Montgomery gives a brilliant performance and Irene Purcell is cute.

☆

✓ **MERELY MARY ANN** (*Fox*) Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in a sweet Cinderella tale. Janet, appealing, pathetic, as a slavey in a boarding house. Farrell, struggling to become a great composer. He isn't kind to Janet—at first. This picture doesn't quite come up to the standard of "Daddy Long Legs." It's just a little too sweet, a little too sentimental. But if you like Janet Gaynor, you'll love it anyway.

☆

✓✓ **MILLIONAIRE, THE** (*Warners*) One of George Arliss's most popular pictures, and no wonder! His acting is flawless, and the story's as modern as to-morrow's newspaper. It's a picture that the whole family can see and enjoy. George Arliss is grand as a retired millionaire who simply can't keep away from work, and who manages his daughter's love affair in the most delightful way imaginable. The supporting cast is very good, too.

☆

MIRACLE WOMAN, THE (*Columbia*) Religious emotion is seldom transferred to the screen successfully. "The Miracle Woman" is no exception to this. The picture doesn't quite click, in spite of Barbara Stanwyck's compelling acting. She plays an insincere evangelist redeemed by her love for a blind man.

☆

MOTHER'S MILLIONS (*Liberty-Universal*) Notable only for May Robson's acting, which will give you your money's worth in entertainment. She's simply splendid as a sort of Hetty Green who hides the kindest heart in the world under her rough exterior. May Robson's acting redeems a story which is as old as the hills and dialogue which is as feeble as the last leaf on a tree. That woman is a wonder, and will make you enjoy the picture in spite of all its faults.

MURDER BY THE CLOCK (*Paramount*) A wealthy old woman is strangled in her own home after she disinherits her idiot son. Murder follows murder. The atmosphere of terror is skilfully maintained. Lilyan Tashman isn't well cast, however. Irving Pichel as the idiot gives a horribly compelling performance. Top-notch thriller. You'll get the shivers.

☆

NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET (*M-G-M*) Leslie Howard and Conchita Montenegro give fine performances in a trite South Sea Island story of the white boy who goes native. The photography is good, the picture fair.

☆

✓ **NEWLY RICH** (*Paramount*) Amusing satire on Hollywood child stars and fond mamas, which turns into tense melodrama at the end. Grand performances by Mitzi Green, Jackie Searl, Bruce Line, and Edna May Oliver. This is a good picture, which could have been great if it weren't really two separate pictures—one a child story and the other a satire on Hollywood.

☆

NIGHT ANGEL, THE (*Paramount*) Weak story made still more unreal by setting it in Czechoslovakia. Nancy Carroll's performance is good at times, until she overacts. The good points of the picture are excellent photography and a fine performance by Alison Skipworth. Even Fredric March can't bring conviction to the story, which is all about a vice crusader who falls in love with a girl whose mother he had prosecuted.

☆

✓ **NIGHT NURSE** (*Warners*) You'll love Barbara Stanwyck as a night nurse who pits her wits against a physician and a chauffeur who are deliberately starving two children to death. Ben Lyon is simply delightful as a friendly bootlegger. Clark Gable is forced to play a conventional and unbelievable villain.

☆

✓ **PALMY DAYS** (*United Artists*) If you can imagine Parker House rolls being made by September Morns, you get a faint idea of what Eddie Cantor's new picture is like. It's easily funnier and better than "Whoopee." It'll probably bring musical films back to the screen.

☆

PARTY HUSBAND (*First National*) Dorothy Mackaill and James Rennie in a commonplace story of modern marriage. A young couple plan to allow each other a great deal of freedom, but it doesn't work out. The girl's mother saves the marriage from going to pieces.

☆

PERSONAL MAID (*Paramount*) Though Nancy Carroll doesn't overact the way she did in "The Night Angel," this is just an average picture. It presents her as an Irish girl from the slums who becomes a personal maid to a wealthy woman and her family. She makes a man out of the woman's weak, spoiled son, who discovers that Nancy is pure platinum while his family, in spite of its riches, is just nickel-plate. All the characters in the picture are highly exaggerated, to the point where they become pure caricature. Gene Raymond as the hero is too spoiled for words at the beginning, and too noble for words at the end.

☆

✓ **PHANTOM OF PARIS, THE** (*M-G-M*) Formerly titled "Cheri-Bibi." John Gilbert's best talking picture. He acts as well as he did in "Gentleman's Fate" and he has a better story. His voice is good. So is his make-up. He makes his comeback not as a great lover, but as a splendid actor. Cheri-Bibi is a magician accused of the murder of the father of the girl he loves. To escape the death penalty, he has his features remolded by a surgeon and assumes the identity of another man. See this and be convinced that John Gilbert has made good in talkies.

☆

✓ **POLITICS** (*M-G-M*) Take some conventional Dressler-Moran slapstick; add a good measure of drama; season with more than a dash of "Lysistrata," and you have "Politics," the best picture Polly Moran and Marie Dressler have ever made together. Don't miss the last line of the picture! It's a darb!

☆

PUBLIC DEFENDER, THE (*Radio*) A slightly better than fair drama about a man who steps outside the law in order to punish some men responsible for the failure of a banking company and a frame-up against an innocent man. Richard Dix plays the part of this modern Robin Hood. Light and entertaining, it hardly offers strong dramatic opportunities for Dix.

☆

✓✓ **PUBLIC ENEMY, THE** (*Warners*) Along with "Little Caesar" one of the most powerful gangster pictures ever produced. You'll gasp at its realism. It shows a bunch of gangsters as the rats they actually are, from their childhood days to the ultimate reckoning. James Cagney gives a wonderfully authentic performance. And the nightmare ending is something you'll never forget.

☆

QUICK MILLIONS (*Fox*) A fair gangster picture with trick photography. Spencer Tracy gives a good performance as a truck driver who decides to earn quick millions with the help of a machine gun. Sally Eilers and Marguerite Churchill are also in the cast.

☆

REBOUND (*RKO-Pathe*) For those who like sophistication and witty dialogue. It will probably be better liked in the big cities than in the small towns. It's smart; it's flip; it's something of a tour de force. But because of its very smartness, it presents Ina Claire and the rest of the cast as people you may or may not like. At any rate, Ina Claire's acting is splendid as a modern young woman trying to hold the love of her husband, who married her on the rebound.

☆

SECRET CALL, THE (*Paramount*) A fairly good picture notable chiefly for the début of Peggy Shannon. During most of the picture she's just another attractive young woman. In one or two tense dramatic scenes she shows that she can be sensationally good. The story's not so much of a muchness—about a girl whose father has been framed as a grafter and who swears vengeance upon the political boss who framed him. But she's in love with his son (Richard Arlen). Will love or hate conquer?

☆

✓ **SECRET SIX, THE** (*M-G-M*) The secret six are not a bunch of gangsters, as you might imagine. They're the men who are leagued against the gangsters. This has a great cast, with Wallace Beery, Clark Gable, and Lewis Stone turning in high-powered performances, in unusual rôles. Wallace Beery plays a yellow killer, Clark Gable a newspaper reporter, and Lewis Stone a crooked lawyer. Marjorie Rambeau, Johnny Mack Brown and Jean Harlow also help make this an exciting picture.

☆

✓ **SECRETS OF A SECRETARY** (*Paramount*) Fast moving melodrama about a society gal who becomes a social secretary when her father leaves her penniless. Claudette Colbert is very beautiful and appealing in this rôle. Georges Metaxa looks like the gigolo type, all right, all right, but wasn't he supposed to have a lot of charm? Herbert Marshall has loads more. Betty Lawford of the stage, while not at all pretty-pretty, makes her rôle as a spoiled society girl stand out.

☆

✓ **SEED** (*Universal*) You'll be deeply touched by this story of a woman who loses her husband to another woman, and brings up her children by herself, until the day when her husband returns to see them and offers them opportunities she cannot give them. The whole cast is splendid. Lois Wilson as the deserted mother gives the most poignant performance of all. John Boles acts with pleasant ease. The child actors are grand and will make you smile through your tears. Women especially will love this.

☆

SHERLOCK HOLMES' FATAL HOUR (*Twickenham*) This is a British production which is extremely well acted by Arthur Wontner in the title rôle. It's the story of his encounter with his most dangerous enemy, Col. Moriarity, in an empty house. A fairly good picture, though a little old-fashioned.

☆

✓ **SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK** (*M-G-M*) One of Buster Keaton's best performances makes this a whale of a comedy. It's about a wealthy tenement owner who gets into all sorts of ludicrous situations because of his love for a girl of the tenements. Anita Page is swell as the hard little moll. It's all good old slapstick—99.44 percent laughs.

☆

SILENCE (*Paramount*) Can you imagine Clive Brook as a cad, a confidence man, a gray-haired convict condemned to die? That's his rôle in "Silence," a fairish drama, which is too choppy and disjointed to be really good. Peggy Shannon is just another pretty girl in this picture, although undoubtedly she has more to give to the screen than her rôle permits.

☆

SIX CYLINDER LOVE (*Fox*) Fair to middling farce about a couple of newlyweds who can't live within their means. It's a remake of an old picture with new lines to pep it up. Spencer Tracy, Sidney Fox, Una Merkel and Edward Everett Horton are the farceurs.

☆

✓ **SMART MONEY** (*Warners*) Edward G. Robinson gives a perfectly grand performance in this story of a small town gambler who becomes a big shot and is ruined by his weakness for blondes. Robinson's performance is as good as it was in "Little Caesar" and the story's within a shade of being as high-powered. You'll like James Cagney, tco, in a minor rôle.

☆

✓ **SMILING LIEUTENANT, THE** (*Paramount*) Sophisticated, brilliant, somewhat reminiscent of "The Love Parade," though naughtier. Chevalier gives his best performance since "The Love Parade" as a dashing lieutenant whom two women love. Claudette Colbert gives a very touching performance. But it's Miriam Hopkins over whom you'll rave!

☆

SON OF INDIA (*M-G-M*) This isn't the right kind of rôle for Ramon Navarro. Though he looks the part of a bronzed son of India, the character he has to play is too naive to be really romantic. The settings are beautiful, the story fantastic. It's all about an Indian merchant prince who renounces the white girl he loves to repay a debt of gratitude to her brother. Madge Evans, once a child star, comes back as sweet as ever. The picture's a feast for the eye. That's all we can give it.

☆

SPIDER, THE (*Fox*) Exciting mystery melodrama, which has its moments of silliness. The sleight of hand tricks shown at the beginning of the picture are interesting. Edmund Lowe seems miscast, however, as a stage magician who stages a séance in order to discover a murderer who comitted his crime in the crowded theatre. It's fairly good entertainment at that.

☆

✓ **SPORTING BLOOD** (*M-G-M*) The best horse racing picture in many a moon. It's really the life history of a horse and of how he is treated by human beings, directed with a sense of real drama. You'll like Madge Evans as the girl who fights against a crooked gambling ring. Though the picture is grand, Clark Gable fans will be sorry that Gable doesn't appear until half-way through the picture.

☆

✓ **SQUAWMAN, THE** (*M-G-M*) A good audience picture, with Warner Baxter as the Englishman who marries an American Indian girl, and thus cuts himself off forever from his own people. With very few lines to speak, Lupe Velez gives one of the best performances of her career. She'll make you cry.

☆

✓ **STAR WITNESS, THE** (*Warners*) This presents a new angle on the gangster problem—the terrorized witness who dare not testify about the murder he witnessed. In this case, a whole family—just an average family—happened to see the crime, and is threatened with death if any member of the family testifies. Chic Sale, as a patriotic Civil War veteran, is the central character of the picture. Walter Huston plays his part with quiet restraint. Frances Starr gives a heart-rending performance. The children in the picture are adorable.

☆

✓✓ **STREET SCENE** (*United Artists*) A shuddery symphony of tenement life, magnificently directed by King Vidor. It's almost too fiercely true to life to have universal appeal. It's a marvelous picture, nevertheless, even better than the play. Sylvia Sidney and Buster Collier are grand. Estelle Taylor seems miscast as a woman hungry for love and understanding. The picture, however, is bigger than any of the players.

☆

SUBWAY EXPRESS (*Columbia*) Fairish mystery melodrama about a murder that takes place on a subway train. If you know anything about the New York subway system, you'll notice mistakes in details. The story's exciting at times, and Jack Holt does good work as the police inspector who solves the mystery.

A scene from "Palmy Days," Eddie Cantor's riotous musical comedy, in which Parker House rolls and crullers are made by September Morns

✓ **SVENGALI** (*Warners*) The strange, bewitching story of Trilby given a beautiful and haunting setting. Barrymore is superb as Svengali, who makes Trilby give up everything in the world, including the man she loves, so that he may exploit her lovely voice. Marian Marsh has a graceful, unawakened sort of beauty, and her performance has the same sort of promise of future fulfillment.

☆

TARNISHED LADY (*Paramount*) This would be a poor picture if it weren't for the presence of Tallulah Bankhead, who makes her début in it. See it only if you want to see what this new star is like. She's way ahead of the story, which is the old plot about the girl who marries a rich man for the sake of her family.

☆

THIS MODERN AGE (*M-G-M*) Joan Crawford is not getting as fine pictures as she deserves. Since "Paid" her stories haven't been up to the mark. This time she plays a modern girl whose mother is her best pal. When she finds out that her mother is having a sordid affair, it knocks the props from under her and she decides to go off with Monroe Owsley. Pauline Frederick as Joan's mother gives a good performance, and Joan is grand. The story hasn't enough suspense.

☆

✓ **TRANSATLANTIC** (*Fox*) An ocean liner is a little world packed full of drama, as this picture proves, à la "Grand Hotel." The tangled lives of the passengers meet and cross, with Edmund Lowe as a gentleman crook who straightens out many of the tangles. The picture is cleverly directed.

☆

TRANSGRESSION (*Radio*) Kay Francis, Paul Cavanagh and Ricardo Cortez in a not very believable drama about a woman who plans to divorce her husband for another man, and later discovers how near she came to making a tragic mistake. Paul Cavanagh as the husband gives the best performance. Kay Francis has to wear dowdy clothes at the beginning, blossoming out later on.

☆

TRAVELING HUSBANDS (*Radio*) Evelyn Brent delivers a first rate performance in a story about a young salesman who falls in love with the daughter of a man whose account he wants. There is too swift a transition from comedy to melodrama when the villain gets shot and the hero is suspected.

UNHOLY GARDEN, THE (*United Artists*) A far-fetched story in which Ronald Colman is a fugitive from justice at a half-ruined castle in the Sahara Desert. Fay Wray is the love interest. Though the picture isn't another "Bulldog Drummond" or even another "Devil To Pay," fans who like excitement and action will find it entertaining.

☆

UP FOR MURDER (*Universal*) Lew Ayres gives an intense and sincere performance in this talking version of "Man, Woman and Sin." Genevieve Tobin is admirable, too. They are both handicapped by the hackneyed plot about the cub reporter who is sent up for murder.

☆

✓ **UP POPS THE DEVIL** (*Paramount*) Light, frothy story about what happens when husbands take care of the housework and wives go out to work. There's some drama, too. You'll like Carole Lombard and Norman Foster as the young couple who are drifting apart.

☆

VICE SQUAD, THE (*Paramount*) A sentimental love story plus drama about how innocent girls get framed. The drama saves the picture, as the love story of a stool pigeon isn't very appealing. Lukas gives a very good performance in this difficult rôle.

☆

✓✓ **WATERLOO BRIDGE** (*Universal*) If you don't have to choke down a lump in your throat when you see this, you're just a darned old cynic. It's the story of the spiritual reformation of a girl of the streets who loves an idealistic young soldier. Originally this story had an unhappy ending. Local theatres are now given their choice between two endings—the happy and the unhappy one. Mae Clarke gives a swell emotional performance, and Kent Douglass is good, too.

☆

WEST OF BROADWAY (*M-G-M*) Not a good comeback vehicle for John Gilbert, since the character he plays isn't sufficiently likable. He isn't fair to the casual girl in a café whom he marries in a drunken peeve over the way his pre-war sweetheart treated him. Lois Moran as the girl is the center of the picture. Realizing this, M-G-M is said to be remaking the picture and making John Gilbert's rôle more sympathetic.

☆

WHITE SHOULDERS (*Radio*) Absorbing though wildly implausible drama about a jealous husband who forbids his wife ever to leave the man she thought she loved. Ricardo Cortez gives the best performance as the drunken lover. Jack Holt and Mary Astor are fairly good. The long arm of coincidence is stretched too far.

☆

WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE, A (*RKO-Pathé*) Helen Twelvetrees in a spy yarn which is a little too reminiscent of "Dishonored," without being quite as good. Billy Bakewell gives a nice performance. The picture lacks glamour, however.

☆

WOMEN LOVE ONCE (*Paramount*) You may find this quite touching, for good direction and nice acting take the sting from the trite story of a married couple who are about to get a divorce when the death of their child re-unites them. Paul Lukas' and Eleanor Boardman's acting make this fair entertainment.

☆

WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS (*Fox*) Good if you like rough, rowdy fun. Flagg and Quirt (McLaglen and Lowe) are at it again, this time as marines. They follow Greta Nissen to a harem, and naturally, there's a mad chase through the harem when the husband returns unexpectedly. El Brendel contributes to the fun.

☆

YOUNG AS YOU FEEL (*Fox*) This picture is up to Will Rogers' average—and you know that's pretty good. Will plays an indulgent father who steps out a bit to teach his boys a lesson. It's grand to see Will and Fifi Dorsay teamed together again.

☆

✓ **YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID** (*Radio*) That boy Jackie Cooper is a wonder, and in this picture he's just about perfect. He'll make you laugh; he'll make you cry; he'll wring your heart. He'll take your attention away from the perfectly grand acting of Richard Dix, the star. You'll watch breathlessly for Jackie. The story's about a gangster who reforms so that he may be allowed to take care of an orphaned boy who idolizes him.

☆

YOUNG SINNERS (*Fox*) Thomas Meighan returns to give a brilliant performance in a weak story of modern youth. He plays a physical culture trainer who teaches a young lad the folly of indulging in drink because of disappointment in love. Dorothy Jordan and Hardie Albright are not very convincing as sinners.

MICKEY MOUSE

Mickey Mouse may be only a cartoon to you but he has a car of his own, a soul and a "keep kissable" disposition

The True Life Story of MICKEY MOUSE

By SARA HAMILTON

MICKEY MOUSE is on tonight. The news spreads like wildfire.

Dinner dishes are instantly forgotten while Mamma races madly for her new plumed hat. Dad kicks off both carpet slippers with a whoop and Willie, in the excitement, scrubs thoroughly behind each ear.

The whole family is excited.

The whole town is excited.

The whole world is excited.

For when Mickey Mouse, in a pair of hysterical pants, goes scampering and quivering across a movie screen, old and young, rich and poor, royalty and peasants, whoop and cheer alike.

For Mickey is the idol of an entire movie world.

He has actually snatched the movie crown from the head of a water-waved blonde and placed it rakishly between his two grotesque ears.

Mickey is King.

But behind that carefree cartooned little rodent lies a story. A story little known. The story of a young man. A typical young American who might be you or you or you. Who might be you, that is, if you had a mouse and knew what to do with it.

A few years ago, a young man stepped off the train in Los Angeles with very little money and no more idea of where to get any than a rabbit.

Walt Disney had landed in Los Angeles, straw suitcase in hand, a cartoon in mind, and history was about to be made that would shake the very turban from Queen Mary's head.

Mickey Mouse's future papa had arrived.

That was before Mickey's time, however.

ONCE landed, Walt, and his brother Roy, calmly set about making movie cartoons in a tiny empty store room on Vermont Avenue. The chief character in the cartoons was a little girl, a real little girl, who played with cartoon animals, swam in cartoon water, and ate cartoon food.

Walt wrote the scenarios, drew the cartoons and built the sets. He pounded in nails, laid floors, and went home night after night dog tired and generally caked solidly in misplaced cement. He directed the pictures, and acted any part that lay around loose.

He used back alleys and vacant lots for their sets and had never even seen a Klieg light, let alone used one.

Brother Roy was camera man, the like of whom has never before or since been seen in Hollywood. He got everything pretty jumbled up.

But real camera men came high, twenty-five dollars a day. So Walt learned to keep one eye on the camera, and in order not to embarrass brother camera man too much before the usual crowd of onlookers, he would whisper in a loud stage whisper, "Shove her over" or "Switch the lens." Whereupon Roy, with a look of well-I-was-going-to-do-it-anyhow, would shove her over and the action started.

It was work. Hard, heart-breaking work. But fun, too.

And all the time, in the back of Walt Disney's mind there lurked the tiny germ of an idea. An idea that one day appeared for the first time in hot red velvet pants

Mickey Mouse has given his inventor, Walt Disney, a little bar behind a panel, two hundred and forty-one golf sweaters, and a big income. Mickey was born of a brain wave on a train between New York and Kansas City

with two huge pearl buttons and danced wildly across the wall paper of little Princess Elizabeth's bedroom in a castle in England.

The Alice cartoons, as his first ones were called, caught on.

And then Walt conceived the idea of an animal for the chief character of the cartoons and someone chose a rabbit. And named it Oswald.

FOR three years Walt Disney labored with Oswald. He moved to a larger room on Hyperion Avenue. His staff grew to a few dozen. Walt still drew and wrote and labored. But his heart wasn't in it. Sometimes Oswald could be pretty much of a dumb bunny. After all, Walt wondered, what did Oswald have besides two ears and a lapin coat that could be bought anywhere for $.98? Then, too, trouble had started. Walt wanted more money to work with and his releasing agent wanted to cut down on expenditures. Some of his men grew discontented. Some dissatisfied. There was a regular rabbit stew over it all.

So Walt hastened to New York for advice.

"Get together," they advised him. "Times aren't so hot, so sign again." (They were saying it even then.)

Naturally, when Walt made the advances, he received a shoulder so cold, that the chill was felt for miles around.

So, with no contract signed, and just six months to go on the old one, Walt Disney boarded a train for home.

With a heart full of rejoicing.

For out of the trouble and confusion stood a mocking, taunting little figure. Vague and indefinite. But it grew and grew and grew.

And finally arrived—a mouse.

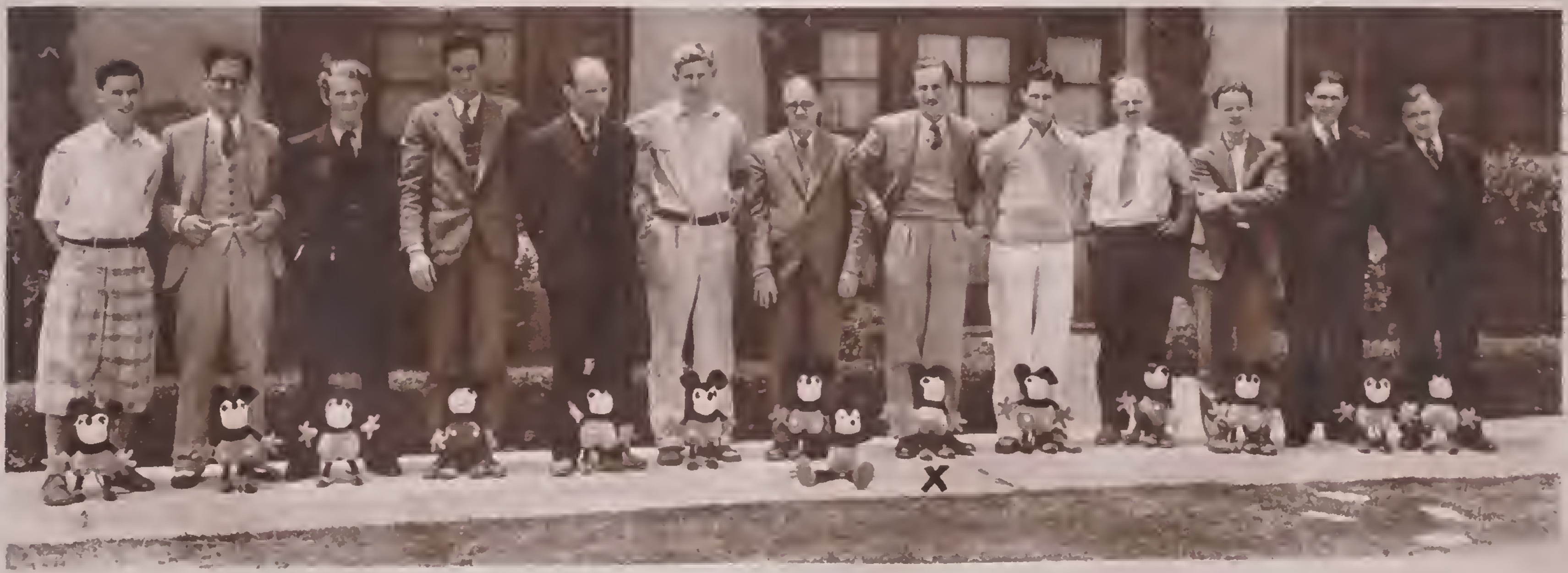
Born, like Ivan Lebedeff over in Budapest, on a train.

A little romping, rollicking mouse.

The idea completely engulfed him.

The wheels turned to the tune of it.

"Chug chug mouse, chug (*Continued on page* 122)



All these men are artists who work for Mickey Mouse. X marks the spot where Walt Disney stands

Speak for Yourself

Prize-Winning Letters from Our Readers

THE $20 LETTER

Christmas Gifts

I wish the producers would give us fans the following Christmas presents:

Joan Crawford in working girl rôles. Joan seems so much one of us—the us meaning those who like to call themselves "business women." Of course, Joan's more beautiful than most of us are, and she gets more glamorous things, but somehow, without being "jazzy" or "flaming," she's just a girl among the average crowd in her portrayals. I'd like to see more of them, with Clarence Brown directing, please.

From Paramount, better pictures for all their players. Why can't we have Richard Arlen, Fredric March, and Gary Cooper in characterizations suited to them? And why do we have to have Tallulah Bankhead and Peggy Shannon at all?

From Warners, a guarantee that Jimmy Cagney and Joan Blondell will be kept in those gorgeous, swift pictures, one after the other; no more pictures with Dolores Costello, and something very, very worthy of Ruth Chatterton and Bill Powell, now that they are under contract.

I'd like those Christmas presents. I'd like all of them. And I'd scrap the whole lot for

Clark Gable in anything.

Dorothy Fish,
New York, N. Y.

THE $10 LETTER

Placing the Blame Where It Belongs

While we are casting bricks and slinging mortar with naughty intentions towards some of the players who abound with that something that makes us jealous, let's take some stock of the producing business and wield a hodful toward the main office.

Let's try to realize that the looks and actions of screen players largely depend on directors and higher executives and it is unwise to slam the players for something beyond their powers.

The producers remind me of a groceryman trying to sell green apples to substitute for strawberries.

The public has been too much like the person who always just orders "plate lunch." If it's chicken, it's O. K.; if it's beef, it's O. K., etc., but we are learning to know what we like. Yet the producers still seem to hold to the plate lunch style.

It seems to me that you are aware of the fact that there are honestly stories to be had other than those conceived by established authors of novels. When will the producers realize it?

Claude Thomas,
Tulsa, Okla.

$1.00 LETTER

From a Southern Gal

Why in the world don't the producers wake up and realize that the moron class they (*Continued on page* 104)

WILLIAM POWELL

Carole Lombard's love life. Why not? He's her husband. His real name is William Horatio Powell. He loves truffles, travel and tennis. Warners are paying him over $7,000 a week to emote in elegant pictures like "High Pressure".

have been breaking their necks to please are dead and have a lily laid on them?

We of the South love action, very true, but we want action that is not only possible but very probable.

We want a picture of our South as it is today. Why can't we get it? I wish they would film a picture of the Mississippi delta. Film it in cotton-picking time. Show our gentry—and for heaven's sake, don't have them in hoop skirts!

If they want action, we can certainly give it to them. Take them on an alligator hunt. Let them chase a bobcat through a swamp, with the bobcat emerging winner. I've done all of these things and more during my twenty-two years.

I'd like to see a picture showing the tide of prosperity that carried us to the depths of deepest misery during the years '30-'31. If only I could write! I can talk and think of plots, but if I go to write, I park my thoughts on the shelf. *Mary Virginia Hicks,*
Hope, Ark.

$1.00 LETTER

Which Are Your Favorite Pictures, You Other Fans?

Here are my views as a movie fan:

The moving picture is one of the great amusements and especially does it give entertainment since the talking pictures have been added. Today one may sit in the most remote towns of the earth and hear the same voices and see the same scenes that are being heard and seen in the heart of the cities.

The movies portray real life upon the screen, at its best and at its worst.

The invention of moving pictures has probably played an important part in enlightening the world, and I for one will always remember "All Quiet on the Western Front" and the silent picture, "The King of Kings"; may we have others like them. *Grover Lee Adams,*
Westover, Maryland.

$1.00 LETTER

Are Five Million Frenchmen Wrong?

So Chevalier, the answer to a Maiden's Prayer, is coming back to the movie stars' paradise to create a new picture. Too bad!

After listening to the ravings of some infatuated young women I know, I went to see the Frenchman in his latest picture, "The Smiling Lieutenant." A pouting underlip, a nasal tone and a small boy's pranks—do these constitute a good actor? A few risqué scenes and a tawdry story garnished with a gingerbread Prince and Princess of Dunnowhere—do these constitute a good vehicle?

In all justice to Chevalier, I grant that it may not have been entirely his fault that "The Smiling Lieutenant" was such poor stuff. After all, even the best of actors can be wrecked by a bad plot, and Maurice can hardly be said to rate among our top notchers.

Let us give him one more chance to show his worth. If "One Hour with You" doesn't prove to be better entertainment than "The Smiling Lieutenant," let us send him back to dear old France and spend our money on things more worth while. *Alice Blaine,*
Iowa City, Iowa.

$1.00 LETTER

For the Old Favorites

I most sincerely hope that Movie Mirror is going to give the established favorites a good break. These newcomers, like Sylvia Sidney, Genevieve Tobin, Peggy Shannon, etc., whom the producers are frantically trying to cram down the public throat, are cluttering up altogether too many pages in the fan publications just at present. I'd like to know just how many fans have told me that they've stopped buying screen magazines because of the dearth of material concerning Novarro, Barthelmess, Richard Dix, Gary Cooper, Dick Arlen, etc. Not to mention the outraged Brian fans, who feel with perfect justice that their little favorite is worth a dozen scenery-chewing Peggy Shannons.

My own special favorite is Dick Arlen, who certainly looks to this grey-eyed Canuck like God's best gift to the canned drama industry. Yep, you can have your Montgomerys, Doug, Jr.'s and Phil Holmes, for with every fan who has ever seen Dick in action or been knocked for a goal by the gorgeous Arlen grin, there's only one star who can make the pulses jump, and that's the fascinating, more-than-hint-of-dangerish Richard Arlen.
Irene Kelly,
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

$1.00 LETTER

Words and Music

Ramon Novarro's latest picture, "Son of India," was quite an improvement over his previous one, the uninteresting "Daybreak."

Still, to us veteran Novarro fans, there is something missing, and even his newest fans could tell M-G-M and the world what it is. Why should such a glorious voice be wasted?

M-G-M may believe that people are tired of "singies."

How then do they account for the fact that when Ramon's pictures, "Devil May Care," "In Gay Madrid," and "Call of the Flesh," all singies, were shown, the shows were filled to overflowing, but when "Daybreak" and even "Son of India" were shown there were very few people in the audience?

Novarro fans know what they want and *must* have.

Movie companies maintain that people are weary of music and songs, but I protest. That is not so.

How many movie fans are not music lovers? Very few, I assure you. Almost every home today has a radio. Doesn't that prove that the people still crave music? And almost every home has at least one movie fan in its midst.

Ramon Novarro has the most beautiful voice in Hollywood and we *must* hear it. *Novarro must sing.*
Florence Dick,
Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

This is your department.* You can say what you want in it. You can rave or knock all you want. Just to make things more exciting, we're going to award seven prizes every month—$20 First Prize; $10 Second; and five prizes of $1 each. Prize letters must be 200 words or less. Prizes will be awarded and letters will be printed not because we agree with the writers, but because their letters are interesting and exciting. *Address: Movie Mirror, 8 West 40th Street, New York.

HURRELL

WHAT reducing did for one girl. Kathryn Crawford hadn't made a picture for months and months. Kathryn attracted a lot of attention as a singer and dancer in pictures like "Safety in Numbers" and "Red Hot Rhythm." Then musical comedies went out and so did Kathryn. She gained weight and lost her career. Musical comedies slowly began coming back. United Artists made "Palmy Days"; Warners went musical with "Her Majesty, Love"; and music was heard once more on the M-G-M sound stages. Still no studio would sign Kathryn up. At M-G-M they tested her and she was swell. But, er —well—plump. So Kathryn went on a strenuous reducing routine, under the care of a physician. She lost eleven pounds in almost no time at all. Then back she went to M-G-M, where she'd been pronounced too plump, and made them eat those words. Now she's "Flying High" for M-G-M, and they've signed her to a long-term contract.

The Mary Brian school is a quiet, thriving one. Head graduate is Jack Oakie whom Mary taught to discard old flannels in favor of klassy klothes

The Girls They Graduated From

The Hollywood Lads Major in the Social Graces and Oh, What Beautiful Instructors They Have

By MARQUIS BUSBY

ALL the education in the world doesn't consist of book larnin', and there are more ways of acquiring those "finishing touches" as men of the world than getting sheepskins from Yale and Harvard.

Now just consider the young men in motion pictures. All of them went to school—and a lot of them graduated from college. However, don't think for a moment that their educations were complete. They still had to go through the ordeal of mingling in Hollywood society, and more particularly, stepping out with the famous beauties of Cinemaland. Here's where the real finishing school begins. They learn about women from them, if Mr. Kipling will excuse my rudeness in borrowing one of his best lines.

These stellar beauties take the raw material—and train the lads in social graces, explain the difference between a cocktail fork and a cocktail shaker (providing the latter is empty); supervise taste in haberdashery; introduce them to worth-while people—producers and producers' wives; illustrate how to assist a lady from a limousine while the great, awed public looks from the sidelines, and what to say to those newspaper boys when the subject of an engagement is broached. Usually the young man says—"We're just awfully good friends, but any announcement must come from Miss Kliegeyes." That is one of the first things an actor learns to prattle. It's like the famous schoolboy exercise in Latin, "All Gaul is divided in three parts."

They do say that most men never recover entirely from the first love of their youth. Many times when a man marries he has no better excuse than that the girl looks like Mary Jones whom he assisted over mud puddles on the way home from school. It's just as true in Hollywood. Nine times out of ten, when one romance ends, the swain starts making goo-goo eyes (1910 slang for "come and get me") at a girl who is much the same type.

TAKE Joel McCrea; almost all the women in Hollywood want to take him, for instance. Joel used to be perfectly content to step out with débutantes from the Los Angeles society set. But those girls never got to first base. Constance Bennett registered. She was a sophisticated woman of the world. She had been places, read books, and seen things. She took an interest in Joel. He was a boy from a good family, but naïve and youthful. She helped him in pictures, insisted that he be given leading rôles, and aided him in gaining poise. Joel, after stumbling along for several years and getting nowhere, began to be an important personage in Hollywood. Undoubtedly, his diploma from Connie helped him more than his courses in chemistry and philosophy.

Since Connie has transferred her attentions to Henri, Marquis de la Falaise, Joel has been seen with Gloria Swanson, Dorothy Mackaill and Ina Claire. Speaking generally, the type is not dissimilar. You notice they are all a bit older than Joel and have all been married, at least once. Joel hasn't had much time for the younger set—the Mary Brians, the Maureen O'Sullivan the Anita Pages and the Dorothy Jordans.

His are high powered instructors. Just imagine what would happen to Princeton if those ladies were on the faculty. The waiting line of students would reach from New Jersey to Golden Gate Park.

GARY COOPER graduated from the Clara Bow school. I think he really played hooky from the time Clara talked him into having his hair bleached. Gary never quite recovered from the shock, and the two stars haven't spoken in years. The tall Montanan, coming from a dignified family of cool, British reserve, had never seen anything as lively as Clara. Apparently the calm, good-natured Gary has a taste for fireworks in his girl friends. After Clara he became even more smitten with Lupe Velez. Loop-the-Lupe Velez has never been exactly

Loop-the-Lupe Velez completed the Cooper education Clara Bow had begun. She made Gary step out socially

Gary Cooper seems to like fireworks. Clara Bow gave him plenty

Bebe Daniels taught laughter and happiness to Charlie Paddock and Harold Lloyd among others. Then she met Ben Lyon and fell in love

formal. Gary, being reared in the strictest propriety, always liked the mad informality of the Mexican star's home. At least, he was there an awful lot. Now that this romance has chilled to frigid temperature, Gary is reported to be piloting Tallulah Bankhead to ice cream socials in New York. While Tallulah is scarcely as primitive as Clara or Lupe, she is spectacular. More or less true to type again.

Lupe, in particular, did a great deal to help Gary. Under her influence the Cooper taciturnity mellowed. He went out socially, and while he was never the life of the party, he did not sit in dark corners and look bored.

THE Clara Bow school for young men has always suffered from too much publicity. If the Brooklyn red head stopped to pass the time of day with a gentleman, the afternoon papers rushed out extras—"Clara Bow Has New Boy Friend." If the boys didn't mind the notoriety, they did learn something from Clara—if they took the trouble. It didn't make a particle of difference to her whether their fathers owned the United States Treasury or the local ice wagon. Clara is as natural as the air she breathes, and is honest as the grocery scales the day the inspector calls. She expected the same quality in her boy friends. It is no secret that she didn't always find it.

Some of the graduates from the University of Bow were Gilbert Roland; William Savage, who wrote savage poetry and tried to slash his wrists (he didn't try too hard); Victor Fleming, the director; Gary Cooper, Harry Richman, and currently Rex Bell.

I'm not forgetting the University of Southern California football team. Clara drove over to the campus one day, and took the boys right away from Alma Mater. Gosh, the coach was mad. They say he chewed up a dozen footballs and tore both goal posts limb from limb. There used to be some marvelous impromptu football games on Clara's front lawn. For a time there were more U. S. C. sweaters around the house than fleas on Fido.

YOU'D naturally expect the Mary Brian school to be more sedate, but the enrollment is always heavy. I lost count long ago on the number of Mary Brian engagement rumors. It is pretty safe to say that after a lad escorted Mary to several parties he was qualified to step out with any sheltered daughter of the rich. Mary's from the south, and she expects courtesy and gallantry from the gentlemen of her court. Stories about traveling salesmen, and gin bottles under the table, are strictly taboo.

Ben Lyon had been engaged to lots of girls, Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Marilyn Miller, before he met Bebe

Right at the present time Mary has persuaded Jack Oakie to buy some kollege kut klothes and give the disreputable flannels and sweat shirt to the rag man. Not long ago I saw Mary and Jack dancing at a popular café. Jack was spruced up in evening clothes. I can remember when he thought he was well dressed as long as his face was clean.

Buddy Rogers has remained a more or less consistent Mary Brian admirer for years. Before June Collyer

Joel McCrea graduated from Dorothy Mackaill to Connie Bennett and from Connie Bennett to Ina Claire

That necessary worldly quality is quickest learned by companionship with those who possess worldly poise. And who could teach that better than the glamorous Constance Bennett?

married he was also seen occasionally with her. There is the similarity in type again. Arthur Lake and William Bakewell, the best of friends in all other things, never could agree on which one should rush Mary.

Rudy Vallee went through the Brian curriculum while he was making pictures in Hollywood. He didn't waste much time on other girls. Maybe that's why he was so unpopular.

PATSY Ruth Miller was another belle of the picture colony. Before she married Tay Garnett, the director, the newspapers never went to press without a story of her engagement. Her beaux arrived by the dozens, and all tried to outsit the others.

Pat had a clever mind. If her admirers didn't read books, they started them so Donald Ogden Stewart wouldn't outsmart them when he dropped in to call. And Pat kept her visitors in good physical mettle. She played tennis in the morning, took a couple of hours for horseback riding, went swimming in the afternoon, and danced every night. Some of the boys took a physical training course before they even tried to date Pat.

Richard Barthelmess dropped around pretty often, and John Monk Saunders, before (*Continud on page* 123)

How the boys yearn to learn when Dorothy Mackaill starts smiling!

Now Ronny Colman only makes two pictures a year, so they've got to sparkle—or else. Lots of people didn't like seeing Ronny as a gangster in "The Unholy Garden." But they do say that he's elegant as the doctor in "Arrowsmith," with Helen Hayes, the stage star who made her début in "Lullaby"

Why I Want to Be Rich

right if we knew it would last forever, but where you live up to your income and don't save anything, you don't know how long that income is going to last.

IT'S much harder to learn to do without things to which you've become accustomed than it is never to have known them. And, for the present, a thousand dollars in the bank looks a darned sight better to me than a shiny new car in front of my door.

When I was working on "All Quiet" I was getting $250 a week. I paid $65 a month for my apartment and $10 a month more to have it cleaned. After the picture was finished and they took up my contract, I moved into a little better place where I paid $85 or $90 and I stayed there until I got another raise. Then I took this house for which I pay $125 a month—furnished—and I have a maid who comes half a day, cleans it and cooks dinner for me. She gets $12.50 a week and the rest of my expenses are in keeping. I'll stay here until I can build the home I want for myself and my wife.

There are a great many things I want to do eventually and they'll all take money—lots of it.

For instance, there's a lot on top of a mountain near here. It's the highest point in this vicinity and commands an unobstructed view for miles and miles around. I want the title to that lot. Then I want to build there. I want a house large enough so I can have a built-in pipe organ

(*Continued from page* 71)

and I want it built solid enough so that I can have an observatory on the roof for my telescopes. I want a tennis court and swimming pool. Those things all take money.

I DON'T care a tinker's dam about clothes and night clubs, but I want to be able to go to New York once or twice a year to see the shows.

I want a yacht, too. Not just to cruise around San Pedro Harbor or up and down the coast but so I can go places.

Look at John Barrymore. When his contract expired, instead of looking around for a new contract he and his wife and baby piled aboard *The Infanta* and off they went to Alaska. I want to go further than that. I want to roam the seven seas without having to worry about whether I'm going to be able to get a job when I get back.

And then, of course, there's that matter of pictures I spoke about a while ago. Even if I got to be as rich as Henry Ford, I'd still want to make pictures. I love them. But I want to be able to turn down a part if it doesn't appeal to me. I'd like to make as many *good* pictures in a year as I could—three, four or even five. But if I couldn't find but one good part, I'd like to be able to make only one picture. It's even conceivable that some years I might not make any pictures.

But if I were a good actor, producers would always want me and if I were rich I wouldn't have to argue with them about the money end of it.

There are lots of friends of mine who are not in too affluent circumstances—people who just haven't the knack of making money—and I'd like to be able to do something for them, too.

I WANT the independence and assurance and feeling of security that wealth gives you. I despise dressing up. I love to roam around in old clothes that a tramp wouldn't wear. If I'm rich people will know that I don't go around that way because I have to, but because I like it. If I were poor I wouldn't dare go around the way I do. Not only because of what people would say but because it would militate against me if I looked for work. We can talk all we like about not caring what people say or think of us, but when it comes down to the rub, every blamed one of us cares a devil of a lot what our neighbor thinks and says.

Why do I want to be rich? It isn't for the money. It isn't so that I can live on an elaborate scale, spending money with prodigal wastefulness on things I'm not really anxious for. Just knowing that I was a millionaire wouldn't mean a thing to me. But knowing that I could do *whatever* I liked, *whenever* I liked, without having to stop and count the cost—it seems to me that that's the only real freedom and happiness there is in life. *That's* why I want to be rich!

Christmas In Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 24)

competition and much secret planning.

Work ceases at noon and the fun begins. Each group has plenty of good things to eat and a small Christmas tree, beneath which are piled gifts. Usually the various members of the department unite in giving their particular executive a present and this is presented to the tune of much cheering and speechmaking.

Visits are exchanged, of course, between various departments. And at some time during the festivities most of the stars and players on the lot drop in, leaving gifts. For example, last year Genevieve Tobin made the round of the office parties, followed by her chauffeur, laden with gifts for all the people with whom she'd worked. Genevieve had kept her mother busy shopping for a whole month to be sure no one was forgotten.

John Boles, too, tore around from office to office, exchanging greetings and trailing a wake of presents for everyone from janitors to executives. John usually pokes his present under something so that it is not discovered until after he's gone.

CHRISTMAS sometimes reveals the stars in a new light. For example, Constance Bennett is pretty generally considered to be a young lady who concentrates chiefly on her own welfare. Yet there is no one more thoughtful and generous than Connie when the holidays roll around. Prop boys, photographers, make-up men, hairdressers, everyone who has worked on her pictures during the year receives a gift which Connie has chosen herself. One Christmas Eve the seamstresses in the RKO-Pathé wardrobe department were feeling abused because of the pressing rush of work which kept them busy all day, whereas the rest of the workers on the lot had declared holiday early in the afternoon, as is the custom in every studio. In the midst of their dejection Connie arrived, radiant with good will and bearing costly and carefully chosen remembrances for everyone in the department.

Another time—also on Christmas Eve—Ann Harding arrived at the RKO-Pathé publicity department to find the staff feverishly engaged in wrapping and addressing presents for the press. Everyone was anxious to finish and get home to complete his own holiday preparations. Ann took off her wraps and pitched in. For nearly two hours she postponed her own engagements to assist the studio corps.

OVER at Paramount the mailroom is a very popular spot on Christmas Eve. Just over the door hangs a sprig of mistletoe—which, combined with the holiday spirit—gives folk on the lot a chance to get rid of a lot of suppressed desires. Inside the mailing room, standing room is at a premium, since the place is overflowing with packages. The office boys compete for a spot just inside the door with an eye on that mistletoe. In the past they've prayed that Clara Bow would pass in the doorway—but this year they'll probably concentrate on Dietrich or Sidney.

George Bancroft holds open house for everyone on the lot in his large bungalow dressing room. Jack Oakie rushes around handing out gag presents—Jack starts weeks before Christmas thinking up laughs for everyone. To the newcomers on the lot he always gives jewelry advertisements cut out of magazines and newspapers. Anna May Wong gives each person with whom she is playing in a picture a Chinese gift. She likes to give Chinese dolls in keeping with the character each actor portrays. To each extra in the picture she presents a pair of chopsticks. Freddie March arrives on the lot with huge suitcases brimming with gifts, which Mrs. March has spent days selecting. Carole Lombard dispatches Christmas wires by the yard.

THIS year Mitzi Green is going to throw a Christmas party in the new sitting room of the studio schoolhouse. There'll be a snappy crowd there—Jackie Searl, Bobby Coogan, Jackie Cooper, Jerry Tucker and Leon Janney and presents for all of 'em on Mitzi's tree. George Barbier will act as Santa Claus.

Over at the accounting department (still at Paramount) there's the customary tree. Everybody in the department brings a gift without knowing whom it is for, and everybody gets one—but what a mixup! I have a hunch that due to the new Dietrich influence at Paramount, nine-tenths of the packages will contain garters this year.

The Japanese janitors arrive on the lot earlier than usual the morning before Christmas in order to leave their offerings on the desks of the secretaries. They bring little Japanese lacquer boxes—a simple and gracious gesture typical of the Oriental. Symbolical, too, of the spirit which prevails at Christmas. Everyone wants to give something. Even Oscar, the Paramount bootblack, beamingly offers free shines.

AT RKO-Radio there's an unwritten law that "bosses" of departments are not to be given presents by their employees. But except for this kindly taboo intended to protect those who cannot afford to spend much at Christmas, there's the same orgy of giving which takes place on every lot. At RKO, as at other studios, it is the studio watchmen, gardeners, telephone operators, etc., who fare best.

Stars and directors do most of the spending and giving, but occasionally they receive presents themselves which are the result of much loving labor. For instance, last year Richard Dix received a beautifully braided leather quirt from a Mexican gardener. Irene Dunne was given an exquisite miniature of herself by a worker in the photographic department. Mary Astor was presented with a luscious home-made plum pudding by the mother of her favorite hairdresser.

ON Christmas Day the big studios, so hectically gay the day before, are deserted and silent.

For most of the stars Christmas Day itself is chiefly a family occasion. I know of no other time when Hollywood goes so completely domestic. In each home there's a tree and a huge turkey dinner—gifts and festivities and plenty of gaiety, but in almost every case confined to family and very close friends. Most of the visiting and general celebrating have been done the night before. But Christmas Day is a home day.

For example: Lew Ayres has a pressing engagement in San Diego every Christmas with his small sister and brother, his mother and stepfather. No parties for Lew. As soon as he can get away from the studio he slips into his roadster and drives the ninety miles to San Diego to trim that Christmas tree with the family. This year I suppose Lola Lane will be added to that happy party.

ANN Harding and Harry Bannister's Christmas revolves around small daughter Jane. They decorate the tree themselves and hang Janie's stocking on the mantel. Christmas Day the guests in their hill-top home consist of Ann's sister, her brother-in-law and two young nieces. Ann herself prepares the chestnut dressing for the turkey.

Loretta Young's chief concern on Christmas Day is playing Santa Claus to her six-year-old sister, Georgianne.

Doug and Mary almost always spend December 25 at Pickfair with their numerous relatives, cousins and in-laws. Mary never puts her presents for Doug (she usually gives him about twenty) on the tree because she can't trust him not to open them ahead of time. There are always two trees, one in the house and one in the garden, brilliantly trimmed and loaded with presents for Mary's adored niece, Gwynn, and the other children in the family.

GLORIA Swanson spends the day at home with her children.

The various members of Chester Morris' family—his father and brother are actors, too—manage somehow to arrange their theatrical engagements so that they can have Christmas Day together.

There are exceptions, of course, to this picture of Hollywood Yuletide domesticity. Pola Negri, for instance, harking back to the traditions of Poland where entire villages celebrate the day together, gathers as many friends as possible about her on Christmas Day. Helen Twelvetrees, who has the tough luck to have her birthday coincide with Christmas, holds open house for her intimates and close friends.

DOLORES Del Rio, with Latin conviviality, likes her home to take on the air of a Spanish festival.

Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson like to get a big crowd out at Hoot's ranch for a barbecue.

But these, as I have said, are exceptions. A peek into the homes of most film luminaries on December 25 would be very much like peeping through a window in a home in Sioux Falls the same evening.

For even Hollywood shares the same mood as the rest of the world on Christmas Day.

Didn't we tell you that Hollywood leads the world in glamorous fashions, with even Paris trailing behind? Greta Garbo wore this dress in "Romance." And now, mind you—a year and a half later—Jay Thorpe's, the smartest, the most exclusive store in New York, is selling a model just like it, with Claire Coulter posing for it. So keep up with Hollywood fashions and you'll be a year and a half ahead of the rest of the world

Regular Guy

(*Continued from page* 51)

because she was the only one of them who was married. Wally and Gloria were much in love and the other girls were just a bit envious of their happiness.

Wally and Gloria took an apartment not far from the studio and happy days followed for both of them. Sennett accommodatingly put Gloria in stock as an ingénue. And Wally was making a nice salary as the Sennett villain. Life was a simple proposition for them.

A lot of water has flowed under the bridge since then.

"Out of all the experiences you've had, Wally," I begged, "which stands out plainest?"

WALLY paused and rolled his eyes thoughtfully. He essayed an answer, at last.

"Well, if you want the truth, dearie, the thing I remember best about the whole works is them goddam corsets I used to have to wear when I was doing them Swedish housemaid parts back at Essanay. Nothing can ever make me forget them. Why, when I used to get in my dressing-room and start in on the lacing, the air was good and blue. I cussed so hard that everybody had to lay off till I got through. And the dresses were darn near as bad. Imagine me in a corset! A big old cow like me!"

I prodded his memory again.

"What about that time you went off the pier in a battered old car?"

"Oh, that!" He waved his fork in a gesture of dismissal. "That wasn't anything. We had to do things like that every day."

"That" was going full tilt off the end of the pier into the Pacific, bound apparently hand and foot. The bindings were put on in such a way that they could be loosened in a split second. But in some manner, Wally's rope became entangled in the rod where the Ford top should have been fastened. And only a miracle prevented his being drowned. As it was, he was half-drowned before he freed himself.

There was hardly a day on the old Sennett lot that somebody did not have a narrow escape from death. The chances they took to provide laughs for the celluloid were just nobody's business.

But it wasn't dangerous to Wally. It was just tricky business. He always worried more about the dangers to other members in the cast than about the ones that impended to him.

ALL of the comedies were much alike. Louise Fazenda always played a dumb country girl. And Wally was always cast as the villain who pursued her.

One day, Wally was required by the scenario to throw Louise out on her ear from a speeding auto. The machine was going at what was then considered high speed, about twenty miles an hour, and the spot was the corner of Cahuenga and Hollywood Boulevard. Wally went around the block five times before he got up enough courage to toss Louise out. And when he finally did, she rolled over into the gutter and picked herself up with only a few slight scratches and bruises. Wally had been so disturbed by the incident that the perspiration was standing out all over his face. He was much more appalled over the prospect of her getting hurt, than Louise was.

WHERE Wally is concerned, nothing feazes him. And he has the strength and stubbornness of a mule. If he makes up his mind he is going to do a thing, he does it regardless.

Today he is a born adventurer. He likes nothing better than to fly up to June Lake where he has a mountain cabin and a plane landing field. His cabin is built out on a island and is the last word in privacy. So absolutely the last word, that when Greta Garbo finished "Susan Lenox" and demanded a retreat where she could be assured of perfect privacy, the studio got Wally to loan her his cabin.

Unlike many of the actors who are photographed with guns and rods, Wally actually knows how to use them and does.

No need to mention Wally's experiences in his circus days. So much has been written about his elephant charges. And there is something suggestive of a pachyderm in Wally's huge, slow-moving body. Like one of them, he is positive in his likes and dislikes and he never forgets a kindness or a hurt.

HIS humor is big and lusty. When he laughs in the commissary or the publicity offices, you can hear him all over the lot. And without any doubt he is the most popular actor at M-G-M. Nobody has stage fright over the idea of working with Wally. He goes out of his way to help the other fellow.

Flying is his greatest hobby, with hunting and fishing crowding each other for second place. He has two big setters, "Brownie" and "Sister." He takes the dogs in his plane with him when he flies. His wife, who was Rita Gilman, won't fly with him, because she hates heights.

Wally became acquainted with Rita when they were both working in "Robin Hood." She was an extra on the big set. She is very blonde and pretty.

A SEPARATION has been rumored at different times, but it may be largely gossip. They are supposed to be living apart at this writing. And Wally is lunching frequently of late with Marie Dressler. Hollywood scents a romance here.

Wally is quite a musician and has a good singing voice. He soft-pedals his love of music when he is being interviewed, because he thinks he doesn't look the part. Why he should worry about that or anything, I don't know. His career is set now for as long as he wants it. His fan following is enormous and unbelievably loyal. But he wants above all things to be a man's man and a good fellow. To achieve this end, he blusters upon occasion, swears like no trouper ever did and makes a personal friend of his garbage collector and the ice man. And everybody calls him Wally. I do, myself.

Having What It Takes

cymbals and his drums. A little bewildered. A little hurt. Explaining or trying to explain. Things that even Buddy can't understand. "They didn't give me a chance," he cries. "I wanted to be different. I'm tired of being a Buddy."

But you see the jump from Buddy to Charles was too much for him. He still remained a Buddy in thought.

And it's too bad. For he's a nice boy. A grand, likable boy. But that's the trouble. There are so many likable boys.

Just a few years ago the world was Buddy mad. Flappers tore and ranted and raved every time he came to town. They wanted Buddy. They fought to get near him. And then the years rolled by and the flappers grew and matured, the times changed, and the fashions in heroes.

Everything changed—but Buddy. Instead of going along with his fans, maturing with them, he remained just Buddy. And the world passed him by.

And little use it is to beg for stronger rôles if we, ourselves, haven't grown stronger. Useless to play act. That all-seeing demon of a camera probes into the very core of a human heart and says to the motion picture audiences, "Look, look beyond the play acting. Look long and deep. Here is what they really are."

BUT what is the matter with Anita Page? So much was promised. So much expected. And then—nothing. Why?

Anita is just as good as she ever was. And that's the trouble. Anita hasn't changed one iota from the inexperienced girl who landed in Hollywood a few years ago. Her voice has that same thick, metallic ring. Her hair still cascades frightfully about her face and neck. Her shoulders still droop. And what's more, *she still thinks the same.* There's nothing snappy, modern, intriguing about Anita. And the strange part of it is, Anita is an intelligent girl. Perfectly capable of going ahead if she would. But she hasn't. Hasn't taken stock of herself or the demands of the times. And that is the story of Anita Page.

AND what of Clara Bow? The same old story. The flapper had died and was buried without Clara knowing she'd even been ill. I mean the Clara off the screen as well as on. Poor Clara. Going from red head to blonde. From blonde back to orange. As if that were advancing.

I feel as deeply for Clara Bow as any one, but I sincerely and honestly believe there is no place on the screen of today for Clara Bow. Unless the Clara Bow of today becomes, by some chance, the actress of tomorrow's demands. The Ruth Chattertons, the Ann Hardings, the George Arlisses have opened too many doors of exquisite beauty for picture fans to be any longer intrigued with a long look down a tenement fire-escape.

Put her in better rôles, has been the cry. Give her a dramatic story. Or a story with charm.

Clara has given her own answer to that demand. It was a dramatic scene from life. Clara sat nervously on the edge of

(*Continued from page* 43)

a witness chair in a crowded courtroom in Los Angeles. The Daisy De Voe case was on. All eyes were on Clara.

Suddenly she leaned forward at the lawyer's question. Her feet apart.

"Listen," she said. "She got muh dough, see. She got muh dough."

And there you have her. The real Clara. Being herself. A luxury denied the stars of pictures. For they must grow far beyond the confines of just themselves.

And no matter how much Clara pretended otherwise on the screen, the camera would probe deep, deep, deep into the soul of this little kid from Brooklyn, and show a girl who thinks in the vernacular of Brooklyn alleyways. For what we think, we are.

And like a ghost, it would haunt her every screen performance and send echoing about in the minds of the fans, the words, "She got muh dough, see. She got muh dough."

WITH Garbo it's different. Garbo has been one step, or maybe two huge, Swedish steps, ahead of the procession. The times have been busy catching up to Garbo. But even a Garbo must keep hurrying on, hurrying on. There's no loitering, no lagging behind. For the woods, the movie woods, and the Holly woods, are full of Dietrichs with legs suitable for passing anyone. And a movie star in Hollywood, like the Red Queen in *Alice in Wonderland*, must run just twice as fast as anyone else to keep in the same place. And the progress can't all be in the legs, either.

No need to speak of Joan Crawford. You all know her story. If ever there was an example of the power of growing, of maturing, of learning to be the exact opposite of oneself, it's Joan Crawford. A little dancing play girl who took stock of herself. Who looked about with those big eyes and saw both failure and success. And saw beyond. Far beyond. It's easy to see others' mistakes. But to profit by them is something else. Joan Crawford did.

But I could lay down my head and weep bitter, scalding tears for Mary Pickford. Oh, I know. I know all about the beautiful home, the comfortable fortune while the rest of us are busy dodging the landlord from month to month. I know all that. But I still weep for Mary Pickford. Little Mary who has tried so hard to expand. To grow. And hasn't. Who even cut off her long golden curls in hopes *that* would do it.

Little Mary surrounded by royalty, by moderns. Mary, who has traveled and read and played. But still sits wide-eyed like a little doll and says, "Oh, but my fans wouldn't tolerate me doing anything rash. They wouldn't understand a Mary Pickford betrayed. I must keep nice."

Shades of Norma Shearer, who has gained a million fans by not being nice!

Poor little Mary Pickford. Or rather poor little Gladys Smith. For Mary never grew away from being Gladys Smith from Canada who wants to be in the "moom pictures." Tragc, it is.

They tell of Mary's last trip to New York.

"I don't want to see any newspaper men," she said. A sigh of relief went up from the publicity boys.

The next day she issued another statement. "I won't see any reporters."

But the third day she timidly announced, "I'll see the boys from the papers today."

And they had to tell her. The awful truth. There were no boys to see. No one had asked. No one had bothered. Little Mary. Lost in a world of moderns. Running frightened in a world of Shearers, of Crawfords, of Garbos.

Which brings us, of course, to Marie Dressler. Marie Dressler is a woman who belongs to no age, no time, no customs, no fashions. Or rather she belongs to all ages, all times, all customs, all fashions. She can dip down into her rich, full life and bring forth the old souse of "Anna Christie," or a woman of wealth and refinement as in "The Divorcée." She is bigger than any character she has ever portrayed. And we're not referring to her girth, either.

Marie is time, wisdom, customs, herself. She simply adapts herself to the demands of the day.

And if you think Marie hasn't got a half-dozen pairs of the swankiest black satin pajamas, well—let's knock knees.

They speak of Bob Montgomery down at the studio. The naive, half frightened boy of "The Big House." That was the Bob Montgomery who first came to Hollywood. But it didn't take Bob long to take a good "look see" and find himself. He's grown.

He's the same wise cracking, witty lad off the screen, that he is on. You can't go on being slightly scared and frisk about in Norma Shearer's gay screen world. So Bob grew to fit his rôles.

TODAY, Clark Gable stands in exactly the same place as Buddy Rogers did a few years ago. Today, the cry is "Gable, Gable, Gable." The fashion in heroes has switched. Yesterday, it was Rogers. America's boy friend. Today, it's Gable. The world's hot papa. But what of tomorrow? Will Clark Gable profit by the example of Buddy Rogers? Will he keep his eyes, his ears, his mind open to the trend of the times? Will he grow along with his fans? Or will he remain exactly in the same place, being the same person, year after year? Being hot long after it's time to quench all fires? Eventually to slip quietly into the void from which he came? A little hurt. A little bewildered.

Trying to explain. Crying out, "They wouldn't give me a chance."

There is only one thing to do. To grow with the times. Be the man or woman of the moment. So that your fans will constantly demand you. So that your screen presence rings true. So that no prying, probing camera can search out the man beneath the make-up and say, "Look. He's only play acting. He isn't modern. He doesn't know what it's all about. Look. Look long and deep."

Don't have that happen.

But grow, that's all. Just grow.

His Woman

(*Continued from page 69*)

"I'm not kidding," said Sally quietly.

"O. K. You're not the girl the boatswain and I both thought we saw at Marie's place in Cristobal. We' ain't never seen you. That it?"

"That's it," said Sally.

Gatson reached out and touched her shoulder. "I'll be around."

THE last faint star had disappeared. Only the curtain of fog could be seen ahead, coming ever thicker and closer. Sam, sounding the fog horn, went up on the bridge. Sally took the baby from his cradle on the misty deck back to her nice dry cabin.

And in her nice, dry cabin Gatson lurked, and closed the door behind her. He put strong arms about her. He did not move when she slapped him. Only his face changed viciously. And then his hand moved, to cover her screaming, to seize her wrist when she scratched him. He glared ferociously, as the baby, awakening in fright, began howling.

Outside were the shouts of men, the intermittent sound of the fog horn. Inside was the clatter of small objects being overturned, a water carafé, Sally's hand mirror, everything that was not, shipwise, fastened down. But above all rose the baby's terrified shrieks.

Sally was pinned against the wall, her hair streaming, her dress torn, her body bruised. And the baby's wails grew louder and louder. Gatson, in fury, seized a pillow and flung it over the child's face.

Sally no longer thought of herself. She thought only of the baby, his wailing ceased, his poor little gasps stifled under the pillow. In desperation she plunged a thumb into Gatson's eyes. Then the door opened, and Sam, attracted by the baby's cries, lunged forward.

HE leaped upon Gatson. He grabbed him by the collar. He flung him aside. Sally rushed to the choking baby.

"Is he all right?" Sam paused in his pummeling.

"Yes." As she patted his back, the baby's red little face became more normal, his breathing more even.

"Go to your quarters, Mr. Gatson," said Sam.

Gatson did not move. "You sucker! For a rotten, cheap little—"

Sam's fist shot out. Gatson reeled to the deck. He turned with clenched fists to charge at Sam. Along the deck they struggled, two men fighting, fighting over a woman. Gatson's fists, Sam's fists, plunging, gouging. Until Gatson stood, panting, for one second, against the rail, and toppled over into the water.

Sam flung out a life preserver. He rang the ship's bell. The boat stopped. A life boat put out. All about was solid fog.

Flares were dropped, lighting up the water all around. But there was no sign of Gatson. The life-boat rowed about, searching, searching. But no Gatson. At length, dejectedly, the men returned to the Christine. No one had seen, through the fog, the liner that, stopping because of the fog, had picked up Gatson.

SALLY'S one thought throughout this frantic search was that Captain Sam had killed Gatson on her account.

"Oh, Sam, Sam." She sobbed against his shoulder. Her hand reached out for his cheek, where there was a long gash.

"Don't worry about me. As long as you and the baby are all right." He looked down at her then, not in the way he had looked at her before, as a woman taking care of a baby, but tenderly, now, as his woman taking care of his baby. As he looked, he saw the love in her eyes, matching the love in his own. His arms flew about her. His lips plunged fiercely onto hers.

"Sally," he said, "I'm only a drunken sea captain—at least that's all I was until you came aboard. But maybe if you—"

"If you want me," said Sally, "there isn't any maybe."

SALLY had never been so happy as on that sunny morning when they landed in New York. Her arm linked in Sam's, they strolled toward the dock, smiling, in love. This was their wedding day.

But trouble lay ahead. At the Steamship Inspector's office, where Sam was summoned the moment he landed, he faced the rescued and outraged Gatson, charging him with attempt at murder.

Sam smiled, thinking of his dear little bride-to-be, waiting for him now in the anteroom. "It is the duty," he said, "of a captain at sea to protect a female passenger from being molested."

If you want to be as smart as Lilyan Tashman, here's a dress you can wear almost everywhere. It's of green woolen crepe, with lines of gold thread

Gatson jumped up in a rage. "Female passenger. Female—maybe you don't know what kind of female this was, Inspector. You wouldn't know about a joint called Marie's, in Cristobal. I knew this female—before."

Sam strode to the door, keeping tight control of his fists. "Sally," he called, and Sally came in from the anteroom.

"Were you ever at a place called Marie's in Cristobal?" said the Inspector.

Sally knew then that there was no way out. She knew then that the shining faith in Sam's eyes must give way before the truth. But she knew, too, that Sam was on trial. She must save him.

"What Mr. Gatson says is true," she said. "But you've got to believe this. Captain Whalen didn't know. He thought I was a decent girl—or he wouldn't have asked me to marry him."

"That's right!" said the officer who had met Sam at the dock. "He told me himself that they were getting married this morning."

"I can understand this case, Captain Whalen," said the Inspector. "Outside of formalities, I think this clears you."

AND this, thought Sally, when Sam refused to speak to her, was to have been her wedding day. Dejectedly she went to the apartment of her girl friends; miserably she thought of her lost happiness. Sam refused to listen, had refused to let her say good-bye to the baby before sending him to an orphanage tomorrow. Had refused even to let her board his ship for her things.

"Aloysius will bring them to you!" he said, and took the address which she handed him, forlornly, on a slip of paper.

But her girl friends made her welcome. "Get your glad rags on," said Gerty. "We're off to a swell party. There's a man you'll like—rolling in money."

"No," said Sally, "I'm through with all that."

They protested. They argued. Sally, the former life of the party—through with all that. For a job! But Sally was firm. Whatever Sam felt about her, however he had ceased to love her, nothing could change her love for him.

And then the doorbell rang—and Sam walked in, very drunk.

"I brought your friend," he said, and pushed forward Gatson, very drunk also. "He's lonesome. Well, I'll be leaving you."

"Get out of here," said Sally. She turned to Sam in fury. "You talk about girls being decent, you dirty, rotten drunk, kicking them when they're down. *You* talk of decency! Get out of here. Get out!"

Wildly, when they had gone, she flung herself into the bedroom. "Lend me an evening dress, girls. I'm going with you!"

Hysterically, she tore off her clothes. Hysterically, she bathed, put on her make-up. And then the phone rang.

"Aloysius! What? The baby's sick? I'll be right over."

FORGETTING now about the party, forgetting that she must not set foot on Sam's boat, she thought only of the baby, who, in Sam's absence, had crawled upon the wet deck and got pneumonia.

When Sam reeled back to his ship, he found her there.

"Sober up if you can," she said in disgust. "You tell me *I'm* not fit to take care of a baby!"

Through the hours, through days, Sally did not leave the baby's side. Haggard, sleepless, she followed the doctor's orders.

"Why don't you get some sleep?" said Sam, almost tender.

"I can't sleep. Why don't you?"

Together they hovered over the baby's bed. Together they suffered with the baby's struggle for breath. Sailing time came and went. Sam refused to lift anchor. The baby was in danger.

And then one day, the doctor smiled, and nodded. "He'll be all right now. It's safe to sail with him."

TEARS of joy streamed down Sally's face. She let them stream, unashamed. "I'll be going ashore, Sam," she said.

"Clear away," Sam called to his men. "We're sailing."

"But Sam!" said Sally. "I've got to get my things ashore!"

"I've been thinking," said Sam, "what you said the other night. Who was I, with my rotten ways, to blame you?"

He pulled a paper from his pocket. "Our license. I got it yesterday. There's a minister coming on board at Quarantine to marry us."

"You're sure," said Sally softly, "you know what you're doing?"

Sam smiled. Put great strong arms about her. Kissed her.

"Who's captain of this ship, anyhow?" he said.

More Hot News

(*Continued from page* 10)

THE nominees for the Motion Picture Academy awards are Marlene Dietrich, Marie Dressler, Irene Dunne, Ann Harding, Norma Shearer, Lionel Barrymore, Jackie Cooper, Richard Dix, Fredric March, and Adolphe Menjou . . . out of these, the best performance by an actor and the best performance by an actress are named on November 10. . . . Clyde E. Greathouse was undone by Josephine Dunn, his former wife. . . . He had to serve a three-day sentence in a Los Angeles jail because he told Josephine that she was wasting her time trying to collect the alimony due her stop. . . . Grace Moore's husband, Spanish actor Valentine Parara, has returned with her to this country and will appear in the Spanish version of "Paid." . . . Howard Hughes is taking Constance Cummings places, even though her real heart is Leslie McFadden stop. . . . Advance reports are that Jackie Cooper is the rave of the ages in "The Champ" . . . and that he even steals the picture from picture-stealer Wallace Beery . . . that he surpasses his own work in "Skippy" and "Donovan's Kid," if that's possible stop. . . . And M-G-M publicity men are weeping over the goofiest title change of the month, from "Lullaby" to "The Sin of Madelon Claudet."

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What Next, Gloria

(Continued from page 29)

have little Gloria. Then such retirements were rare. Hollywood marveled over Gloria. Over her daring. Over her appearance, too. Even a plain woman in love is beautiful. Gloria was ravishing.

FOR a year or two they both knew happiness enough to enrich a lifetime. Why this marriage suddenly ended no one knows, probably least of all Gloria and Somborn. It might be that no one as intensely male as he could endure playing second fiddle. And married to Gloria, of course, it was impossible that he play anything else.

So Gloria and Herbert Somborn decided on separate lives.

Somborn traveled pretty much the same path as before. He is still well-groomed and polished and informed. Popular. He is, incidentally, owner of Hollywood's famous Brown Derby. And, amusingly enough, now a crony of Wally Beery's.

Gloria's way, on the other hand, led her to greater fame and responsibilities such as big business men alone are supposed to know. She found herself faced with decisions in which her bright fame hung in the balance.

But Gloria didn't repeat her previous mistake of trying to live for her work alone. Which is well. Without the happy respite she has found in her love affairs in the last several years I personally doubt that she could have survived, that she could have held her youth inviolate against the heavy responsibilities, the constant worries and hard work.

IT has been her salvation that when bankers were pressing and producers demanding and contrary Gloria had an escape. That, with some devoted beau, she watched the races at Agua Caliente. Or the tennis at Cannes. Danced under the stars on New York roof-tops. Or drove through Central Park in a hansom, the cabby nodding above, the horse plodding the familiar way while, in magic silence, they waited for that first break in the sky that ends the night.

For a long time now Gloria has been able to choose her beaus without considering their ability to stick to a job and bring home a pay envelope steadily week in, week out. Unlike most young women, she does not need to stake all her hopes for the future on a man's ability to develop into a constant husband. She need seek romance only, for its own sweet sake.

With the God-given instinct all of us possess to go after what we need most, Gloria does not seek a good provider, a steady man. She seeks a romantic someone with a flair for living, someone who has not forgotten how to play.

JAMES HENRI DE FALAISE DE LA COUDRAY was such a man. He was a Marquis, at home in all the capitals of the world. Handsome as a god. Born to leisure. A familiar figure on the boulevards. A bon vivant. But it was Gloria who was to turn his head, to upset his sophisticated poise and, in the end, tear him away from his beautiful France. Remembering them together in those first days, it is safe, I think, to say that Gloria taught "Hank" as much as he taught her.

I always like to think of Gloria when she was a Marquise. She wore her title with such an easy grace. She was so happy. One day she and "Hank" were planning their next holiday, how the two of them would go off together.

"We'll go to France," Gloria said. "Take a remote chateau on the Riviera." She was like an eager child.

"You'll be plain *Mrs.* Falaise," Hank told her.

And Gloria's eyes and voice were caressing when she answered:

"I'll like that."

I've never seen Gloria lovelier than she was in those days. I've never seen her in more perfect tune. I've never known her voice to have a richer, warmer timbre. Her eyes to be such a breathless blue. But I hope I may again some day. If not because of Michael Farmer then because of some other man. It would be such a pity to have it otherwise.

Incidentally, there's nothing strange in the current Michael Farmer having captured Gloria's interest. In many ways he is like "Hank." He has a fine zest for living.

ALREADY it is rumored that Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer were secretly married way back in August. To all such rumors Gloria smiles tantalizingly and says, "Supposing I had secretly married Michael Farmer. If it was a secret naturally I would have to keep it a secret."

Of course, if Gloria did marry secretly, her marriage wouldn't be recognized until she gets her final divorce decree from the Marquis.

So I say if this Michael Farmer romance doesn't materialize then, with all my heart, I hope that soon, very soon, there will be another beau. I shall wait impatiently for the newspapers to shout either "GLORIA WEDS MICHAEL FARMER" or "WILL GLORIA WED AGAIN?" with the mention of some other man. For, as I said in the beginning, when at last all of this shall end I will be sad, knowing that Gloria has grown old; that the screen is doomed to lose her loveliness.

IN his poem "To Youth" Johnny Weaver sings:

"This I say to you.
Be arrogant! Be true!
True to April lust that sings
Through your veins. These sharp springs
Matter most . . . Afteryears
Will be time enough for sleep . . .
Carefulness . . . and tears. . . .

Never fear, Age will catch you,
Slow you down, ere it dispatch you
To your long and solemn quiet. . . .
What will matter then the riot
Of the lilacs in the wind?
What will mean—then—the crush
Of lips at hours when birds hush?"

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I never read those verses but I think of Gloria. . . .

Other Stars—and Chester Morris

(Continued from page 73)

smoke innumerable cigarettes and finally sit down with a book until the sun rises or he falls asleep from exhaustion. I've known him to go three or four nights with scarcely a wink of sleep. But no one on the set knows anything about it and his temper is just as even a Gwendolyn Gweer's, who has had a masseuse rub her to sleep.

Take the little matter of moods. All Grade A stars are entitled to have them—and do. And in most cases it's pretty tough on the rest of the cast and crew when they are in the throes of one. Costumes are wrong, lighting is wrong, supporting actors are reading their lines atrociously and it's just too bad for everybody. There's no sense being a star if you can't indulge your feelings.

But Chester, the dumb cluck, will work like a mule all day and as soon as he's dismissed, get into his car, drive up on top of a mountain and sit there for hours by himself, gazing at the sky or other mountains, until the mood wears off.

OF course, the most incongruous thing about him is the kind of part he plays. Usually he is a romanticist, intent on getting the girl. And during the getting, in common with other actors who play like parts, he'll give the girl a familiar slap, join the Wandering Hands Society, etc.

The other actors revel in those scenes. It makes them feel quite "doggy" and man-of-the-world-ish, if you know what I mean. They embarrass Chester. "Couldn't we leave out that slap?" he asked his director once. "Couldn't I just give her a wicked wink or something of the sort?"

And because a scenario writer has made them successful in their machinations in the picture, these other actors are convinced that they are simply irresistible and go right on playing Don Juan long after they leave the studio.

Chester lives for the moment when the director says, "That's all for today." He goes home to his wife and family and if his hands go wandering, it's towards the crib where the baby is asleep.

It's all very difficult and upsetting. You never know exactly what to make of him and I don't like him. Not much, I don't!

Here is the answer to last month's Cross Word Puzzle

R	E	R	I			J	O	E			L	O	Y			S	O	P	S
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D	E	E	D		E	G	G	S			P	O	S	T		R	U	D	Y

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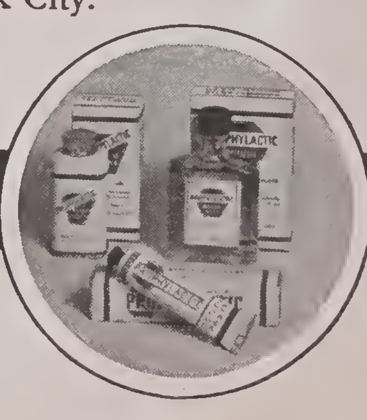

The Romance of Constance Bennett

(Continued from page 27)

Then she started to work on "Common Clay" and stories were started about her and Lew Ayres, who also played in it. Lew is naive in a way; he is young, good-looking and was, at that time, unattached. A romance between the two of them made swell copy—even though it existed only in the minds of people who wrote it.

He had a long speech near the end of the picture which he just couldn't seem to get out of his system in a natural way. The director asked Constance if she would have Lew up to her house and go over it with him, thinking if Lew were away from the curious eyes of the studio people, he might react better. She agreed, and Lew came to her home.

WHEN the rehearsal was finished she had an intuition he felt self-conscious over the incident and, in order to put him at his ease, she asked if he would like to go with her to a party Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon were giving at the Ambassador. Afterwards they went to another one at the Embassy. Reporters saw them at both places, compared notes and an engagement was rumored.

I think Lew took her out to dinner a couple of times after that and that was all there was to it.

But long, long after they stopped seeing each other, rumors of their engagement persisted. Lew was supposed to be heart-broken and Constance a heartless flirt. They had never been anything more than good friends, but the incident made much better reading the other way.

A SHORT time later the Marquis arrived in this country. I believe Gloria, anxious to avoid any unpleasant notoriety, announced that he had come to "talk things over." It was all cut and dried before he got here that they would be divorced. He had been kind to Constance in Paris; it was only natural that Constance, established here and successful, should endeavor to reciprocate his kindness.

In addition, when he was here before, he was here as Gloria's husband. The only friends he had were her friends. Estranged from her, he was practically alone. The Marquis *is* a sophisticated person. He represented things Connie liked. They saw a lot of each other.

Then the Marquis was signed by RKO to direct French versions of their pictures. Occasionally he had to work evenings when he and Connie had planned to go somewhere together and it became necessary for Constance to go with others.

JOEL McCREA played the lead with her in "Born to Love" and "The Common Law." In the motion picture business your associates are frequently the people with whom you happen to be working at the time. Is there anything particularly significant in the fact that Constance, called to the 'phone in mid-afternoon and invited to a party at Marion Davies', should return to the set on one or two of these occasions and say to Joel, "Would *you* like to go with me to Marion's to-night?"

Yet no sooner was she seen out with him than tongues began to wag. "Connie and the Marquis have parted"; "Joel McCrea is Connie's new boy friend" and similar juicy bits of gossip, among others that "Joel has lunch every day in Connie's bungalow."

Only partially right, as usual. I've been out there a number of times when he hasn't been there. And I've been out there a number of other times when he has. But he never had lunch there alone with her. There is no restaurant on the Pathé lot and no good ones anywhere near there. When she is working, Connie has lunch prepared in her bungalow for four or five people. Paul Stein, her director, always had lunch there. Some days she asked some principals, other days others. Joel probably ate there oftener than any of the others (except Stein), partly because he worked in more scenes with her than the others and—believe it or not—the lunch hour is employed to discuss things pertaining to the picture, and partly because she sincerely liked him. She admits it quite candidly.

THEN they were seen together at the Swimming Club and the rumors were given added impetus. Joel has belonged to the Santa Monica Swimming Club for years. Constance has belonged ever since her return to Hollywood—before she met Joel. Having worked together in two pictures, they could scarcely have been expected to sit at opposite ends of the beach without speaking. Because they did the natural thing and sat together, "they must be engaged."

Since she has refused to discuss her private affairs for them, people have put two and two together and got five more times where Constance Bennett is concerned than almost anyone else in history. The result is she had refused to see writers. Most of the articles you read about her are based on conjecture. A blush of modesty mantles my cheek as I bow my head and admit that I am the exception. I have known her for a long, long time and flatter myself that I enjoy her confidence.

Some time ago a writer wanted to see her. "If you'll keep the conversation impersonal, I'll talk to you," Constance agreed. "Oh, yes, certainly," the writer assured her. Two months later, when the interview appeared, almost half a page was devoted to a discussion of Constance and the Marquis—a subject that had not been mentioned during the interview.

ON several occasions I have urged Constance to give out the real story—in justice to herself.

"I wouldn't dignify those silly reports by bothering to deny or confirm them," she said, and then added confidentially, "you know me well enough to know that I wouldn't marry Joel. In the first place, he's too young. And, in the second place, there was never any talk of marriage

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between us. We were never more than friends. We're still good friends and I hope we always will be. I think he's a fine boy and if I ever have another picture come up with a part suitable for him, I'll go to the bat in a moment to get him. But, on the other hand, I'd never stamp my foot and say, 'I'm going to have him whether or no,' if the part didn't suit him, regardless of how good friends we are."

The ridiculousness of the reports concerning her and Joel was made the more apparent when, her Warner Brothers picture finished, she went to Europe and Joel started on a picture for the Fox Company. That there had been no breach between the Marquis and herself was evidenced by the fact that he was in Europe at the same time.

IMMEDIATELY tongues began to wag again and Constance was hounded by reporters wanting to know if she intended marrying *him*. Once, when something had been printed that angered her, she turned to me defiantly. "Why can't they leave me alone? What do they want me to say? That I'm engaged to a man whose divorce is not yet final? Wouldn't *that* be great? It would present me in a very dignified light, wouldn't it? And wouldn't it show up the Marquis in a favorable manner? And it wouldn't be the least bit humiliating for Gloria Swanson, would it? After their divorce is final it will be time enough to talk over those questions. For the present, they're simply things one doesn't discuss."

Yet, if you want the lowdown from an old friend, my personal hunch is that she and the Marquis will be married by the time you read this. And if ever a girl deserved happiness, she does. She has been hounded by the press from the time she re-entered pictures to the present moment and for no other reason than that she has tried to live according to her convictions and has had the courage to say "no" to reporters when they tried to pry into her personal affairs, even though she knew her refusal meant antagonizing them and that their enmity meant unfavorable publicity.

In talking over all this recently with a friend of mine—another writer—I mentioned that I could not understand why people won't leave her alone.

"She's such a good copy," murmured my friend. And that's what is back of all the reports you hear. As glamorous a figure as has ever flashed across the cinema horizon, she intrigues because she won't conform to cinema standards.

Do You Write Like a Movie Star?

THE handwritings of all your favorites—and what that handwriting means—will be in the January issue of MOVIE MIRROR, on sale December fifth. Don't miss this feature.

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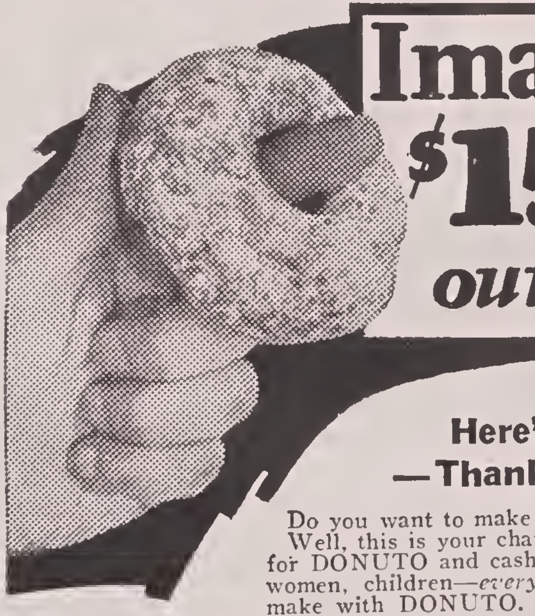

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Second Fiddle Preferred

(*Continued from page 86*)

of the M-G-M commissary. "Such magnanimity among actors is novel."

The gay Hyams laughter rippled.

"My fatal allure, if any, isn't because I'm a great actress, I'm afraid. What does a girl contribute to a man's starring picture except a certain ornamental glory? She is just the excuse for all the daring deeds and what not. She gets scant chance to register any emotions other than faith in ye hero and joy in his victory, with a moment of sad melancholy now and then when she fears that all may not be well in the last reel.

"No, it can't be my 'art'."

"It must be," Leila decided, "that I just get along with them.

"I *have* to be versatile—personally. I must switch moods with lightning speed. Women always, you know, get their own way the most with men by seeming to agree. One who likes men and understands their psychology, the way their minds work, finds it pretty easy.

"If the star is in a blithe humor, I try a bit of bantering. It goes over well; the day is off on a joyous course. When he seems let-down, I attempt to console the doldrums by a dose of sympathy, which works like a charm.

"Nor am I deliberately acting, for they are all such boys, and I have enough of that mother-complex to humor them, to want them to be happy. Enjoying men's company—their camaraderie, their coöperative spirit, their freedom from petty jealousies—it soon became second nature for me to slip into their moods."

IN two and a half years, Leila has played the girl for whom the fireworks of heroics were set off in eighteen films.

"I am given constant courtesies," she enumerated the advantages of her secondary position. "Men like to please women. And when there is only one female around, it's a 'natural.' My needs are anticipated without undue exertion on my part. It makes me glow with that 'cared for' feeling so dear to woman's heart.

"You might think that by playing with so many men I would get a whack at many types of rôles, but that isn't so. The leading lady is always the same.

"It cramps any style that I may possess. I get slight opportunity to disclose any budding talent. Besides, will the public tire of me, seeing me so often? They may soon be saying, 'Let's not go to that picture! Leila Hyams is in it, and we always know what she is going to do.' When, upon occasion, those noble ambitions to do bigger and snappier things stir my soul, I wonder . . . *and* I wonder.

"On the other hand, I am relieved of those worries which stardom, granted that I might ever achieve it if I went after it, would bring. Stellar prestige is sensational—and uncertain. One film can boost or break. A bad picture, for *me,* doesn't matter much; I'm not held responsible. And any one who really likes me realizes that there will be another Hyams lead along in a few weeks, anyhow, which *may* be better.

"As a whole, my situation is advantageous. And I have a grand time!

"Working on a Billy Haines set is one continued round of practical jokes. Time goes by in high gear. In his occasional serious moments, Bill discusses business shrewdly, but mostly he wisecracks.

"On Gilbert films, we play bridge, and talk tennis strokes.

"STILL, my grandest engagements are in the company of Wally Beery or Robert Montgomery. The conversation swings from psychoanalysis to humorous repartee, from Freud to fun.

"Both Bob and Wally read a great deal.

"Each is a wit of extraordinary cleverness. It would be difficult to repeat much of their off-screen dialogue, for it is of that lightly spontaneous type which one forgets. But it makes the hours spin.

"However, in a general sense, all companies are the same, if they are headed by a male star." Leila's gray eyes grew very amused. "All men are alike, each a big baby. Smile at their jokes, even if you've heard them before, and everything goes well. A little dash of flattery helps enormously.

"A girl who works with men through all the exigencies of this peculiar and harassing business certainly gets to know them. Night scenes, when every one is tired and nerves are frazzled, are stern tests of good sportsmanship. Few dispositions can stand up without being frayed occasionally. But I've found that these actors hold up well under the most trying conditions. Their morale is a challenge to me. I dare not let myself weaken, for I want their respect so much."

LEILA, having been happily married to Phil J. Berg, the agent, for four years, isn't out to gather scalps, as do so many Hollywood women, for the sheer pride of exhibition.

Her interests, in reading, in athletics, cover a wide range.

The training which fate outlined for her was of a nature to develop these qualities of true worth.

Cradled in a trunk, on the stage when she was three weeks old, she shared the vicissitudes of her parents' careers. Hyams and McIntyre were well known over the quick-change circuits, and where they went, there Leila toddled along. At five her piping little voice rose in her first public song.

Except for two short sessions in school and vacations at their Stony Brook, Long Island, home, she passed her childhood and grew to girlhood in the theatre. There it was, I am sure, that she learned coöperation and agreeableness, as well as the technique of acting, a deep love of it, and the old rule that the show must go on.

Today she is slim and lithe and tanned. She combines womanhood's charms with the frank outlook upon life and the healthy optimism of the modern girl.

Most of her free time is spent at Malibu, where she recently built her first house.

There is something very clear-cut about this heroine preferred. I fancy she is our actors' ideal heroine because she so typifies man's ideal modern girl.

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New York, N. Y.

Taking Talkie Tests

(*Continued from page 90*)

shooting began. Her case, of course, is an extremely exceptional one.

Greta, however, had one of her first tests made recently. She and Ramon Novarro were tested together for "Mata Hari." It was a novel experience for Greta and Ramon, as neither is required to take tests under ordinary circumstances.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY was given a test by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for a bit rôle. He was given only two lines to say into the mike—"Oh, is that so?" and "Well, rather!" Someone decided that this was hardly enough for a good test. So the sound expert in charge of things suggested to Bob (without the director knowing it) that he sit on a sofa by a young lady who was also being tested and improvise lines to her, disparaging the character of an imaginary woman who was supposed to be entering the room. Naturally, Bob lowered his voice, as a person would who did not wish to be overheard. Several days later, he was told the test turned out terrible and proved he didn't have a microphone voice.

"I was rather surprised, too," said the director. "Your voice did not carry. The mike made a low whisper of it."

Then it suddenly occurred to young Montgomery that perhaps the sound expert had not explained to the director about the 'much-discussed' imaginary person in the doorway. He explained about all that to him.

"Why, you must have another test right away," said the director. Bob did and this time it was pronounced perfect. Since then he has gone from one picture to another until today he is just about the answer to every young maiden's prayer in the country!

SOMETIMES a player may pass a talkie test with flying colors, and still never be signed up.

For instance, Al Altman, who supervises talkie tests on the East Coast for M-G-M, explains that Walter Huston was tested at M-G-M for years before any other studio signed him up. His tests were excellent. But he was an unknown player. Lon Chaney was then with M-G-M. The studio did not feel that it needed another character actor when it had so great a star as Chaney.

James Dunn, who was a sensation in "Bad Girl," was tested at the M-G-M Eastern offices long before Fox signed him up. And this is the strange part—his test scene was from "Bad Girl."

IF tests are hard on most players—and they certainly insist they are—they do help once in a while in the discovery of a good actor or actress. William Janney was playing the name rôle in "Tommy" at a Hollywood theatre when Mary Pickford was casting for "Coquette." She saw him and gave him a test for the brother part. He got the rôle.

Without a doubt, taking talkie tests is quite a business—a business, you might say, that many of the players would like very much to do completely without!

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The True Life Story of Mickey Mouse

(*Continued from page* 101)

chug mouse, chug chug mouse," they seemed to say. The whistle screeched it. "A m-m-m owa- ouse," it wailed.

By the time Walt Disney had reached Kansas City, he had dressed his dream mouse in a pair of red velvet pants with two huge pearl buttons, had composed the first scenario and was all set.

UP in the loft of his private garage, Walt, his brother, and a group of faithful workers, drew and copied and toiled and finally brought into the world the first Mickey Mouse cartoon.

And he wasn't even named Mickey. He was called Mortimer. But the name Mortimer threw the first producer into such spasms of Hollywood sarcasm, that Disney soon decided on Mickey.

And now Mickey was ready for a waiting world. But a waiting world was past being ready for Mickey. For just at that time, Al Jolson yodeled "Sonny Boy," from a talking screen.

Sound had come in and little Mickey couldn't even squeak.

Here was a setback. Now came the problem of how to get sound into Mickey.

Walt Disney actually went begging for sound in Hollywood. Offering to pay for its use. But no one would even look at Mickey.

"If John Gilbert couldn't talk even, what could a mouse do?" they demanded.

Even the man who owned Vitaphone turned down Mickey Mouse.

So once more Walt took himself off to New York. Finally after weeks and weeks of discouragements, he arranged through an independent company to add sound to Mickey.

But still no one wanted Mickey.

Then one day Walt succeeded in placing Mickey Mouse in the Colony Theatre in New York.

And Mickey rioted the town. Variety, the trade paper, raved. Daily papers praised. For the first time a cartoon, the lowest form of cinema life, was hailed.

Today there is a lot of anguished handwringing by the people who turned down Mickey Mouse. For no star in pictures ever had the world-wide appeal of Mickey.

While other companies are working overtime to drag children in to see their pictures, Mickey is packing them in.

The little storeroom on Hyperion Ave. has suddenly blossomed into a white stucco mansion. Not a house that Jack built. But a castle a mouse built.

Up velvet padded stairs, through countless offices, one must tread to reach the sanctuary of Walt Disney. And there he sits behind a massively carved desk. The same Walt Disney that tramped the streets looking for help a few years ago. Roy is now his business manager and makes a darned sight better manager than he did camera man, Walt grins.

Through the open window, as Mr. Disney and I sipped our cool drinks, suddenly came a voice. A queer, shrill little voice. Instantly I was on my feet.

"It's Mickey," I gasped. "Isn't it Mickey?"

"Yes, he's rehearsing this afternoon," Walt calmly announced. And somehow, not for one moment did one of us sitting there doubt that Mickey, who is only a drawing, was solemnly rehearsing his part in that next room.

For from the instant one sets foot in the spacious doorway of that studio, one feels in the very air about him that Mickey Mouse is a personage.

He is treated seriously and almost reverently by everyone in that studio. An unseen star, he rules supremely as a Garbo.

Artists by the dozen labor diligently for Mickey. Musicians compose and rehearse music for Mickey. Truck drivers, electricians, carpenters, writers, stenographers labor day by day for Mickey.

His own little car stands quietly in his own garage. Above the door is painted "Mickey."

He is an established character. A personality.

Walt still prepares his scenarios. Then a gag meeting is called. It must be an idea that is appealing to all. Views are exchanged. Often someone will say, "No. Mickey wouldn't do that. He isn't that kind of a fellow."

The artists then go to work, with Walt supervising. Each new artist is a heartbreak. It takes months of training before he becomes Mickey conscious.

SOME artists draw nothing but backgrounds. Others are concerned wholly with the action. Each artist is handed a sheet of paper containing a certain number of movements and a certain number of music beats. They are synchronized to the twenty-fourth of a second.

In another department, dozens of girls transfer the drawings to celluloid. Then into the camera room they go. The photographer sits at a desk with the lens of the camera pointed downward. The drawings are laid flat beneath it.

Then the whole cartoon is previewed in Mickey's beautiful big theatre adjoining the studio. Musicians rehearse the music; Mickey is given voice and out to an eagerly waiting world he goes.

Hundreds of licensed people are busy manufacturing Mickey Mouse novelties.

Like a plague, the Mickey Mouse craze has swept the world. And he remains first in the hearts of his friends.

A comical, yet pathetic little figure. A little rodent Pagliacci. A Chaplin whose pants fit.

And somehow behind that capering little figure, one feels the pull of that personality, the something real and human, the sense of good fellowship and good cheer which is merely the reflection of a certain young man who sits behind a carved desk and extends a glad hand to a work which didn't always extend a glad hand to him.

Yes, Walt and Mickey are friends. They have weathered the storms together.

And Walt has given Mickey a soul and a "keep kissable" disposition. And Mickey has given Walt a little bar behind a panel, a carved desk and two hundred and forty-one golf sweaters. All blue.

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The Girls They Graduated From

(*Continued from page* 109)

he married Fay Wray, of course, was another regular on the list.

YOU wouldn't exactly call Bebe Daniels a novice in attracting eligible young men before she fell in love with Ben Lyon. Her engagement to Jack Pickford lasted many months. Long before that there was Harold Lloyd. Charley Paddock, billed in track circles as the world's fastest human, couldn't run swiftly enough to escape Cupid's darts.

Even Michael Arlen, who achieved the ultimate in sophistication, was reported as very much that way over Bebe.

BETTY Compson is yet another girl who has always exerted a spell over young actors. Both Grant Withers and Hugh Trevor are Compson graduates. I hear that Hugh returned for post graduate work. Their romance now is said to be in the past tense. Hugh Trevor, by the way, was fond of Aileen Pringle before that.

The lonely Swede (folks, step up and say hello to Greta Garbo) confines her sirening to the screen. It would not appeal to Greta to have love-sick swains sighing and moaning in her parlor. Once, however, she took the screen's greatest lover in tow. No high school boy ever went through a more severe love affair than John Gilbert. Well, John no longer attends the Garbo training school, but people say there will never be another deep love in his life.

Dorothy Mackaill did a lot for Joel McCrea. Now she is engaged to Neil Miller. He is a nice looking boy, can croon love songs in a manner worthy of a Vallee, and I wouldn't be surprised if he got a picture contract. Marilyn Miller was fond of Michael Farmer at one time, and now Gloria Swanson has him. Connie Bennett has Gloria's Marquis. You remember that Ben Lyon was once engaged to Marilyn Miller. That's all right, too. Bebe was engaged to Jack Pickford, and Jack married Marilyn. Maybe they're all some relation now. I'm sure I don't know.

RICHARD Barthelmess and William Collier, Jr., are both graduates of the Constance Talmadge school. William Haines and Charles Chaplin took notes from Peggy Hopkins Joyce, and while I'm rambling along it might be mentioned that the very, very erudite George Jean Nathan listens to the wisdom of Lillian Gish. Well, Hollywood always pointed with pride to Lillian and Aileen Pringle as the local intelligentsia.

It probably will never reach the point in the movie town where there will be Gloria Swanson class-pins (even if her ex-husbands do call each other brother-in-law), or a Mary Brian school song, but most of the young actors have graduated from at least one good finishing school. The ideal course would be Patsy Ruth Miller, physical education; Pola Negri, dramatics; Mary Brian, deportment; Gloria Swanson, society conduct, and—oh, go ahead and pick your own faculty.

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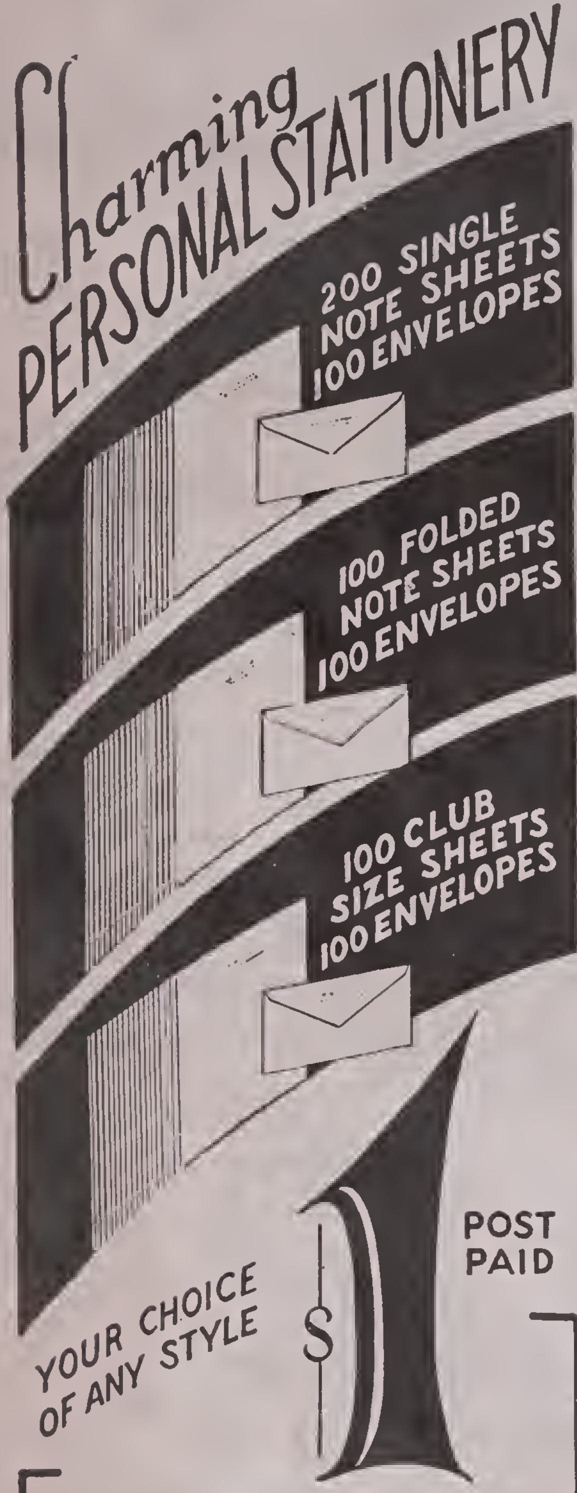
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He Learned Through Heartbreak

(*Continued from page 39*)

THERE is nothing that makes for success like success. That is true anywhere—particularly in Hollywood. Two years ago no one would give Rick a job. He haunted producers' offices. Frankly, he needed the money.

Once I happened to be in the office of a producer when the name of Ricardo Cortez was announced.

"Tell him I'm not in," called the executive. "I haven't got any scenery to chew."

I think Rick must have overheard him. I have not forgotten his face when I left the office. Just this year he played a rôle at this same studio—played it beautifully. It must have been soothing to his pride, but he isn't vengeful.

Rick had done good work on the screen before. He was Greta Garbo's leading man in "The Torrent," her first picture in this country. Incidentally, Garbo meant nothing to the public at that time. Ho-hum, just another foreign actress! Her great vogue began after that picture was released, and the name of Ricardo Cortez was billed above that of Greta Garbo. Her leading men since have had no such distinction.

Whatever he had done before meant nothing when he began to slip down the ladder. He was worried about his career, and he was almost frantic about his lovely wife, Alma Rubens. The terrible habit that was to cause her death later had already fastened its tentacles about her. He helped her fight. There were times when both thought the thing had been conquered. Anyway, Rick stood by her until the last. They were never separated, except when Alma was in a hospital, until Rick was forced to go to New York and try the stage. He had gone with almost an easy mind. He thought Alma was on the road to recovery.

THERE have been cruel stories that Rick did not stand by Alma when she needed him most. The stories are cruel because they are untrue, but one of the finest things about Rick is the fact that he has never said a word in defense of himself. He has never posed as a noble husband, the self-sacrificing hero. Even now he speaks but little of his married life.

"There is a great deal to say on that subject," he told me, "but I can't talk about it now. I was very happy with Alma—they were some of the happiest years of my life, just as later on it became the unhappiest. We lived quietly. She liked books, and she loved music. Friends came to our house, and we went to theirs, but we never gave large parties. We kept but one servant. I've never had a valet, a secretary or a chauffeur in my life. I would feel conspicuous.

"The time came when I had to leave Hollywood. I thought I was through in pictures. I needed money. After some stage work in the East I sailed for Europe. I made a picture in France—in the Rex Ingram studio at Nice. I traveled over the continent. When I came back to America I had no idea what I would do. I found a three days' old wire waiting for me at my hotel. It was from Pathé offering me the rôle in "Her Man." I thought, of course, I was too late for it. It seemed just another of those bitter tricks of fate. However, I wired back immediately. That night I had a long distance call from the coast. I came back for the picture. It was the luckiest break in my life. It turned the tide for me."

IN every sense it is a new career for Rick now. Before, he had always suffered to a certain extent from the fact that he had been introduced as a Valentino successor. He had been given the name of Ricardo Cortez, and a Basque birthplace had been manufactured out of whole cloth. He really comes from Brooklyn. From the first he objected to the hoax. However, he was ambitious and he wanted to get ahead on the screen. He adopted the new personality, and tried to remember his accent.

He did create a vogue at the time. He was handsome and romantic, and the adulation of feminine fans went to his head. His career at Paramount was stormy. He was disliked by the workmen on his sets. He was not always pleasant to the people who worked with him. His arguments with Jetta Goudal, Betty Bronson and Noah Beery are still remembered. Rick didn't care much for Paramount, and Paramount didn't care much for Rick. Finally he secured a release from his contract. It had several months to go, and by leaving he sacrificed $60,000. It was an unwise move, and he had ample cause to regret it. It was the beginning of the bad luck.

THE only real, irreparable tragedy in his life is his strange, sad romance with Alma Rubens. Professional misfortune seemed a tragedy then, too, but it has been a blessing in disguise. It has moulded the charming, likable Ricardo Cortez of today. He is a very genuine person now. He is considerate of others, and he is anxious to be liked. He has a sense of humor as a balance, and paradoxically, that humor grew out of sorrow. The old Rick could never laugh at himself. He is popular in Hollywood today, not only at the Radio Studios where he is under contract, but at other studios where he works.

"I don't want to act much longer," he told me. "An actor's life is brief. I never want to leave pictures, however. I want to begin directing in a year or two. I believe that I could make a success of it. There is only one picture I would like to do over—that is D. W. Griffith's 'The Sorrows of Satan.' It was never a box-office success, and I doubt if it could ever be one. Of all the rôles I have played I like that best."

Rick maintains a modest apartment in Beverly Hills. He plays excellent golf, some polo and tennis. He does not appear much in Hollywood society, but he has many friends outside of the industry. He likes their society.

He has learned a lot from life, this new Ricardo Cortez. Even Hollywood senses the change, and Hollywood usually doesn't take the trouble.

Dangerous at Seventeen

(*Continued from page* 75)

"I WAS signed up by Pathé about two years ago," said Marian. "My sister, who's also in pictures, persuaded them to give me some tests, while I was still a sophomore in high school.

"I played a small part in one picture for them, 'Fairways and Fouls.'

"Then Sam Goldwyn put me under contract. I was there five weeks and I spoke two lines. I had a small part in 'Whoopee.'

"Finally an agent got me a contract with Warners. But months passed by without my getting even the tiniest part. At last I got small bits in 'Fifty Million Frenchmen' and 'God's Gift to Women.'

"One day the studio told me to go see Barrymore about a part in 'Svengali.' He had seen some tests I had made, but they didn't tell me that at the time.

"He was lying sick in bed of jungle fever.

"He asked me what pictures I had played in and where I came from. For two hours we talked. Then he said, 'I think you will make a beautiful *Trilby.*'

"When I came home and told my family that I was going to play Trilby, they couldn't believe me at first. 'Oh, yes,' they scoffed, 'and I'm going to play So and So in Such and Such a picture.' "

"Barrymore was marvelous to Marian," Warners' press agent told me. "In scenes where Barrymore was supposed to have his face turned to the camera, he would turn it away a little so that Marian would get into the picture."

Marian does things to men.

Three or four movie executives took her to a speakeasy in New York, the first one she had ever visited. She ordered a chocolate nut sundae. There wasn't one to be had, so she compromised on vanilla ice cream. And the men with her, some of whom were pretty hard drinkers as a rule, ate vanilla ice cream with her.

You probably know something about Marian's background. When she was about seven years old her parents came to this country from the British West Indies.

A little over two years ago, her father died, and the children took up the burden of supporting the household.

Marian's schooling was interrupted by her screen work, but she went to school off and on until she graduated.

MARIAN'S hobby is collecting dolls. She hates salads, talking over the telephone, and awakening from a nap. She likes tomatoes and steak.

Marian doesn't drink and doesn't smoke. She can't even drink coffee without staying awake twenty-four hours afterwards.

"I've never been out later than one o'clock," she confesses, "except when I'm working on a picture."

Marian has quaint little secrets of her own. She wears a chain and a locket around her neck, but there is nothing in the locket. She admits it has a sentimental value.

How anyone so innocent can be so sophisticated is one of those strange contradictions that make movie personalities so fascinating.

"What A Man!"

Isn't dad the happy-go-lucky sort of fellow you'd like to be? He's just a plain, healthy, strong chap who is getting a lot of kick out of life—a manly, vigorous fellow who doesn't know what it is to be blue or depressed, but who finds joy in living, and radiates good chĕer wherever he goes.

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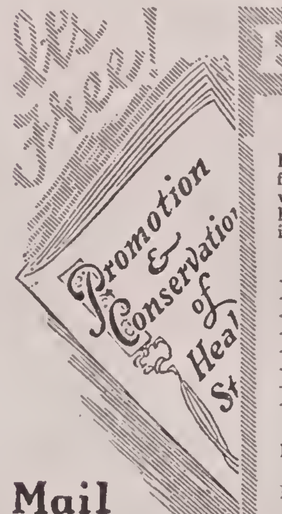
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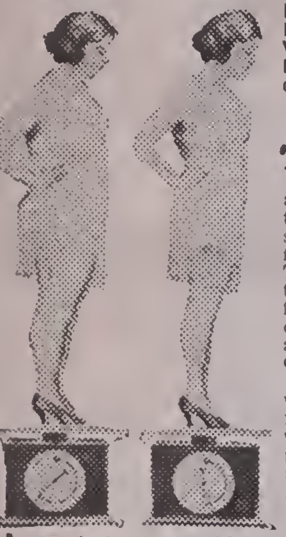

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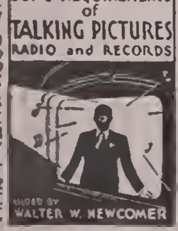
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Malibu, Playground of the Stars

(Continued from page 49)

he cried, grabbing his cigar from Lady Inverclyde. "That's what was wrong—now give a good look." He gave a long puff at the cigar and then he accomplished the exercise not once, but twenty times. As he escorted the ladies down the shore, he turned and winked understandingly. Just that good old Lubitsch touch!

"There's Hedda Hopper," Louise Fazenda called as she scampered into her house. "She knows all about Malibu."

"Constance Bennett has the Corinne Griffith-Walter Morosco house for the season," said Hedda. "I seldom see her on the beach. She spends most of her time indoors reading and resting."

On a rock about fifty yards from shore, with pole and line stretched out over the water, stood Ramon Novarro. To the casual observer, he might have been one of the many fishermen who daily walk the beaches.

HEDDA clutched my arm. "There he is," she exclaimed excitedly. "There's the grandest figure I've ever seen." I looked at this Adonis. It was Joel McCrea. I looked at Hedda. She was all a-twitter. "Isn't he just too marvelous," she cried.

Each season a few more celebrities join the Malibu clan.

Starting with the red and white abode of Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, and going along the shore line are Dolores Del Rio, Victor Schertzinger, Herbert Brenon, Buddy De Sylva, David Butler, Neil Hamilton, Dick Barthelmess, Conrad Nagel, Winifred Bryson, Jack Warner, Mervyn Le Roy, John Boles, Jack Gilbert, Leila Hyams, Joan and Constance Bennett, Marie Prevost, Johnnie Mack Brown, George O'Brien, the Marx Brothers, Tod Browning, Bob Leonard and Gertrude Olmstead, John Stahl, Grant Withers, Al Boasberg, Edna Murphy, Ralph Ince, Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay, Eddie Cantor, Ronald Colman, Lew Cody, Billie Burke, Wesley Ruggles, Dorothy Lee, Louise Fazenda, Clara Bow, Bert Wheeler, John Considine, Jr., Evelyn Brent, Arline Judge, Betty Boyd, Anna Q. Nilsson, Sharon Lynn, and Ramon Novarro. It's a great place, Malibu.

The Unknown Janet Gaynor

DO you know that there are two Janet Gaynors, the one she reveals to the public, the other who is Mrs. Lydell Peck? Do you know why this is? Sara Hamilton, whose brilliant analysis called "Having What It Takes," appears in this issue, has written the best Gaynor story we have ever seen. It's in the January issue of MOVIE MIRROR, on sale December fifth.

•

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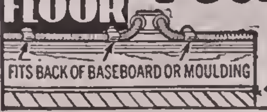
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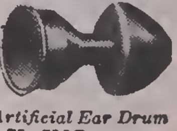

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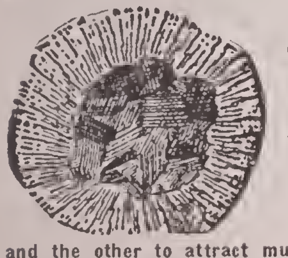

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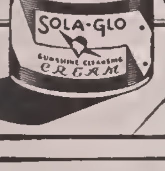

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Is Garbo Going Home?

(*Continued from page* 13)

Of that more-than-a-million, Garbo has spent a minimum. She goes out little; her wardrobe of evening things is less expensive than many an extra girl's.

She still has the same car she bought when she first came to Hollywood—a five-year-old Lincoln.

She does not own her house. She does not even lease one. She pays rent, month-to-month! If she had bought a house, there would be that burden to worry about when she decides to leave; instead, she does not own a single piece of real estate to hamper her free flight from Hollywood the moment she's ready to go. She pays $600 a month rent to a man named Donald Armstrong, and when her original year's lease expired last year, she refused his suggestion that she sign up for another year. If she had, the lease would have extended beyond next April—and that's the month her contract with M-G-M ends.

It is safe to say that outside of the income taxes she has been forced to pay, Garbo has put away more than 80 percent of her earnings. In her five years in America, she has had to give Uncle Sam approximately a quarter million dollars in income taxes. Yet that still leaves more than three-quarters of a million saved. Is she saving her hundreds of thousands, then, to build a pretty monument for herself when she is dead, do you think?

Or don't you think, rather, that she has been saving it so that, come next April, she can go to Sweden, where she can make come true the wish that is revealed so expertly by Rilla Page Palmborg, who of all writers in Hollywood perhaps knows Garbo best? In her revelatory volume, "The Private Life of Greta Garbo," Rilla Palmborg writes:

" . . . Garbo tells her friends that when her contract is terminated, she will sign no other. . . . She is tired of making pictures she does not want to do. She . . . has all the fame and glory she wants. . . .

"An hour's ride out of Stockholm, where an arm of the ocean cuts into the mainland, is a summer resort known as Marlen. Tiny islands dot the surface of this blue water. It is on one of these wooded islands that Garbo wants to build her home. . . . There will be bathing, with a private beach. There will be a swift motor boat to carry her to and from the mainland.

"In Stockholm, she will have an apartment always ready and waiting for her when she wants a bit of gay life of the city. No doubt, Garbo will spend part of her time in Berlin. . . ."

M-G-M will probably be at Garbo with new contracts, importuning her to sign. Probably they will offer her more money. Garbo, if she runs true to form, will listen to them and say nothing—and sign nothing.

One day in April, her contract ends.

Perhaps, a few days later, a Swedish freighter will lie at a pier in Los Angeles' harbor. It wouldn't surprise those who know Greta if, a few hours before the ship sailed, a mannish-coated woman with a suitcase or a handbag should walk unobtrusively up the ship's gangplank to a cabin reserved in advance.

Women who demand the best will welcome

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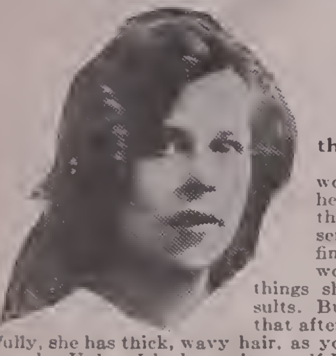
HAS NEW HAIR



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Frances Lonsdale has thick, wavy hair now.

"My **daughter's** hair would not grow," writes her father. "We thought the roots were dead. We sent for **KOTALKO** as a final test and thought it would be like the other things she had used without results. But now I am glad to state that after using **KOTALKO** faithfully, she has thick, wavy hair, as you will see by her photograph. Unless I had seen it myself I would not have believed it possible." Obviously the roots were alive!

Men also report new hair growth after using **KOTALKO.** Many testimonials from men and women whose health was undoubtedly good and whose hair roots were not dead.

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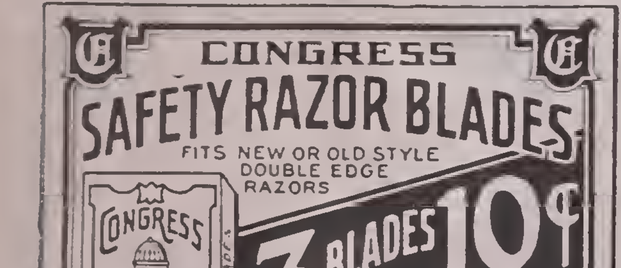

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The Story of My Life

(*Continued from page 63*)

for Portland, flat broke. Only this time I rode into town, with the gang, in the manager's car.

As soon as we arrived I went to a general employment agency. There was nothing doing in the theatre line there. The agency sent me to see a man heading a party of engineers who were surveying some lumber country in southern Oregon. I grabbed at the chance. My experiences with my father and in Oklahoma stood me in good stead and I landed a berth as a rod man with the outfit. For nine weeks I tramped the Oregon woods.

It rained every day. We all were torn to pieces by a certain kind of bush which flourishes in that country. Its little thorns dig into your flesh and stay there. We had to keep our hands bandaged all the time. It was pretty tough going, but at least it meant three square meals a day and a bed of sorts at night.

At the end of the nine weeks I left that gang and drifted to Silverton, Oregon. I worked there for four months until I had enough money to get back to Portland.

I found a job in the want ad department of the "Portland Oregonian." It seemed a pretty good spot because I had an opportunity to see all the ads before they were published in the paper. After about eight weeks I answered an advertisement sent in by the telephone company for a man for office work. I got the job and stayed more than a year.

At that time in Portland there was a successful Little Theatre. It was managed by a clever young woman who also conducted a sort of dramatic training school in connection with the playhouse. The old urge for the theatre was growing stronger and stronger. All I wanted to do or hoped to do was to save enough money to get to Los Angeles or Chicago. I didn't dare even dream of New York. This Little Theatre looked like a golden opportunity.

I joined the company and the school and had my first taste of the real theatre. All my previous experience, invaluable as it was, had been of a haphazard nature. Small as this Little Theatre was, its productions were staged, its actors were drilled with as great care as if the preparations were being made for a Broadway performance. It was a revelation to me. I worked all day in the telephone company, all evening in the theatre.

The manager of the Little Theatre became my wife a few months later in Los Angeles. To her I owe a great debt of gratitude.

In the fall of 1924 I had saved enough money to give up my job at the telephone company and make the trip to Hollywood. I was not particularly interested in pictures. My main wish was to find a part in one of the plays being produced in the various Los Angeles theatres. I knew no one in town. So I found a room in one of the cheaper hotels in Hollywood and started on the rounds.

Every day it was the same old story. Nothing for me. Plenty of promises but nothing definite. It was exciting to be so close to the center of things. After my years in little towns, I felt as if I were as close to New York as I could be without actually going there.

Finally, after several weeks with no success, I commenced to make the rounds of the studio casting offices. I had to eat and the little money I had saved was rapidly disappearing. There is probably not a bench or a chair in any studio's casting office on which I have not sat for long hours.

My first job was in a picture directed by Lubitsch. I got it because of my height, I guess. I walked into the casting office that morning and was told to wait. They shoved me over to one side with a group of other men about my size. Then some assistant casting director looked us over, measured our height with a practiced eye and picked out twelve. I felt like a show horse or something and disliked the whole business.

We were to be grenadiers of the guard or something like that, a tall background for a Lubitsch spectacle. When they put uniforms with a lot of gold braid and huge hats on us, we did look plenty tall and felt plenty uncomfortable.

For three days we stood without moving at the back of a stupendous set. I hated the whole thing, the standing around, the waiting. But seven dollars and fifty cents rolled in each night.

A funny thing, the assistant director on that picture was Charlie Dorian, who was Clarence Brown's assistant when we made "A Free Soul." He didn't remember me, but, believe me, I remembered him. He was the man who kept us standing until I thought I'd drop over.

After the grenadier days were finished I started back at the old game of haunting offices. I found a day's work here and there, but nothing that amounted to anything. Then, once again, my height got me a job.

Louis O. Macloon was producing "Romeo and Juliet" in Los Angeles with Jane Cowl. They needed tall soldiers. I happened to walk into the office at the right moment and got a job. This time I carried a spear through several acts. But I liked it. I was back in the theatre. I was working with real actors.

I enjoyed every minute of that engagement. We went from Los Angeles to San Francisco, played there a while and then headed for Portland. I had begun to feel a friendly affection for that town. This was the first time I had ever gone in there with a job and money in my pocket.

The show closed in Seattle, but we were given our railroad tickets back to Los Angeles. I went to see Macloon as soon as I landed in town. He was casting the West Coast production of "What Price Glory?" Miss Cowl spoke a good word to Macloon for me, said that I might have possibilities if given a chance.

(*Continued on page* 130)

DANCER ON WAY TO STARDOM• •WANTS A NEW NAME!

★ (NEWS ITEM)

On the very threshold of international fame and fortune, Jeanne Williams wants a new "Stage Name." Young—graceful—talented; her beautiful body is vibrant with the magnetic glow of youthful personality. Critics say her performances are "Sensational", "Exotique", and that she is at the door of stardom. . . . Now, because her name is similar to that of another star of Broadway, she wants a NEW name by which she will be featured and which she hopes to carry to fame.

We Will Pay $500.00 Just for a Girl's Name

COSTS NOTHING TO WIN

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JUST SUGGEST A GIRL'S NAME

What an amazing opportunity! You may win this big cash prize in only a moment's time. Simply send us a name for this graceful young dancer—*nothing more to do.* Sounds easy? It *is* easy! The first name that comes to your mind this minute may be the very one to win $500.00 cash. It does not have to be a "fancy" name—just some simple name that is easy to say and easy to remember—a name that will look well in blazing electric lights in front of the nation's finest theatres. Think of a name—send it TODAY—Win $500.00 Cash.

NO WAY YOU CAN LOSE . . .

Simply suggest the winning name—that is all you have to do to get the $500.00. We are giving the prize to advertise our marvelous Foot Balm that is even now used by many professional dancers. A famous name is a great help in advertising. The new name chosen for this rising young dancer will also be used as the name for our Foot-Balm—her fame will bring us big advertising. . . . That is why we are so generous in giving the cash prize. It is your opportunity of a life-time. Maybe your own name, or the name of a friend may be the very name we want. Nothing for you to lose—a *fortune* for you to win.

JUST SENDING A NAME QUALIFIES YOU FOR OPPORTUNITY TO Win $3,000.00 OR BUICK 8-CYLINDER SEDAN AND $1,500.00 IN CASH BESIDES...

In this sensational advertising campaign we are giving away over FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS just to advertise and promote our business. This money is entirely *separate and in addition* to the prize for the Dancer's Name. Over 50 huge cash prizes—3 fine automobiles. Think of it! You may win *over $3,000.00 cash or a new Buick 8 Cylinder Sedan and $1,500.00 Cash besides!* What a magnificent fortune! Some one is going to get it—why not you? You have just as good an opportunity to win as anyone. All you have to do to qualify for this amazing opportunity is to suggest a name for the Dancer. Do it now—it may mean a *fortune* for you.

$1,000.00 CASH CERTIFICATE

Will Be Sent to You At Once . . . BE PROMPT

One thousand dollars EXTRA if you are PROMPT and win first prize. So don't delay! Send your name suggestion *promptly*—nothing more to do now or ever toward getting the Name Prize and to qualify for the opportunity to win the other huge prizes. *You can't lose anything*—EVERY PERSON WHO TAKES AN ACTIVE PART WILL BE REWARDED IN CASH—so send a name today.

Hundreds Have Won

Viola Lauder, Oregon, was destitute—her home burned down. She suggested a name for our toilet soap and won a big cash prize of $900.00! H. L. Adams, Pa., won over $2000.00 besides cash rewards as high as $200.00 in a week. Lutz received $500.00. Hundreds of others made happy by big prizes and rewards. Now, we are going to distribute *bigger prizes than before.* Anyone may win . . . Some yet unknown person is going to win $3,000.00 cash; many others are going to be made happy with scores of prizes as high as $750.00. Three fine cars will be given to people submitting names.

SEND NO MONEY

You don't have to send any money—you don't have to buy anything or sell anything to win the Name Prize, No "puzzles," "number paths", "lucky numbers" or "guessing" contest to win over $3,000.00 cash. The only thing to do now is send a name for the dancer. The first name you think of may win the prize. But, remember the EXTRA $1,000.00 for promptness. Act at once! *I will send you a $1,000.00 Cash Certificate as soon as your name is received*—I will tell you just how you stand in the distribution of over $5,000.00 in cash prizes and fine new automobiles.

Read These Simple Rules

Contest open to all except employees of our company. Only one name may be submitted—sending more than one name will cause all names sent by you to be thrown out. Suggest a first and last name for the dancer. Contest closing date given in my first letter to you. In case of duplicate winning names, duplicate prizes will be given. Every person submitting a name qualifies for opportunity to win $3,000.00 cash or Buick 8 Cylinder Sedan and $1,500.00 in cash. Use the coupon or write a letter to submit name and receive all details.

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Rush me the $1,000.00 Cash Certificate for Promptness and tell me how I stand for Winning $3,000.00 cash.

The Story of My Life

There were plenty of soldier parts in the show, but I asked for something better. I was pretty desperate. During my "Romeo and Juliet" days I had been married again. We had taken a little apartment and I wanted to stay in Los Angeles. Macloon listened to me and gave me a comedy soldier part in the play.

Then luck broke for me. The man who was playing Sergeant Quirt left the company. They let me try the part. I was put on probation for several nights. I don't know how I got through that first performance. It was so important to me, my first big chance in an honest-to-goodness troupe. When I was really given the part and knew that I had made good in it, I felt a relief that was almost sickening.

That engagement lasted about fifteen weeks. When it was ended I went into "The Copperhead," with Lionel Barrymore. I'll never forget that engagement. I felt the same way about Barrymore that I had felt years before in Akron when I used to stand with an open mouth watching the actors in that little company. They were the first theatrical people I had ever known. Barrymore was a sort of ideal to me. I stood in the wings, just to watch him, to listen to him, to try to learn some faint touch of his skill.

I still feel that way about Lionel Barrymore. I did when we were making "A Free Soul." Just to watch that man work is a liberal education for any actor.

ON the strength of these engagements I bought a second-hand car and got beautifully gypped in the deal. It rattled in every joint and something fell off it every time it turned a corner. But it was my first car since the Ford my father had given me to drive to high school. And I was proud of it.

Following "The Copperhead" I played an old judge with a long, white beard in "Madame X," with Pauline Frederick. Then I was given a character rôle in "Lucky Sam McCarver" and another old man part in "Lady Frederick."

These engagements did not follow directly on each other's heels. There were empty stretches between them which I filled with extra work in pictures. I played college boys in the series of college pictures made by FBO. I was a soldier in "The Merry Widow," with John Gilbert and Mae Murray.

I HEARD about the fabulous salaries various motion picture actors were making. The money I was being paid on the stage was pitifully small. So I began to look toward the studios with more interest. If I could manage to get some real parts in pictures, I could get together enough money to go to New York. As it was, I was making barely enough to live, pay the rent on our apartment and buy gas for the car.

On the strength of my stage work I was able to get a screen test. When I saw that test I gave up hope of pictures. Behind the footlights I didn't look so bad. But in front of the cameras I was impossible. I was awkward. My hands and my feet were too big. I was all wrong every way. My hopes for a screen career died.

Then I landed a job playing the comedy lead opposite Nancy Carroll in "Chicago." This was the beginning of Nancy's screen success. She stepped right from that part into leading rôles in pictures. I stepped from it into a stock company in Texas.

I made two hundred dollars a week as leading man in that outfit and saved part of it. My eye was on New York and I headed straight for the big city as soon as the company closed.

When I got off the train in the Pennsylvania station, I couldn't believe that I was really there, where I had always wanted to be since the call-boy days in Akron. I didn't know a soul and I didn't care. All that mattered was that I was walking on Broadway, that I could see and touch the theatres, the restaurants, the places about which I had read and dreamed.

I WENT directly to an agent who made a business of keeping in touch with various stock companies. He sent me to see Arthur Hopkins, who was casting his production, "Machinal." Wonder of wonders, Mr. Hopkins gave me the lead and for twelve weeks I played a lead on Broadway. No one, who hadn't lived through the days of traveling troupes, of stock, of Little Theatres, could know what that meant to me. I walked on clouds.

After "Machinal" closed I played in "Conflict," in "Gambling," in "Hawk Island," in "Blind Windows."

I think that those months in New York were the happiest time of my life. I was doing exactly what I wanted to do. I was having a moderate degree of success in the theatre which I loved. I worked hard and I played hard.

At the end of the season, in May, my old friend Louis Macloon offered me the rôle of Killer Mears in the Los Angeles production of "The Last Mile." I decided that it would be a swell way to spend the summer. There was nothing doing in New York. Everything was closing. I didn't have enough money to hang around all summer doing nothing. This seemed the answer to all the problems. Before I left I made arrangements to come back in September in "Shoulder Arms." I never have gone back.

I flew to Los Angeles. It was sort of making a grand entrance into the town which I had left broke a year or so before. No one saw me arrive, but I knew a little inside triumph. I had no thought of pictures. Remembering my one test, I felt that the further I stayed away from the studios the better for me.

While I was playing in "The Last Mile," I had offers of screen and voice tests from almost all the studios. The talking pictures had changed everything. I took several test just for luck. But I didn't have much hope.

LIONEL BARRYMORE sent for me for a test at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He was going to direct "Never the Twain Shall Meet" and wanted me for the part later played by Leslie Howard. The studio changed its plans, production was delayed, so nothing came of that.

Then Pathé sent for me and offered me a cowboy heavy part in "The Painted Desert." I accepted because the money was good and I still had time before it was necessary to be back in New York.

While I was working in that picture M-G-M called me again and I played a bit in "The Easiest Way." Then they offered me the gangster rôle in Joan Crawford's picture, "Dance, Fools, Dance."

I didn't know what to do. If I played that, I would have to give up my plans to return to New York. Everyone advised me to stay. They argued that I could always go back to New York, but that I might never have another opportunity at movies. So I stayed. But even when I decided to do it, I had no real hope of any particular success in pictures.

DURING the year I've been in pictures I have played in twelve films. I have played a cowboy, a milkman, a chauffeur, several gangsters, a newspaper reporter, a marine aviator, a plain bum, practically everything.

And, during these months, I have grown to like pictures. The talking pictures are entirely different from the old silent ones. They are like the stage, the only thing missing being an audience. Even that is made up for by the electricians and prop men and all the other members of the various technical crews, who are a grand audience and a darned critical one.

Some day, if I can feel that I am firmly established in California, I'd like to buy a big house, far enough away from the city to have the country feeling. After all, I spent most of my boyhood on a farm and in tiny towns. I can't get away from those years.

I have a few close friends, but don't go out much. When you make twelve pictures in twelve months you don't have much time or energy to go running around in the evenings.

Whenever possible, I go into the mountains for week-ends, the mountains or the desert. My wife and I go to the theatre, play a little bridge and read.

A YEAR ago I had no thought of pictures. Today I think of nothing much else. I am afraid of too rapid success. It is so easy to stick a pin in the balloon. It worries me. I have been broke too often, broke and stranded, I have seen my hopes built up and dashed down too often, to have any illusions of quick success.

I'm grateful for the chance which has been given me. I learned in the lumber camps not to be afraid of work. I'm not. But I am afraid of sky-rockets.

We all make a lot of mistakes. I've made more than my share. But there's one thing for which I shall always be thankful. That is that I tore up that telegram to my father that cold March day in Butte and rode the freights to Portland. If I had sent the wire, I'd probably be laying pipe lines in some Oklahoma oil field today.

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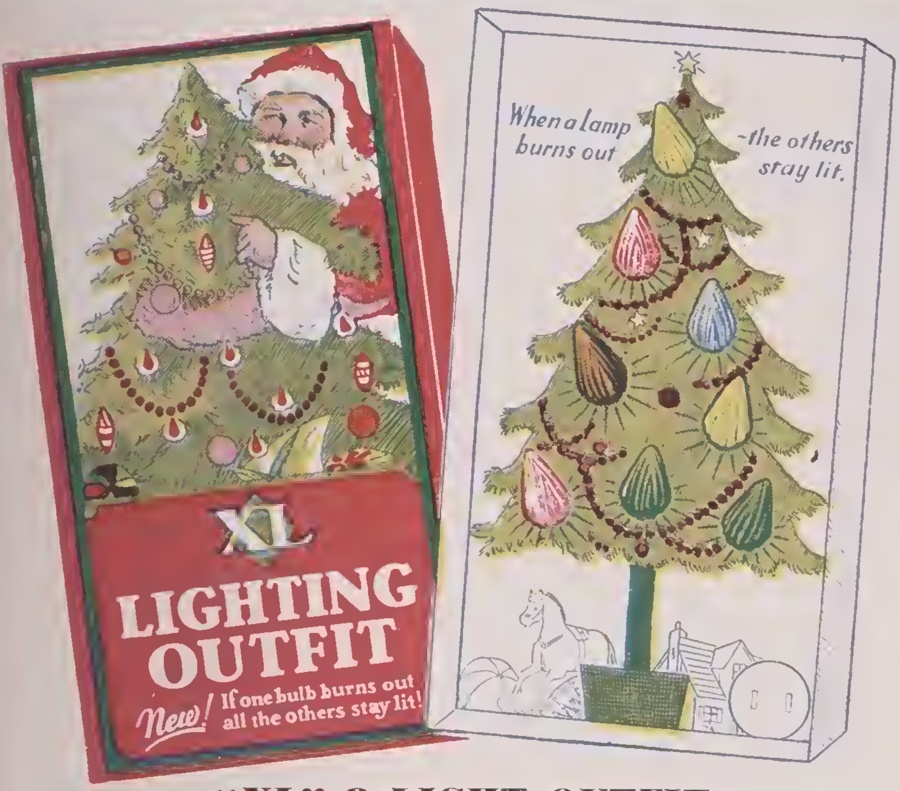
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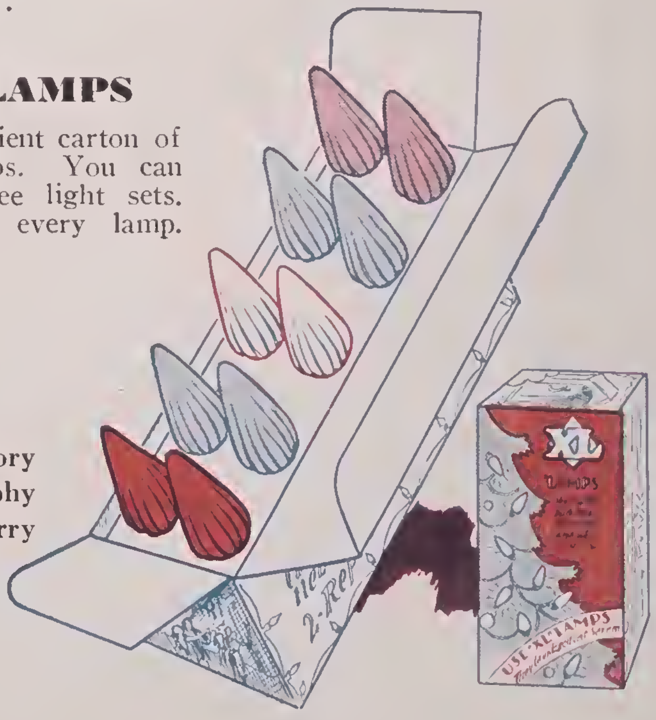

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FOX

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Movie Mirror

Ruth Waterbury
Editor

DORA ALBERT, *Asst. Editor* JANUARY, 1932 VOL. 1, NO. 3

Special Features

The "It" Girl Has Found Her Man *Harry Lang* 12
Why Do Women Stars Last Longer than Men? *Dora Albert* 14
Why Billy Haines Stayed at Metro *Constance Blake* 23
Dressing Glamorous Garbo *Helen Louise Walker* 26
The Secret Life of Janet Gaynor *Sara Hamilton* 38
Very Elegantly English *Adele Whitely Fletcher* 41
What About Joan and Young Doug? *Allan Jordan* 45
The Best Parties in Hollywood *Margaret Williams* 47
The Girl Whom Hollywood Misunderstood *Mary Sharon* 51
She Doesn't Dare Love...... *Muriel Babcock* 62
The People Behind the Picture.............. 64
Stardom with Hunches...... *Marquis Busby* 70
Royal Chefs of Hollywood *Ivy and Harry D. Wilson* 73
Do You Write Like a Movie Star? *Dorothy Emerson* 88
Why Margaret Livingston Married *Marquis Busby* 94
He's Got Three Rules for Success *Wick Evans* 100

Exclusive Portraits

Carole Lombard................. 19
Fredric March.................... 20
Ruth Chatterton................. 21
Mae Clarke....................... 25
Richard Barthelmess............. 28
Dickey Moore and George Ernest.. 52
Jackie Cooper.................... 103
Peggy Shannon.................. 105
Lil Dagover...................... 107
Elissa Landi and Laurence Olivier.. 109
Cover Portrait of Madge Evans by John Ralston Clarke.

Also

The Girl on Next Month's Cover... 6
Where Your Favorite Stars Are Working...................... 8
Hot News........................ 10
The Editor Says................. 11
Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle, Alma Talley 18
Inside Stuff...................... 29
Fashions from Hollywood, Marjorie Grace 53
Movies of the Month............. 56
A Movie Fan's Calendar for 1932.. 76
The Movies' Beauty Secrets, Evelyn Cassidy 91
Tips on Talkies.................. 96
Speak for Yourself............... 102

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K. M. GOODE
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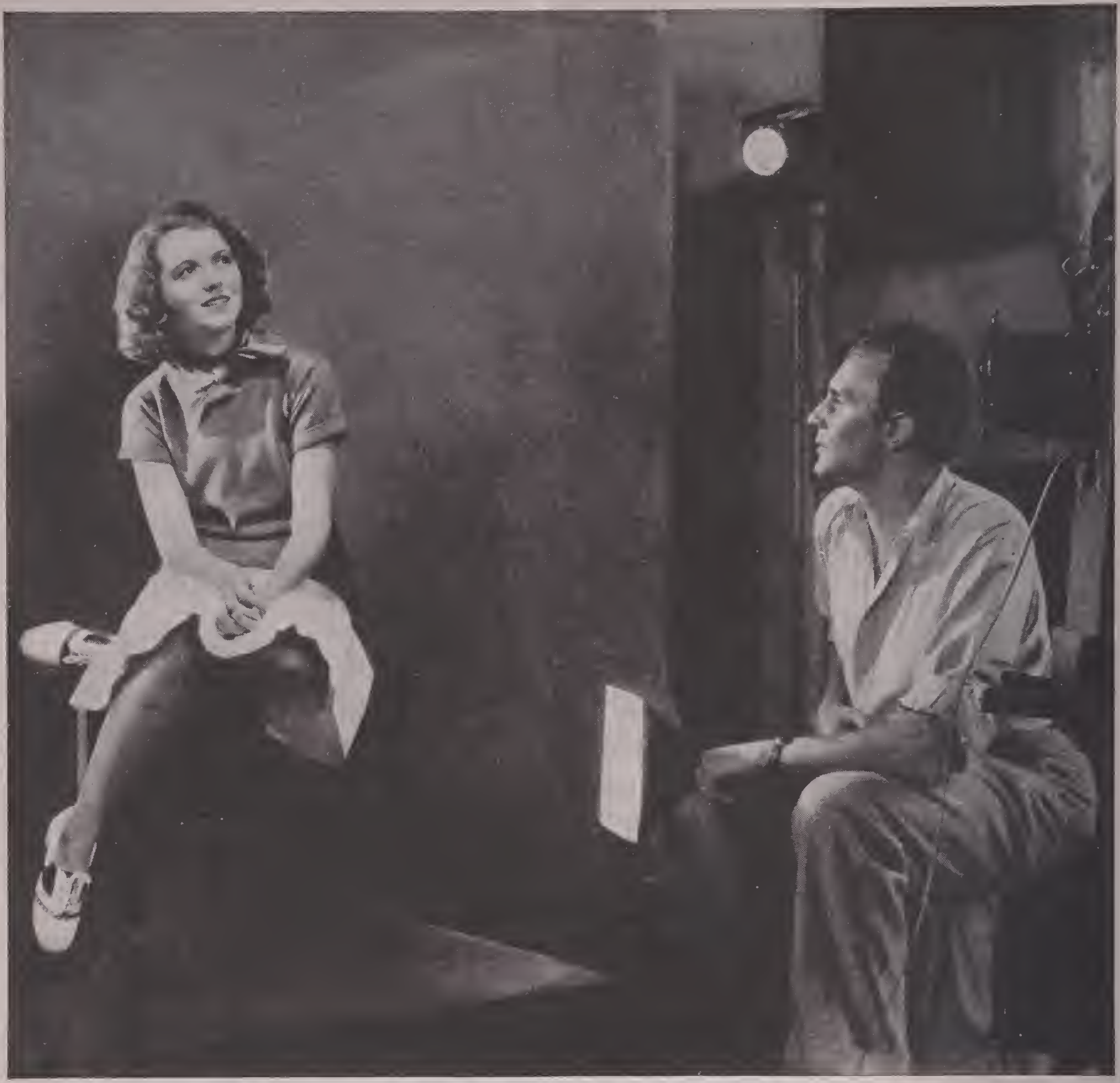

Janet Gaynor Makes a Movie Mirror Cover

"I GOT more joy out of photographing Janet Gaynor than any of the stars in Hollywood," says Hal Phyfe, who went out to the cinema city to make some gorgeous camera studies of the Fox stars.

Hal Phyfe is one of the most noted photographers of women. Jane Cowl, the stage actress, calls him the most painless photographer in America because he doesn't bore the stars by saying, "Hold that pose. Keep smiling." He just gets them from the right angle and snaps them when they're being themselves.

"It was a great deal of fun photographing Janet," he said. "She would ask me what I thought of different scenes in her pictures, and we had some very interesting chats.

"She had just finished making 'Delicious' when I photographed her, and when she told me that she played an immigrant girl in that, we would get her costume and I would photograph her sitting on a trunk.

"She is a lovely, adorable girl, and an awfully conscientious artist. When she was playing in 'Delicious,' she would work on and on until she almost caved in."

What Hal Phyfe says about Janet Gaynor is confirmed in an article about her on page 38 of this issue. Don't fail to read it!

We think that John Ralston Clarke's picture of her on our next cover reveals her really charming character better than any other portrait we have ever seen of her.

She and Charlie Farrell are the ideal screen couple, as everyone knows. Hal Phyfe, who has photographed them together many times, says that they are also the only couple who can be photographed perfectly together for portrait studies. He has photographed lots of people together, including real couples. Nearly always they fail to photograph in harmony. One or the other of them makes a little move that throws the whole picture out of key. But Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are so sympathetic to each other in the nicest sense of the word that never by so much as the movement of an eyelash do they disturb the perfect accord of their pictures.

This is probably the reason the public likes seeing them together. The public is quick to sense such accord and respond to it.

Name This Girl

Win $1500.00!

CO-ED, INCORPORATED, will pay $1,000.00 cash just for a girl's name—and $500.00 extra for sending it quick. We want a name that will properly describe America's most beautiful college girl—one of those attractive, lively co-eds that you see at every college and high school. There is nothing to buy or sell in order to win this $1,500.00 and you will not be required to do anything else but send a name. This big prize will be given just to find the right name for a lovely young lady who will sponsor a beautiful nation wide radio program we contemplate for this winter.

Send Your Favorite Name

What girl's name do you like best? In fact, what name are you thinking of right now? Maybe it's just the one to win this $1,500.00. Don't bother trying to think up fancy names—just such an ordinary name as Betty Allen, Nancy Lee, Mary Lynn, etc., may win. Better send the one you are thinking of right away!

$500.00 for MAILING IT QUICK

Yes, $500.00 cash or, if preferred, a beautiful new FORD TUDOR SEDAN will be added to the $1,000.00 prize if the name is sent within three days from the time this announcement is read. So, send your suggestion TODAY! Take no risk of losing that $500.00 EXTRA which is to be won so easily—just for being prompt.

Nothing Else To Do

Certainly this $1,500.00 prize is worth trying for, especially when it costs you only a 2c stamp and an envelope. There is nothing else to do—nothing to buy—nothing to sell—no coupons to clip. This $1,500.00 Cash can be yours just for sending the winning name within three days after reading this announcement. CO-ED, Incorporated, wants you to send your suggestion at once . . . no matter how simple or plain it may be. The very name you send may be the one they are seeking and if you could imagine the thrill of receiving a telegram stating that you won this $1,500.00 prize just for sending a girl's name, you would lose no time in mailing your suggestion at once. You will receive an immediate acknowledgment by letter and at the same time, we will have a big surprise for you in the form of another prize offer through which you can win as much as $4,000.00 more. So, DON'T WAIT . . . DON'T DELAY! . . . mail this coupon today.

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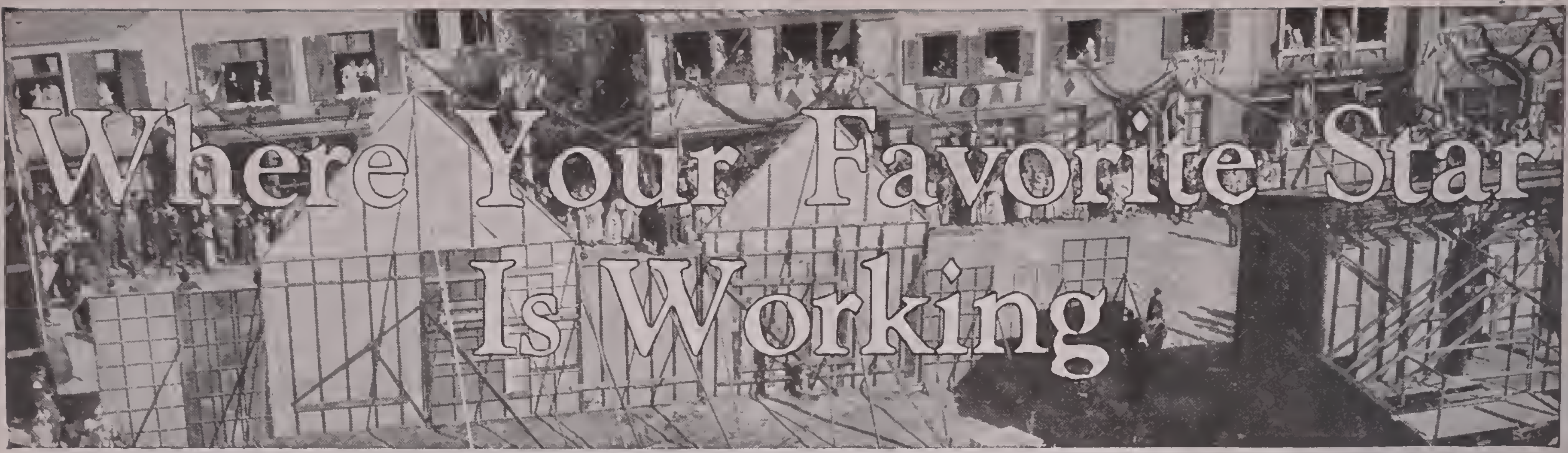


Where Your Favorite Star Is Working

This feature gives you the latest addresses of your pet stars and featured players. What's more, it tells you what pictures they're working on, or have just completed, as we go to press.

Albertson, Frank
Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. Loaned to Universal for *Blue Blazes.*

Albright, Hardie
Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. *Surrender.*

Ames, Robert
Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal. Loaned to Paramount for *Tomorrow and Tomorrow.*

Arlen, Richard
Paramount Studios, 6th & Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I. *Wayward.*

Arliss, George
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, Cal. *The Man Who Played God.*

Armstrong, Robert
RKO-Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal. *The Second Shot.*

Astor, Mary
Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal. *Exposed.*

Ayres, Lew
Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. *Laughing Boy.*

Bakewell, William
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Loaned to Fox for *While Paris Sleeps.*

Bancroft, George
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal. *Through the Window.*

Bankhead, Tallulah
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood Cal. Recently completed *The Cheat* at Paramount Astoria Studios.

Barrymore, John
Metro-Goldwyn Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Arsene Lupin.*

Barrymore, Lionel
Metro-Goldywn Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Mata Hari.*

Barthelmess, Richard
First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. *Alias the Doctor.*

Baxter, Warner
Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. *Surrender.*

Beery, Wallace
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City. Recently completed *The Champ.*

Bennett, Constance
RKO-Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Lady with a Past.*

Bennett, Joan
United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. Will complete *She Wanted a Millionaire* for Fox. Will also appear in *Salomy Jane* for Fox.

Bickford, Charles
Free lancing. Now playing in *The Second Shot* for RKO-Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Blondell, Joan
Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal. *Union Depot.*

Boardman, Eleanor
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. *Through the Window.*

Boles, John
Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. *Good Sport.*

Bow, Clara
Has signed with Sam Rork to make *Get the Woman* and two other pictures.

Boyd, Bill
RKO-Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Bad Timber.*

Brent, Evelyn
Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal. Loaned to Warners for *High Pressure.*

Brian, Mary
Free lancing. Latest release *Homicide Squad* for Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Brook, Clive
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. *Shanghai Express.*

Brown, Joe E.
First National Pictures, Burbank, Cal. *Fireman, Save My Child.*

Brown, Johnny Mack
Free lancing. Latest release *Lasca of the Rio Grande* for Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Cagney, James
Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal. *Taxi!*

Cantor, Eddie
United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. *The Kid from Spain.*

Carroll, Nancy
Paramount Studios, 6th & Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I. *Wayward.*

Chandler, Helen
Free lancing. Recently completed *A House Divided* at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. May go on the stage soon between pictures.

Chaplin, Charles
United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. Latest release *City Lights.*

Chatterton, Ruth
Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal. Recently completed *Tomorrow and Tomorrow* for Paramount.

Claire, Ina
United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. *The Greeks Had a Word for It.*

Colbert, Claudette
Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I. Recently completed *His Woman.* Now playing in *Her Confession.*

Colman, Ronald
United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. *Arrowsmith.*

Compson, Betty
Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal. Latest release *The Gay Diplomat.*

Coogan, Jackie
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. *Tom Sawyer, Detective.*

Cooper, Gary
Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I. Recently completed *His Woman.*

Cooper, Jackie
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Burbank, Cal. Now playing in "*Sooky*" for Paramount.

Cortez, Ricardo
Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. *Exposed.*

Crawford, Joan
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Possessed.*

Cromwell, Richard
Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal. *Yellow.*

Daniels, Bebe
First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Latest release *The Honor of the Family.*

Davies, Marion
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Polly of the Circus.*

Dee, Frances
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Loaned to Universal for *Nice Women.*

Del Rio, Dolores
Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. *The Dove.*

Dietrich, Marlene
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood Cal. *Shanghai Express.*

Dix, Richard
Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. *The Lost Squadron.*

Dove, Billie
United Artists, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. *Cock of the Air.*

Dressler, Marie
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Emma.*

Dunn, James
Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. *Dance Team.*

Eilers, Sally
Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. *Dance Team.*

Erwin, Stuart
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. *Working Girls.*

Fairbanks, Douglas
United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. Recently completed travelogue, *Around the World with Douglas Fairbanks.*

Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.
First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. *Union Depot.*

Farrell, Charles
Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. *Devil's Lottery.*

Fox, Sidney
Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. *Nice Women.*

Francis, Kay
Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Cal. *Shadows on the Wall.*

Gable, Clark
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Turn to the Right.*

Garbo, Greta
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Mata Hari.*

Gaynor, Janet
Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. *Heart Free.*

Gilbert, John
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *West of Broadway.*

Graves, Ralph
Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal. *A Dangerous Affair.*

Haines, William
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Turn to the Right.*

Hamilton, Neil
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Tarzan.*

Harding, Ann
RKO-Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Prestige.*

Harlow, Jean
United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. Loaned to Columbia for *Blonde Baby.*

Hersholt, Jean
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Emma.*

Hobart, Rose
Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Latest release *East of Borneo.*

Holmes, Phillips
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. *Two Kinds of Women.*

Holt, Jack
Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. *Yellow.*

Hopkins, Miriam
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. *Two Kinds of Women.*

Huston, Walter
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Recently completed *The Captain's Wife* for First National.

Hyams, Leila
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Loaned to Fox for *Surrender.*

Janney, Leon
First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Latest release *Penrod and Sam.*

Jones, Buck
Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. *Ridin' for Justice.*

Jordan, Dorothy
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Loaned to Radio for *The Lost Squadron.*

Keaton, Buster
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Her Cardboard Lover.*

Knapp, Evelyn
Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal. *High Pressure.*

Landi, Elissa
Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. Recently completed *The Yellow Ticket.*

Lebedeff, Ivan
Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Recently completed *The Gay Diplomat.*

Lee, Dorothy
Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. *Girl Crazy.*

Lightner, Winnie
Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal. *Manhattan Parade.*

Lombard, Carole
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. *No One Man.*

Lugosi, Bela
Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. *Murders in the Rue Morgue.*

Lukas, Paul
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. *Working Girls.*

Lyon, Ben
Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal. *Her Majesty, Love.*

Mackaill, Dorothy
First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. *Safe in Hell.*

March, Fredric
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Recently completed *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.*

Marsh, Marian
Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal. *Under Eighteen.*

McCrea, Joel
Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. *The Lost Squadron.*

McLaglen, Victor
Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. *While Paris Sleeps.*

Meighan, Thomas
Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. Latest release *Skyline.*

Menjou, Adolphe
Free lancing. Now appearing in *Forbidden* for Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Mercer, Beryl
Free lancing. Recently completed *Are These Our Children?* for Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Merkel, Una
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Skyscraper.*

Miller, Marilyn
First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. *Her Majesty, Love.*

Montgomery, Robert
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Courage.*

Moran, Lois
Free lancing. Now playing in *The Men in Her Life* at Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Moran, Polly
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Latest release *Guilty Hands.*

Morris, Chester
United Artist Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. *Cock of the Air.*

Nagel, Conrad
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Hell Divers.*

Nissen, Greta
Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. *Devil's Lottery.*

Novarro, Ramon
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Mata Hari.*

Oakie, Jack
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. *Dance Palace.*

O'Brien, George
Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. *The Rainbow Trail.*

O'Sullivan, Maureen
Free lancing. Recently completed *Thirty Days* for Patrician Pictures.

Page, Anita
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Loaned to Warners for *Under Eighteen.*

Pickford, Mary
United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. Latest release *Kiki.*

Pitts, ZaSu
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal. Loaned to Universal for *The Unexpected Father.*

Powell, William
Warner Brother Studios, Burbank, Cal. *High Pressure.*

Quillan, Eddie
RKO-Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal. *The Tip Off.*

Robinson, Edward G.
First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. *The Honorable Mr. Wong.*

Rogers, Charles
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. *Working Girls.*

Rogers, Will
Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. *Ambassador Bill.*

Shannon, Peggy
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. *Second Chances.*

Shearer, Norma
Metro-Goldwyn Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Private Lives.*

Sherman, Lowell
Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Loaned to Samuel Goldwyn for *The Greeks Had a Word for It.*

Sidney, Sylvia
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. *Ladies of the Big House.*

Stanwyck, Barbara
Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal. *Forbidden.*

Stone, Lewis
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *Mata Hari.*

Swanson, Gloria
United Artists Studios, 1401 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. *Tonight or Never.*

Tashman, Lilyan
Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I. *Her Confession.*

Tibbett, Lawrence
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. *The Cuban Love Song.*

Toomey, Regis
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Loaned to Warners for *Under Eighteen.*

Twelvetrees, Helen
RKO-Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal. *The Second Shot.*

Velez, Lupe
Free lancing. Recently completed *The Cuban Love Song* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Wheeler, Bert
Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. *Girl Crazy.*

Wilson, Lois
Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. *Law and Order.*

Woolsey, Robert
Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. *Girl Crazy.*

Young, Loretta
First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Recently completed *Taxi.*

Hot News!

HOLLYWOOD. . . . Last-minute news as MOVIE MIRROR goes to press. . . . Would you be surprised if the Howard "Millions" Hughes-Billie Dove romance goes white-hot again? . . . despite the fact that Billie, on the surface, still seems heart-jittery over handsome young Bob Kenaston and "Hell's Angels" Hughes is apparently rushing Dorothy Jordan all over the place stop . . . but don't be surprised about ANYthing in Hollywood! . . . even if Lupe Velez, despite all she said about him, should up and marry Gary Cooper abroad stop . . . just a tip, that's all stop . . . Wally Beery's next rôle is to be "different"— a mean old Russian stop . . . and if it can be arranged he may go to Jim Cruze to play the rôle that made Clark Gable famous on the stage— the killer in "The Last Mile" stop. . . . Buster Keaton hired an entire floor of San Francisco's snooty Palace Hotel for the party he threw after the USC-UC football game stop. . . . Gloria and Mike Farmer week-ended it at Palm Springs stop . . . and they still won't give a definite "yes" or "no" on that marriage rumor that persists stop. . . . What's this about Edmund Goulding and Anita Page, fevvens sake! stop . . . wait till you hear Pola Negri's "bass" voice sing in "A Woman Commands" stop. . . . Edmund Everett Funny Horton is going back to the stage and is taking three big shots with him—Laura La Plante, Gavin Gordon, Florence (Mrs. Freddie March) Eldridge stop. . . . Thelma Todd has stopped being Alison Loyd, is Thelma Todd again and isn't as excited about Roland West as she used to be. . . . A new team, Dot Mackaill and Jimmy Cagney, to be tried out stop. . . . Dave Manners isn't going to re-sign with Warner Brothers when his contract ends but will probably hook on with Pathé where he's now playing the lead opposite Connie Bennett in "Lady With a Past" stop. . . . Dorothy Lee can't work because her face is all broken out with some sort of poison and she can't put make-up on stop . . . the Wheeler-Woolsey team is to be split up when their present contract ends after one more picture stop . . . Wheeler will quit pictures and go on the vode stage in a two-act with Dot Lee stop . . . but Woolsey stays in Hollywood stop . . .

A year ago Ona Munson drove a Ford coupé and now it's a huge Packard with a Jap chauffeur stop. Clara Bow will probably do three pictures for Independent Producer Sam Rork stop . . . poor Loretta ex-Mrs. Grant Withers Young is so all alone since Irving Ascher went to London on business and Riccy Cortez said there's nothing to the rumors that he's that way about her stop. . . . Betty Compson and Irving Wineberg are glowing even though Betty does very frequently dine tête-à-tête with ex-hubby Jim Cruze stop . . . and Betty's ex-sweetie Hugh Trevor is full of thrills about Joan Bennett now stop. . . . Hollywood movie-making seems too much for Fraulein Lil Dagover and she's gotten into the habit of fainting on the set stop. . . . Stu Erwin says don't be astounded if there's a little Erwin some time next year but June Mrs.-Stu Collyer says he's silly stop.

No wonder Joan Blondell got all burned up over the printed report that she and Cameraman George Barnes were going to marry . . . George has a wife stop . . . the Dick Barthelmesses have decorated their Malibu place all in white which goes Lil Tashman's red-and-white one better stop. . . . Ina Claire and Robert Ames are still flaming stop. . . . Marilyn Miller goes to the hospital, for tooth and sinus operations stop. . . . Mary Brian is considering offers to go on the stage on Broadway.

Eddie Robinson announces he will play no more gangster rôles—for a year, anyway stop . . . it'll be happy new year for little Marian Marsh, for Warners will star her beginning then stop. . . . Joan Crawford is off on a six weeks' vacation stop. . . . Joseph von Sternberg went for a $17,000 Rolls-Royce and won't Marlene Dietrich look cute in that stop. . . . Josephine Dunn got her divorce at last stop . . . the Larry Tibbett house has changed occupants again . . . now that Larry is concert-touring, his divorced wife has moved back in stop . . . when he's in Hollywood he rents it from her stop. . . . John Boles has kissed Universal goodbye and gone to Fox on a term contract stop. . . . Hollywood says they have to make special hats to fit Bob Montgomery now stop. . . . Leatrice Joy (what, you don't remember her?!) marries a business man named William Hook and says she's out of pictures forever stop . . . Having gone all agog over polo, Hollywood is now taking another step . . . the English actors have organized a cricket team stop . . . but they can't find anybody to play against.

There'll be fifty airplanes in Radio's "The Lost Squadron" stop. . . . Ramon Novarro has just completed ten years' work for M-G-M which is some kind of a record stop. . . . Hollywood is back to normal— Tom Mix is riding up and down the Boulevard again in his ten-gallon hat and initials stop. . . . Ethel Clayton may make a screen comeback in an independent picture and also a court appearance in divorcing Ian Keith who's still incandescent about Fern Andra stop. . . . Loretta Young's trip to New York called off so she may play Chinese girl in her new picture. . . . Irene Rich really has divorced rich Hubby David Blankenhorn as MOVIE MIRROR predicted last month stop. . . . Vivian Duncan had to pay $700 damages to the lady whose house she lived in because the lady proved in court that there were so many bottles lying around (*Continued on page* 125)

Movie Mirror

FILMLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE

I HAVE thrilled to Garbo. I am fascinated by Dietrich. I adore Joan Crawford. I don't care what Clark Gable appears in. No matter what it is, I want to be there. But now I've got a new enthusiasm—Helen Hayes. She is the girl whose photographs glorify this page.

Look at her well, for you will be seeing more of her. She isn't so very beautiful. She isn't so terribly young. But she is an artist, a very great artist. I'm perfectly willing to go on record and say that as far as I'm concerned, she gives in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" the greatest performance I've ever witnessed in talkies.

And her current success proves that no matter how long you know it, the movie business is still a mystery.

Last summer "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" was "Lullaby." It was also, according to preview gossip, a flop. M-G-M put it on the shelf and thought it was just too bad. Little Miss Hayes—she's just five feet tall and has wide blue eyes and yellow brown hair—came back to star on Broadway with an unexercised movie option contract lying worthless in her handbag.

You must see this girl and this picture—Helen Hayes in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet"

Then somebody — the rumor is the somebody was Irving Thalberg—got "Lullaby" out again and gave another look. Cuts were ordered. Miss Hayes was recalled to the studio and nine days of retakes were made. And "Madelon" emerged, a masterpiece. But with all due credit to the brains of whoever rescued the film from the scrap heap—and took up the star's option—it is Miss Hayes' performance that makes this one of the finest pictures of this or any other year. She has the power to touch your heart, to wring from you pity and laughter and tears. And I'll wager two lapin coats and a box of cigars that before this season is up the average Hollywood actress is going to wish, all because of jealousy, Helen had never been born.

If I seem to be rashly prophesying around the place, it's because I'm a little bit cocky.

Last spring when I saw "Dance, Fools, Dance" I immediately ordered photographs of Clark Gable. I published the first pictures of him that were ever run in a fan magazine. (No, it wasn't MOVIE MIRROR, since MOVIE MIRROR wasn't born then.) MOVIE MIRROR was the first magazine to publish Clark Gable's Life Story. It *was* Mr. Gable's life story, too, over his own signature and in his own words. Other magazines are popping out with them now, but don't let them fool you. We got there first.

And just in case you have been noticing people I've overlooked—bright young people you think are worth stories—won't you write and tell me about them? I'll appreciate it more than you can possibly know.

Oh—and by the way—Happy New Year!

Ruth Waterbury.

Editor

The "IT" Girl Has Found Her Man

By HARRY LANG

"I *HAVE found my man. . . ."*

Clara meant it, with all that was left of her heart, when she scrawled that message across the bottom of the picture she gave Rex Bell many months ago. Rex still has the photo; it's the most prominent thing in his Beverly Hills home. And from all indications, Clara Bow still means it.

"To Rex," the full inscription reads; *"I have found my man.—Clara."*

Well, that's interesting enough, although it isn't very new any more—that incandescent Clara, whose Hollywood story is the tale of one man after another, believes that she has found at last, in a movie cowboy—THE man.

But vastly more interesting is this—that Clara Bow, in finding "her man," seems at last to have FOUND HERSELF.

Clara Bow has changed. Love used to be all mixed up with words like "Whoopee" in her mind. Now she talks quietly about "our" home, "our" future

And that is a story that is decidedly new to Hollywood—and it's only just beginning actually to dawn on Hollywood's cynical consciousness that it's so. Because naturally, Hollywood, having seen one after another of Clara's beaux come, flash, and go, said to itself with a shoulder-shrug when juvenile Rex Bell stepped into the picture: "Oh, just another boy friend for the Bow."

And bets were offered and not taken that Bell, like the rest, would fade out of the frame in a week, or a month or so, and become an ex-friend instead of the current sex-friend.

But so far, Hollywood has been wrong! And much to its amazement, Hollywood beholds not a waning romance, but possibly a growing one—and a new Clara Bow playing one of the leading rôles!

For it IS a new Clara Bow that has come into being as Rex Bell's sweetheart. Gone is the hot-cha-cha radiator of the red-haired flapper days; vanished is the streak of lightning that was Clara in her hey-day; and no more is the irrepressible ball of vivacity and noise and action and sex that she used to be. Instead, there's a girl who seems somehow to have just stepped over a threshold—perhaps the threshold of real womanhood. Believe it or not, there's a definite reserve about Clara, now. One senses what one never sensed before when one was with her—depth! A couple of years ago, you'd have wise-cracked a bet that back of Clara's challenging eyes, there wasn't a conscious brain-process being thought. Now you feel that Clara is thinking, thinking, thinking. Wondering, perhaps, but certainly thinking. . . .

It's a new Clara. And the chances are that the new Clara will come to the screen a different star, when she makes her next pictures, than she has been. Probably the oft-voiced plea of millions of Bow fans will be answered: Give us Bow as a dramatic actress, not the hey-hey gal! For as she is now, you can much more easily imagine Bow acting a dramatic rôle than being the flaming flapper of yesterday.

HOW much of this has been done to her by experience, and how much of it by love is a question, of course. It's the kind of question that can't ever be

Rex Bell says: "If it were to end now I'd rather have had these months with Clara than my whole lifetime with any other girl"

answered, the way you can answer—how much is two and two? You can't draw any dividing line between experience and love in what has happened to change Clara Bow. But certain it is—that love has played a large part. For unquestionably, her affair with Rex Bell —no matter how long it may last, or how soon it may end—is thus far Clara's nearest approach to knowing what love is and means.

Clara has had lots of things that are called, in this age, "love." She has had a row of men that for sex-appeal variety can't be beaten. There was the exotic Gilbert Roland, for the first. Then there was Gary Cooper, for the next jump. Then a Director—Victor Fleming.

After a while, she went gridiron, and football heroes paraded through her life, for a while, with varying degrees of heat. Later on came that highly-printer's-inked affair with Harry Richman, and more or less simultaneously that affair with the doctor in Texas.

All lasted for a while, and the most was made of each affair, in one way or another, while it lasted.

But in none of them did Clara Bow find what she has found with Rex Bell. For Rex Bell really loves her—and it is a very, very big question as to whether any man before has ever done that to Clara! Heretofore, Clara has found that men's interest in her could be translated into: "What can I get out of her?" Now, with Rex, she is suddenly startled to find that love, translated via Rex Bell, means: "What can I do for her?"

FOR the first time, Clara has learned that love is paradoxically more unselfish than it is selfish. And because Clara, strangely enough, returned some of that love Rex feels for her and trusted in him, she has benefited hugely. She has let Rex do things for her —and at a time when, more than ever before, she needed someone to care for her.

Rex took her from the madhouse of Hollywood into the quiet of that huge Nevada ranch of his. Right there is proof that Clara has changed, through love. You could never imagine Clara, until now, being willing to give up all the rococo luxury she bought and exchange it for sheer primitive living in a plumbingless shack in the middle of a desert. For Rex, or because of Rex, she did it. And it gave back to her much of the nerve-force that she had spent profligately in her Hollywood haze.

Before, "love" was another term Clara applied to being photographed in caloric poses with the current boy friend. It was another word for doing all sorts of wild things with him. It was all mixed up with other words like "whoopee" and "sex" and "publicity" and such.

Now, Clara stands quietly on Rex Bell's ranch, points off to a level spot some distance from the temporary shack where she and Rex have been living, and says quietly and simply: "That's where we're going to build our house."

Get that "we" and "our." She talks not of herself as an individual in the singular, but of herself and Rex as a team, in the plural. And "our house" is no empty dream—for as this is written, it's in process of being built.

Before, to go further, "love" hasn't ever meant much beyond that. Oh, when newspapermen asked her, during her several affairs, whether or not she was engaged, she'd say she guessed so, and show a ring. But when they'd try to pin her down on marriage, she'd evade definitely. Marriage just didn't seem to fit into the picture, you see.

Again, it's different now. She and Rex are definitely planning to be married. There (*Continued on page* 121)

Why Do Women Stars Last Longer Than Men?

A Garbo Goes On Forever, But Men Idols Change Rapidly

By DORA ALBERT

Stars like Garbo, Shearer and Joan Crawford keep right on being box-office attractions

TWO years ago it was Buddy Rogers. Last year it was Lew Ayres. Six months ago Robert Montgomery. And today it is Clark Gable.

Why are men stars idolized for such a short time?

Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, Janet Gaynor have been great box-office attractions for years. And still retain their glamour, their allure.

Once in a while a great new woman star, like Marlene Dietrich, is hailed. But she never takes the place of a Garbo. Other stars do not lose their popularity because of her.

Yet the moment Clark Gable became a sensation, people who had been talking and dreaming of Robert Montgomery began to talk only of Gable.

Why is this?

There are probably a good many reasons, but there is one that I consider the most important of all.

Men stars are made by women.

Women stars are made by the admiration of both men and women.

There is only one great male personality at a time, because women can only love one man at a time. And he can only last for a short time, as a rule, because as soon as the next great personality comes along, women will forget all about their previous idols.

Remember when Fredric March was the hottest thing on the horizon? Movie fans would go out of a theatre talking about just what it was about Freddie that got them that way. And Paramount was going to star him. Turn him into a great lover.

Now Fredric hasn't exactly done a fadeout, but neither has he advanced very far. And though he's nominally a star, he's actually just a leading man for Tallulah Bankhead and other women stars.

ON the other hand, Connie Bennett, who flashed into fame as a featured player in "Son of the Gods," (although she made many pictures before that) has fulfilled the promise of that picture. Every one of her pictures is a great box-office hit. She takes the tritest material and makes it glow with life and glamour.

Now why don't the men stars fulfill their promise in the same way? Even though only one man at a time can score a great sensation, why doesn't he stay a sensation?

Buddy Rogers made a grand success in one picture, and then played in a dozen pictures that all presented the same sweet, saccharine youth. Until the fans grew tired of his pictures. And gradually of him. He needed to act. And instead his company told him to charm. Buddy Rogers did not realize that the flappers who adored him so at first could so quickly get a new crush.

Lew Ayres was quiet, intense and sincere. He had lots more force than Buddy, who tried to be Charles. Lew scored a great hit in "All Quiet on the Western Front" and in "Doorway to Hell." And then, just when women were most ardent about Lew, a long time elapsed before his next picture appeared. It was a weak drama called "East Is West."

In the meanwhile a new type of actor appeared on the scene. Robert Montgomery. A young man as gay

Just as surely as Doug, Jr., gained in popularity after his marriage to Joan Crawford, so surely will any break with her affect his popularity and flippant as Lew Ayres was serious.

When Robert Montgomery appeared in "The Big House," he gave one of his best performances as a shivering, snivelling coward. But ever since the fans laid eyes on him in "Strangers May Kiss," he has had to go on playing Robert Montgomery. One of the most charming personalities in pictures. But personality is a dangerous thing. Charm is a dangerous thing. The moment you begin to capitalize on them, there is always the danger that the public may become interested in a new personality.

IF men stars last so short a time, it must be because women by instinct want new romances, new thrills all the time.

I know this runs counter to all our accepted ideas about women.

Women are supposed to be more faithful than men.

Women are supposed to be more monogamous than men.

There are supposed to be a lot of one-man women, but very few one-woman men.

Now that he's married, will Richard Dix find it harder than ever to keep up the illusion of a great lover?

The truth is that women have always tried to be what men wanted them to be. The greatest happiness for most women has consisted in being loved. In being popular. Wallflowers are very seldom happy. And even though times are supposed to have changed, there are still more articles written on "How To Hold Your Husband" than on "How To Hold Your Wife."

In their hearts women are as adventurous as men. But it is only in their choice of shadow lovers that women dare be themselves.

There are few men stars who remain as steadfastly popular as Constance Bennett

Notice how their tastes run in cycles. First it was Buddy Rogers, the sweet, unsophisticated youth. And then along came Lew Ayres, virile, tense, dramatic. Lew had so much emotional intensity. It was a relief to go from him to wisecracking, carefree Robert Montgomery. And now the very sophistication and flippancy which made Robert Montgomery are beginning to react against him. For women's tastes have changed again. Just when they were beginning to become restless, when they were ready for a more primitive lover, Clark Gable came along.

Men stars cannot last long because women fans are starved for romance. For new adventures in love. They are living farther away from the primitive than men because of social customs. And so they must make up for it vicariously by changing their shadow lovers frequently.

MOVIES are, as someone once pointed out, closer to the dream world than anything else.

When men do anything to shatter the ideal women have built up of them, they lose some of their hold over women fans.

Gary Cooper's romance with Lupe Velez lost him many of his women fans. They had built up an idea of

Two examples of how fickle women are in their choice of men stars. Jack Oakie lost stardom because his wisecracks lost their novelty

him as a strong, silent man. To have this ideal lover of theirs fall for a hot tamale irritated many women. To have him lose his dignity and permit Lupe Velez to bite his ear to show how much they loved each other spoiled their illusions about Gary. Box-office figures show that Gary is on the toboggan.

He is in a spot. A lot depends on his next few pictures, and a lot depends on the kind of woman for whom he falls next. I think the fan reaction to the ballyhoo about the Gary Cooper-Tallulah Bankhead romance has been nil. They don't know enough about Tallulah to care, and maybe they sense something phony in that publicity build-up.

Of course, I don't say it's fair for women to judge their idols by their private lives. But it's human.

A FEW years ago there was a lot of talk about Richard Dix being a great lover and also about his being the great he-man of the screen. He was tremendously popular for a time. But he refused to behave in private life like the great lover he was on the screen. He was always getting engaged and un-engaged to girls. He didn't behave with the bold decisiveness one expects of a he-manish he-man. And this reality intruded on the illusion women had built up around Richard Dix. Only a strong picture like "Cimarron" could have brought Dix back to a position where his private life could do him no harm, because the dream lover became more important than the real lover. I wonder what effect his recent marriage to Winifred Coe will have on his popularity.

On the other hand, Doug, Jr.'s popularity increased after his marriage to Joan Crawford. The fans built up so much romance around that marriage that Doug seemed a more glamorous figure than ever because he loved and was loved by Joan. If ever their marriage crumbles—and there have been a great many rumors to that effect lately—it will hurt Doug's popularity greatly. More than it will hurt Joan. Joan may be able to pick up the pieces and go on, as great a star as ever. But Doug, in ceasing to be Joan's ideal, will seem less the ideal of other women.

CLARK GABLE is able to retain his tremendous popularity, even though it has been rumored that he has been married three or four times. Women felt perhaps a twinge of disappointment when they first heard that he was married. But three or four marriages put him in the class of the romantics. He belongs, in a sense, to every woman. And the fact that little is known of his first marriages and of his private life helps to make him the most fascinating figure on the screen today.

Women lost interest in John Gilbert just because his voice was supposed to be pitched too high. By the time he improved it they were interested in new idols

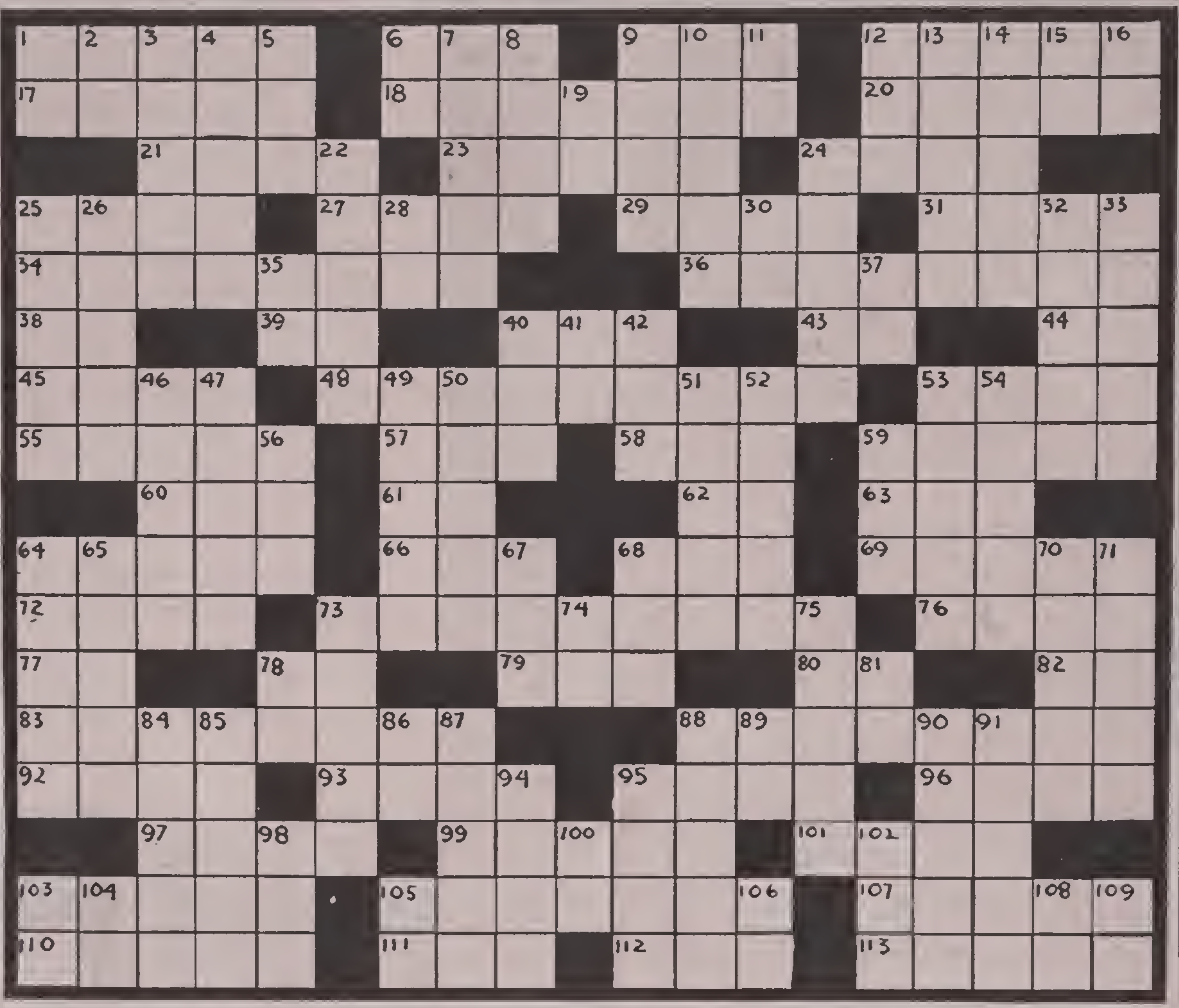
Lewis Stone is the eternal romantic. He has the tremendous sympathetic appeal of the older man, romantically gray-haired at the temples, worldly-wise and tolerant. He remains the mystery man of the screen. He hardly ever gives interviews. (*Continued on page* 118)

MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Alma Talley

75 Down

83 Across



95 Across

105 Across

ACROSS

1 Flat boats propelled by poles.
6 Frequently (poetic).
9 Tear in a dress.
12 To wash lightly.
17 To dispense with.
18 Evelyn Brent's native state.
20 What you do to bread dough.
21 What a Northwest Mountie does to his man.
23 The film that made Chester Morris famous.
24 What the hero and heroine sing to each other.
25 An open space.
27 A barkie star wags this.
29 What the boy friend buys Her at the candy store.
31 God of Love, who's kept busy in Hollywood.
34 Screen actor from way back — first known in "Birth of a Nation."
36 Automobilist.
38 Part of to be.
39 That three-toed sloth again.
40 Uncle Tom's "l'il missy."
43 Part of to be.
44 A business firm (abbrev.).
45 The base of a plant.
48 Famous dog star.
53 Mark left from wound.
55 To come into.
57 My, in Italian version.
58 You do this at a dull picture.
59 To frighten.
60 Something you feed a horse.
61 A cutting tool.
62 New England (abbrev.).
63 You use this to row a boat.
64 French unit of measure.
66 You'll find him in a marine film.
68 What a black sheep—or even a white one—says.
69 Humorous.
72 America's Sweetheart.
73 Usually.
76 What makes a barkie player scratch.
77 Either.
78 Chevalier's word for he.
79 To pester.
80 Preposition.
82 Like.
83 Mrs. Doug, Jr.
88 Hero of "Paid" and "Waterloo Bridge."
92 Writer of "Never the Twain Shall Meet."
93 What you do at a sad film.
95 "Bad Girl's" husband.
96 Preposition.
97 Troubles.
99 The sheik in a desert film rides on this.
101 No underworld film is without this.
103 Sally Eiler's ex-fiance, formerly with Mack Sennett.
105 The actor "Seventh Heaven" made famous.
107 His latest picture is "The Champ."
110 To rub out.
111 Yes.
112 What makes a Hollywood blonde.
113 Made a mistake.

DOWN

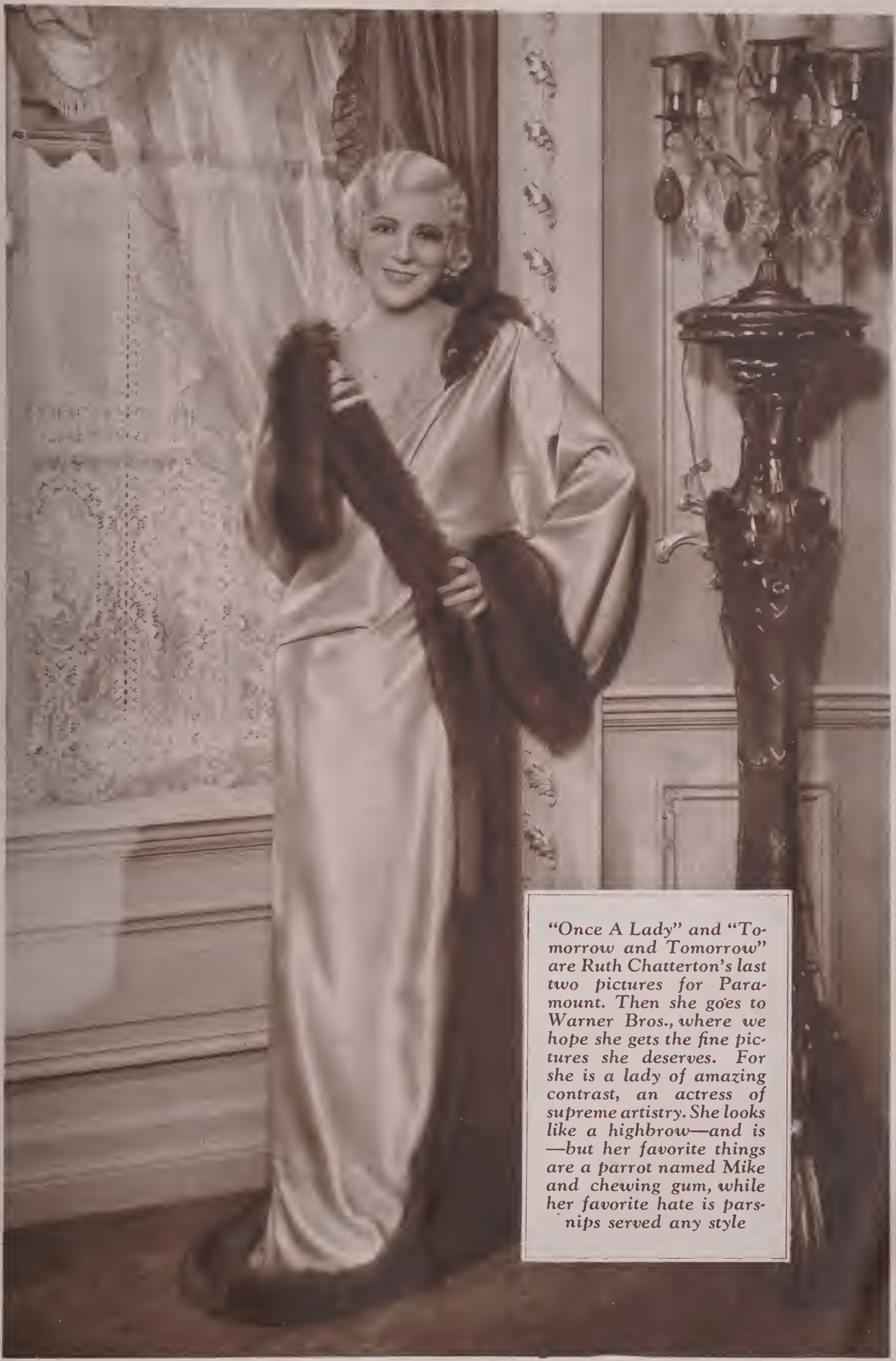
1 Footnote to a letter.
2 Heavenward.
3 The husband in "East Lynne."
4 To deal with.
5 Firm.
6 Preposition.
7 Threshing implement.
8 Tax.
9 A set of bones.
10 Peculiarity of language.
11 Ma's husband.
12 A film company.
13 Interior.
14 Polish film star who just divorced her prince.
15 What a girl needs most in Hollywood.
16 Lil Tashman's nickname for her husband.
19 Japanese measure.
22 A step.
24 Material of which a star's dress is often made.
25 Conscious of.
26 M-G-M's Mexican star.
28 "Mammy's" boy.
30 To accomplish.
32 Leading lady of the barkies.
33 A shop.
35 Exclamation.
37 Bone.
40 Greek letter.
41 Roman numeral for six.
42 Mrs. Harry Bannister.
46 Different.
47 The way you feel at a sad film.
49 Likeness.
50 Leading lady in "Sweepstakes."
51 Pertaining to tone.
52 The heroine is this to the hero.
53 A neckpiece.
54 Mrs. Nick Stuart.
56 Stars often drink this.
59 Turf.
64 What an artist wears when working.
65 To linger.
67 The proud father of Bebe's baby.
68 A sack.
70 Smallest.
71 Our cowboy heroes use this in roping steers.
73 Gleams.
74 That old sun god again.
75 Ex Mrs. Grant Withers.
78 Preposition.
81 No good (slang).
84 A Page from M-G-M's roster.
85 Marks caused by a beating.
86 A prefix.
87 Rot.
88 Stupidly.
89 On top of.
90 A steamship.
91 Wrath.
94 To peel.
95 Act.
98 A corrosive.
100 The husband of Mrs.
102 Walter Huston played this role of President of the U. S.
103 An actor's favorite pronoun.
104 French unit of area.
105 Note of the scale.
106 French article.
108 Concerning.
109 Unit of length (abbrev.).

The answer to this puzzle will appear next month. On page 126 you'll find the answer to last month's.

Mrs. William Powell (Carole Lombard to you) is all smiles, and why not? She's well again after having been ill. She's going to appear next in "No One Man" (just the title of which is enough to make her smile)

DYAR

FREDDIE MARCH is coming back to glory in one of those rôles actors love, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," a dual impersonation affair which will give him a chance to be good and be bad. But he'll never be indifferent. He's too charming



"Once A Lady" and "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" are Ruth Chatterton's last two pictures for Paramount. Then she goes to Warner Bros., where we hope she gets the fine pictures she deserves. For she is a lady of amazing contrast, an actress of supreme artistry. She looks like a highbrow—and is—but her favorite things are a parrot named Mike and chewing gum, while her favorite hate is parsnips served any style

There are two people in William Haines. The one is the flip wisecracker. The other is the hidden artist and lover of beautiful things

The beautiful home which Billy Haines says he "built to impress myself"

Why Billy Haines Stayed at Metro

By CONSTANCE BLAKE

THE inside story of why William Haines, after being out at M-G-M, is back in again with a big, fat contract and a bright future, is almost a sob story. A sob story with a happy ending.

I got the story from Bill himself one afternoon as we sat backstage in one of the theatres where he was making a personal appearance tour. Making the tour, at the advice of the wise Irving Thalberg, so that audiences might see him as he really is.

For myself I have known Bill ever since 1925, when he was merely a leading man on the Metro lot. He has become a star since then, while I am still in the writing game, but we are still friends. Which is more of a tribute to Bill than it is to me.

And a lot of water has flowed under the movie bridge during that interval.

I remember how in the summer of 1925 Bill discussed with me the possibility of his playing "Brown of Harvard." The possibility was pretty slim. "If I could get that part," said Billy, "I'd become a star. I know I would. I think I could put over a different type. (The big type at that time was the Charlie Ray "hick.") I'd like to try a fast-talking, city, wise guy. I could do that in Brown."

Well, Billy did it in "Brown." He clicked. He clicked big. And he didn't realize at that time that he was heading himself for a mess of trouble.

Billy created his type. He created a type so good, in the box-office sense of the word, that it didn't matter what kind of a story was wrapped about the characterization. He created a type that was so much of a "natural" that a host of imitators sprang up, Jack Oakie, to name the most prominent, and even Robert Montgomery for one picture, "Shipmates."

AND while Billy was creating this type, he was the best box-office bet Metro had. His "Tell It to the Marines," "Slide, Kelly, Slide," "Jimmy Valentine" and others piled up unbelievable grosses. They were successes everywhere.

Women liked them. Men liked them. Kids liked them, and Bill's salary, which had been $125 a week when he created "Brown," doubled and trebled over and over again.

NOW the nicest thing about Billy Haines is that there isn't an inch of high hat about him. He might have taken his success big. But he did a much bigger and better thing. He took it intelligently. He regarded his success with a wise eye and wondered how he could use it to improve himself. The old headband stayed the same size but Bill's interests began to grow.

For instance, I remember meeting him one day in New York. He was beaming like a searchlight.

"Know where I'm staying?" he asked. "At the Biltmore in a whole suite—parlor, bedroom and bath and one of the best in the place." He grinned. "You should see me strutting about those rooms. The big kick, you

Billy thought "Wallingford" was the end of his career

see, is that when I was a glorified office-boy here for Strauss and Company I used to walk by the Biltmore in my lunch hour and think how swell it would be if I could ever eat there. And now I'm living there. I'll have you know, my young woman, that Haines is a success." And he grinned again, kidding his own enthusiasm.

He was the same way in Hollywood. He'd point out his new car, or his new home, or even his new suits and smart crack about them. Yet actually a change was coming over him. Without, I believe, being quite conscious of it, Bill was growing into a man, growing into being a rich man with a cultured, rich man's interests. He didn't change his friends. Eleanor Boardman, who had arrived with him on the M-G-M lot (Eleanor and Bill came in on the same train, both beauty contest winners) still was his closest friend. Next came Joan Crawford. Then Polly Moran, with whom he had that kidding-publicity romance. He even kept the same servants, which is, after all, a better test than keeping the same friends, and all Hollywood admitted that they were the best trained servants in town.

He began giving little dinners. They were gems of their kind. He gave a party once where necklaces of gardenias were provided for all the women guests. He began to get interested in antiques, early American stuff, which was natural enough, considering that Bill is a Virginia lad by birth, and son of a nice, old Virginia family. He bought a Sir Peter Leley painting to go over his living-room fireplace and even in his studio dressing room he surrounded himself with beautiful possessions as far from the usual Hollywood taste as gold is from a rusty nail.

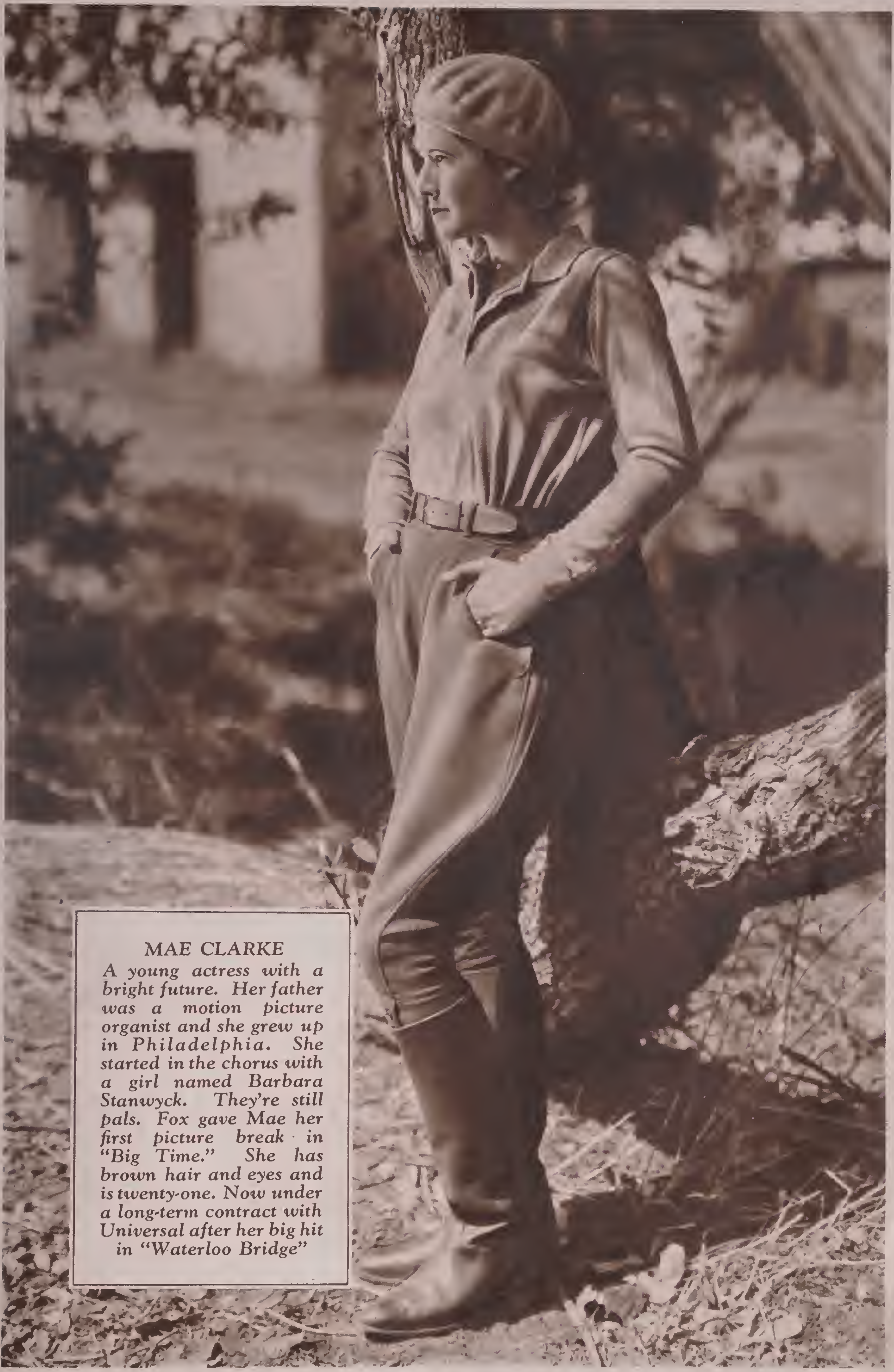
"Brown of Harvard" was Bill's first big part

And then talkies came in and Bill fawed down and went boom.

Not immediately. The Haines pictures, even with spoken dialogue, continued to do some business, but not as much as they had once done. His first talkie, "The Duke Steps Out," was one of the first talkies M-G-M made. It was as full of errors as all of the first talkers of all the studios were. Because they didn't know how to record it, Bill's voice sounded thin and unnatural and for the first time the boy who had always been completely natural and unassuming became self-conscious.

They sent a voice teacher down to see Billy. Billy took lessons. They sent somebody over to teach him how to make gestures. Bill took lessons. Self-conscious about his voice and his hands, he became utterly the victim of his own nervousness and studied dancing, diction, anything, everything.

(*Continued on page* 130)



MAE CLARKE

A young actress with a bright future. Her father was a motion picture organist and she grew up in Philadelphia. She started in the chorus with a girl named Barbara Stanwyck. They're still pals. Fox gave Mae her first picture break in "Big Time." She has brown hair and eyes and is twenty-one. Now under a long-term contract with Universal after her big hit in "Waterloo Bridge"

Mata Hari was the most dangerous woman in the world. Isn't Garbo devastating in this scene with Novarro—and notice how much her clothes contribute to the effect

Dressing Glamorous Garbo

Her Favorite Colors—Her Favorite Materials—The Styles to Which She Most Responds—These Adrian Gives to Greta, the Great

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

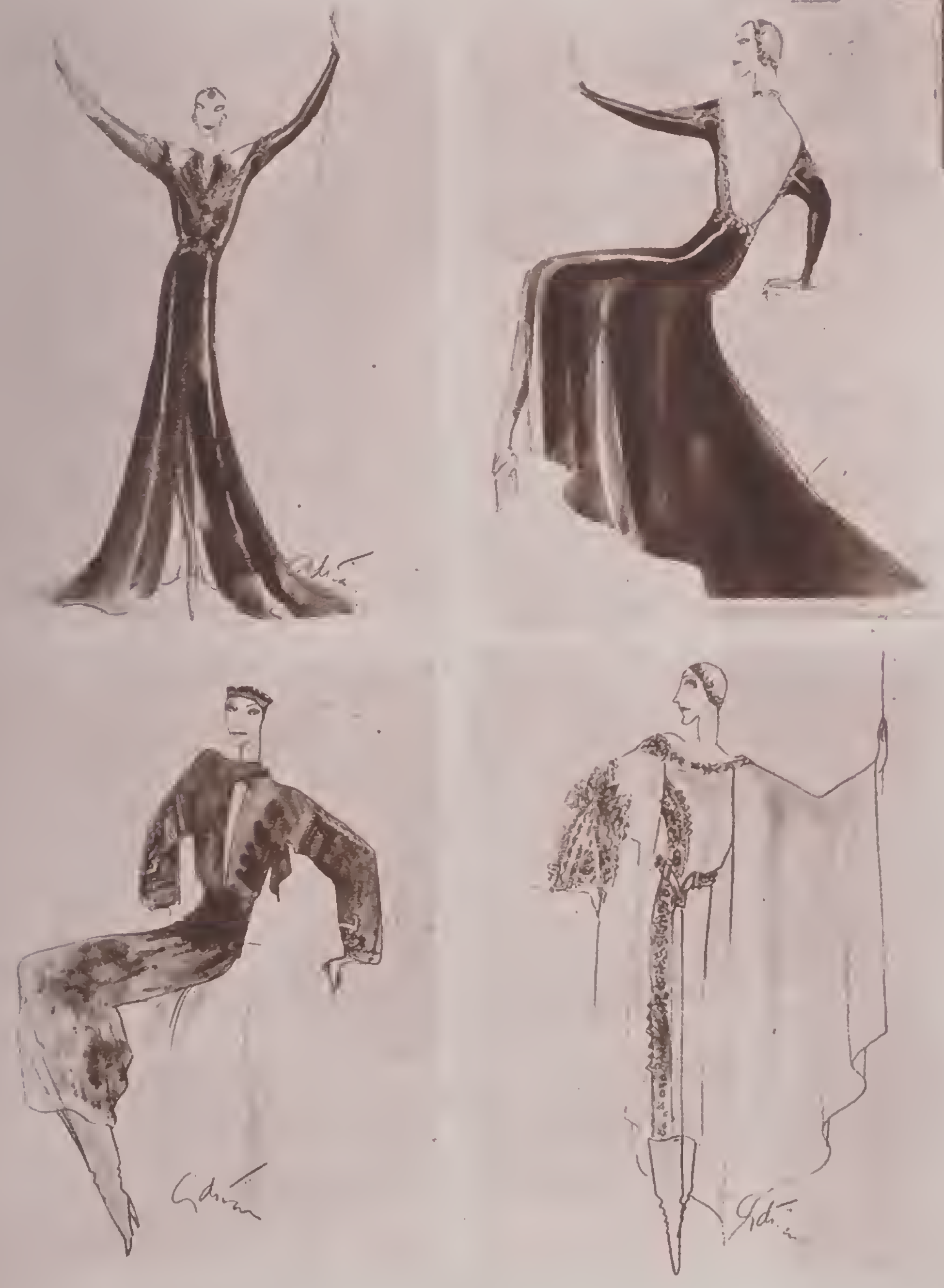
GRETA GARBO might not still be in pictures today—if Adrian had not become chief costume designer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer when he did! Had Adrian not gone to work on that lot, Garbo might have gone the way of other "vamps" and not have become the distinctly different individual in pictures who intrigues our imaginations now. For it was Adrian who first sensed the quality of the real Garbo and who was largely responsible for changing her from a fantastic, artificial screen figure into a definite and powerful personality. Garbo herself realizes this. She credits much of her success to the slender young man with the calm brown eyes and the air of mild fatigue.

FROM the very beginning—when he began work upon the costumes for "A Woman of Affairs"—there was sympathy and understanding and mutual respect between these two. Adrian today is one of the Swedish actress's closest personal friends and they work together in complete harmony.

"Garbo is like a tree," is the way Adrian expresses it. "Strong, straight, rooted in nature. There is an earthy and elemental quality about her. Something which partakes of the essense of mountains and rocks and sturdy, growing things. Something fundamentally and mysteriously *real* and *human*."

This is what he saw in Garbo in those "Flesh and the Devil" days when most of the people around her were seeing merely a bizarre and exotic creature with a smouldering light in her eyes. And he persisted, stubbornly, in dressing her to express what he saw—dressing her with simplicity and severity, making her clothes subservient to her personality—until everyone else began to see a dynamic and powerful actress in the place of a mere decorative feminine figure. And Garbo is grateful for what he has done.

Gilbert Adrian, an American boy, who understands the Swedish siren and who is one of her closest friends



Here are Adrian's sketches for the gowns in "Mata Hari"—exotic, daring. At the upper left is the sketch of the gown Garbo wears across the page. The beads are all hand-painted and cost thousands

AN unbeatable combination, these two. They have a terrific influence upon the clothes-consciousness of women all over the world. Adrian designing the garments. Garbo wearing them for the world to see! For instance, there can be no doubt that the pair was directly responsible for the Empress Eugenie hats which we are all (with varying emotions) tilting over our right eyebrows at this very moment. Remember the hats Garbo wore in "Romance"?

Adrian hesitates to claim credit for the vogue. Styles in clothes, he says, move in cycles and express the thought of their times. No one can "create" a vogue unless the public is psychologically ready for it. "We are moving toward an enthusiastic revival of romanticism—a reaction from the severe modes which followed the War and which reflected our state of mind during that period."

But "Romance" certainly focused feminine attention upon the coy Eugenic hat—and with one of the most imitated women in the world wearing it. Perhaps Adrian and Garbo and that picture are really responsible for the revival of romanticism!

Adrian is an interesting person.

He was born in Naugatuck, Connecticut, twenty-eight years (*Continued on page* 111)

Fifteen years in Hollywood—and the public is still clamoring for Dick Barthelmess' pictures! That's a record in a city where most stars last five years. Dick loves Malibu Beach, boats and tennis. He gets a lot of fun out of life, even though he can't bring himself to care for personal appearances, coloratura sopranos and new felt hats. His next picture is "Alias the Doctor"

Inside Stuff

Gable Bulletins

The exclusive apartment house in the Wilshire district which houses Clark Gable is coming in for a lot of attention. So many automobiles circle it and park before it, carrying femmes who hope for a glimpse of Gable in the flesh, that they're seriously considering having extra traffic cops posted there. The ladies in the cars range from 16 (or less) to 60 (and more!).

And a hardened preview audience, used to seeing stars by the score, made such a to-do about Gable at the preview of "Susan Lenox" that he was forced to take to his heels to escape being mobbed, leaving his wife to follow as best she could.

Gable appeared at the opera in tails and high hat. He didn't look as comfortable as he might. During the second act, the audience discovered him. And Los Angeles society, which is very snooty about picture people, buzzed and milled about him during the intermission. Just as enthusiastic as any mob of girls anywhere.

This Proves It

If anything were needed to settle conclusively the question of whether or not there's a big affair on between Lupe and John Gilbert, Lupe's own remark should have done it. She said it in Chicago: "John and I are just warm friends."

Well, what you and I mean when we say "warm" is just sub-zero to Lupe. So you can figure it out for yourself.

"A Woman Commands"—and How!

Hollywood was skeptical when it read press-agented reports that Pola Negri's temperament, flaming furiously in her previous Hollywood career, had vanished prior to her recent return to cinemaland.

In Pola's former Hollywood days—the days of her battle-royal with Swanson, which is still history—there were no microphones on the sets to stay "open" and record strange outbursts of talk that were not in the script. Such matters are changed now. Recorded on the sound apparatus at the RKO-Pathé studios, where Pola is making her comeback picture, was the other day her pointedly expressed opinion of various things that didn't please her, including the person, behavior and ability of Director Paul Stein. Also recorded was Director Paul Stein's return opinion of the person, behavior and ability of one Pola Negri. Cooled again, they reverted to script. The Negri-Stein dialogue will NOT remain on the record.

Royalty en Masse

Life becomes more and more confusing. . . !

Hollywood had taken for granted that the official royal family resides at Pickfair. And it considered that settled.

Then along comes Ethel Barrymore's son, Sam Colt, to Hollywood to join the other Barrymores in their assault on the cinema heights. So now the numbers of Hollywood Barrymores (Mr. and Mrs. John, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel, John's baby, Sam Colt, et al) is getting all tangled up with the number of Pickfair-ites (Doug and Mary, Joan and Doug Junior and the baby they sometimes talk of having, and Jack and Lottie).

And nobody seems to know which royal family is the royaler.

Banditry on the Installment Plan

Georgie Stone, returning from Warner Studios to his home one night, was held up by a gunman at a boulevard stop. "Gimme your money," the stranger prompted.

George had just two dollars in his pocket. He handed it over. The man said it wasn't enough, demanded Georgie's watch, too.

"It's not a good one. It's not worth much," protested Stone. "But it means much to me. It's a gift from my mother." The man wasn't impressed, insisted on having the watch.

"Tell you what," pleaded George. "You come to the studio tomorrow, ask for me at the gate, and I'll come out and give you $25 if you let me keep this watch."

"Well, you got an honest face," wisecracked the hold-up man, and agreed. But next day, no one asked at the studio for Stone, and Georgie grinned about how he had outwitted a crook.

BUT—the next night, George strolled out of Henry's on the Boulevard after a midnight snack. And just outside the door, he ran into a man who stepped from the shadows.

"Where's the twenty-five?" a voice asked. It was the bandit. There was a moment wherein looks were exchanged. The stranger's was steely.

George dug in his pockets, and handed over $25.

Temperament

Ruth Chatterton and Paul Lukas were making scenes for "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," which will be Ruth's last picture for Paramount, and they hadn't been getting along so very well. Each was feeling quite tired and cross. They began a scene in which Ruth was supposed to slap Paul in the face. Giving vent to her real feelings, she took advantage of the script and gave Mr. Lukas a resounding whack. Mr. Lukas is a fiery Hungarian. He forgot his lines and everything and, according to bystanders, grabbed Miss Chatterton by the shoulders and gave her a good, hard shaking. And work was called off for the rest of the day.

Everything's Gloria's on the "Tonight or Never" set. There's that old glorifier, Florenz Ziegfeld himself, Gloria, and Gloria's favorite director, Mervyn Le Roy, the boy wonder

Danny Cupid's Goings-on

. . . How the Los Angeles newspapers did jump on the revelation of Mary Astor's secret wedding to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe . . . been kept secret since last June 29—revealed October 15 . . . and the newspapers made much of it that Mary'd been keeping it secret DURING trial of her suit to collect damages for the airplane death of Kenneth Hawks last New Year, Kenneth Having been her hubby!

. . . Corliss Palmer and Hubby Eugene V. Brewster, after a 10-year romance, split up and Corliss goes back into pictures . . . remember the flaming beginning of it all, when Brewster gave up his wife and fortune to live his life with the gorgeous Corliss, who'd won a prize in one of his magazines' beauty contests.

. . . and the love-thrill of current interest (as this is written) is all that about Lupe Velez and Jack Gilbert! . . . it all began just after Jack's classic remark: "Oh, I'm SO tired of blondes!" . . . and the big picture executive who'd been showering bracelets and fur coats on Lupe wasn't a bit pleased when Lupe went that way for Gilbert . . . and it seems that Lupe was all set for one of those famous week-ends aboard Producer Howard "Hell's Angels" Hughes' yacht when Gilbert left suddenly for New York . . . Lupe had her baggage reshipped from the harbor in one grr-r-rand rush, and when Jack's train pulled out there was Lupe! . . . and she'd even brought her guitar along to strum to him in the dining car! . . . and now she says she lo-o-o-oves her Jack and of course she's going to join him in London . . . and as to marriage, she says why talk about that, anyway, because, anyway, his final isn't final yet, anyway!

. . . and mentioning Howard Hughes and those yacht-trips, the roster of who's been on 'em includes about a complete list of every beauty in Hollywood! . . . current top attraction to Howard at present seems to be Barbara Weeks.

. . . Strange coincidences, aren't they? . . . quite suddenly, Ina Claire's contract at Radio was mutually dissolved and she headed east for a stage play . . . and almost immediately afterward, projected plans for Robert Ames to work in Radio pictures were off, and Robert, too, was heading east . . . ho hum.

. . . Betty Compson and James Cruze, divorced these many moons, had a dinner together, tête-à-tête, to celebrate their wedding aniversary . . . quaint place, Hollywood.

. . . Old Dabbil bachelor Richard Dix, growing old, just couldn't hold out any longer . . . reported, in his career, engaged to a long list of lovely film stars, he elopes unexpectedly to San Francisco and marries the daughter of a grocer . . . but a rich grocer . . . her name was Winifred Coe, and Dix had been squiring her about Hollywood quite a bit just before the wedding bells . . . now her name is Mrs. Ernest Carlton Brimmer . . . uh, huh, that's Dix's true name.

. . . Ona Munson stays in Hollywood, turning down New York stage offers . . . "I wouldn't get as far away from Hollywood as New York; that's three thousand miles!" says she . . . Ernst Lubitsch is in Hollywood.

. . . Walter Mystery-Man Huston is divorced by his wife in Reno . . . and who's that fair one in Paris? . . . and doesn't Walter visit abroad often?

. . . Last summer, Yola D'Avril sued for divorce . . . and then she and Hubby Eddie Ward, composer, made up and called off the suit . . . but it didn't take . . . she's suing for divorce again . . . she says he nags; he says she plays too much.

. . . Ralf Harolde, film villain who, his wife said, carried his film stuff home, thus resulting in their separation, has made up with her . . . she was in the midwest, at a relative's sickbed . . . relative died . . . Ralph called her on the phone from Hollywood and was so sweet she went back to him.

. . . William B. Leeds, who has more dollars than Heinz has pickles, is quite gaga about Raquel Torres, 'tis said . . . even to the extent of gifts of jools . . . but Raquel says no wedding bells . . . "just good friends."

. . . Don Dillaway and Dorothy Jordan off and on . . . no report on status at present.

. . . Rita La Roy's wedding was amazing . . . Rita, who

Inside Stuff

has been through all sorts of terrific adventures without losing her nerve, was so nervous at her marriage to Ben Hershfield that she almost fainted as she walked down the synagogue aisle . . . but she went through with it all right.

. . . Lily Damita counters report of projected wedding with, "I haven't even time to think about being engaged. I'm too busy with talking pictures."

. . . Teamed up in public places and Hollywood gossip are: Anita Page and James Dunn; Loretta Young and Irving Asher; Loretta Young and Ricardo Cortez; George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill; Maureen O'Sullivan and Edmund Goulding; Miriam Hopkins and Dudley Murphy; Madge Evans and Eddie Crandall; Joan Marsh and Jack Oakie; Mary Brian and Jack Oakie; Mary Brian and Russell Gleason; Mary Brian and Buddy Rogers; John Loder and Pola Negri; Charles Morton and Pola Negri. Ah, me, 'tis Hollywood . . . !

Arliss Says Say

Finicky regarding interviews is George Arliss, monocle-wearer, shoulder-drooper, stage deserter to the screen. Annoyed by a recently published article dealing intimately with the Arliss personality and off-screen life, Englishman Arliss approached a studio press-agent on the set.

"Pray tell me, Mister—ah—Jones," began vexed Mr. Arliss, "do you know a certain Mr. So-and-So?" (Naming the writer whose by-line had appeared over the vexatious article.)

Responded the press-agent, "Yes."

Continued Arliss: "And tell me, do I know him?—ah—have I evah met th' fellow?"

Truthfully replied the press-agent: "No, Mr. Arliss; no, I do not believe you ever have."

"Then," concluded the actor, "tell him I don't wish to."

Perhaps Just a Dogma

In Hollywood, there are two kinds of children: those who, when they grow up, intend to be movie stars, and those who do not. By no means limited to the children of those intimately connected with movieland is the former class. Indeed, one of the most rabid youngsters in it is the pretty little daughter of, of all things, one of the leading Christian-Science practitioners in Hollywood.

"And why," her mother asked her, "do you want to be a movie star when you grow up, dear?"

Replied the child: "So I can have a couch that's built like a great, big dachshund."

Still seeking light is mother.

Maybe It's a Good Thing

An interviewer asked Lew Cody recently: "What's the best New Year's Eve party in Hollywood that you can remember?"

"The one," replied Lew, "that I can't remember."

Wide World

Trust a Bennett to look ravishing even when leaving a hospital. Here's little Joan Bennett taking her first step into the great big world after her accident

Gone Are His Hours

One of the points between Pola and Director Stein which seems to vex him more than other matters is the fact that more than once, Pola appears late on the set. Awaiting her tardy coming, Stein (whose own temperament is no tiny thing) had worked up a grand peeve. And when the imperial Negri stalked onto the set, Stein galloped up to her, hands in hair, screaming: "My hours! My hours—gone are they, my precious hours. And where, oh, where shall I get them back, heh?"

To which Pola's reply is not on record.

Yet be it duly recorded that actually, Pola and Paul are very good friends. Their temperamental flare-ups are merely such as artists indulge in during the heat of creation. At other times, Stein is "Lulu" to Pola—a pet diminutive for his middle name, Ludwig. To the others on the set, Stein's nickname is "Papa."

Thalberg's Sweetie

Scandal!!!—

Brazenly adorning the desk of Irving Thalberg, big shot of M-G-M, married man and a father, is the photograph of one of M-G-M's most sexessful stars. Inscribed

Wide World

The happy bridal party at the Wesley Ruggles-Arline Judge nuptials. Can you pick out Skeets Gallagher, little Arline, the director-groom—Wesley Ruggles—Charles Ruggles, brother and best man, Leila Hyams, Buster Collier and Adela Rogers St. Johns? They're all in the picture

thereon, shamelessly, "To my sweetheart." No secret does Thalberg make of his affair with the lady. Her name is Norma Shearer.

Bigger!—But Better?

Characteristic of the Hollywood afflatus is the individual ambition to have everything, do everything, a bit bigger and more than the other fellow. Sixteen cylinder automobiles are owned by Robert Montgomery, George Bancroft, ZaSu Pitts, Laura La Plante. Fortune awaits the smart lad who devises and peddles in Hollywood a 64-cylinder model.

Marion Wisecracks

Marion Davies brought a dachshund back to Hollywood with her from her recent European jaunt. "He's so long," she says, "that I have to hire a man to scratch his ears because he can't reach them." And she calls him Gandhi. Ask her why. and she says: "Just look at him."

Well, have you ever looked a dachshund in the face?

Reggie's Agitation

One morning, Reginald Denny's voice came over the telephone at the M-G-M lot, where he was working in a picture. "Sorry, y'know, but I'll be late this morning," he said.

"But the whole company's ready. You can't hold up production like this. You've GOT to come down," they ordered.

Reg became quite agitated. "My dear fellow," he explained, "don't you know that I'm becoming a father this very minute!" The baby was a boy—which is a rarity in these days of Hollywood's girl baby deluge. And was Denny pleased?

One of Those "Many a Slips"

It was all set for Conrad Nagel to be elected president of the Motion Picture Academy at its recent annual meeting. Which is an honor of one kind. So M-G-M had a press agent there, too, all set with pictures, biographies and special stories about Nagel's election. And then something went wrong, and one Mike Levee was elected. And the press-agent had to throw it all away.

What King Is Coming?

Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford have selected plans for an annex to Pickfair. It is to be a special guest house—nine rooms in two suites, with quarters for five servants. It'll be three stories high, and cost $15,000.

Another Baliboo . . .!

Hollywood's haha-makers have been running a contest to see who can say the most so-so things about Malibu. They've called it Maliboo-hoo; the natives Maliboobs, and all that sort of thing. But one wit, annoyed at a week-end where the proximity of neighbors on both sides so distressed him, came back with a new name—Malibu-by-the-see-your-neighbors-wash.

First shots of Pola Negri in her first talkie, "A Woman Commands." The kneeler is Roland Young. Pola looks more beautiful than before and—if you read these columns—you'll discover she's just as temperamental as ever

What He Thought of It

Alan Mowbray, English actor, plays the rôle of George Washington in George Arliss' current picture, "Alexander Hamilton." But he thinks it's a mighty bad picture, all the same, and voices his opinion without restraint. He even said so one day out at the Warner Brothers lot, and an executive overheard him.

"Don't you think SOMEthing in the picture was good, Mister Mowbray?" queried the executive, expecting Mowbray to admit that he himself was good.

"Sure, I do," said Mowbray. The executive beamed. He thought he had Mowbray trapped. "What was it?" he asked, expecting Alan to reply "Me." But Alan said: "My horse."

Better Stick to Hosses

Ken Maynard has been flying to and from location in his new $14,000 biplane. But one night, homebound, he set his ship down in a row of groundloops at the Los Angeles end. Ken Maynard went to the hospital for a series of stitches that held up production several days. And the plane, totally wrecked, went to the junk heap. But that won't stop Ken's flying. He owns two other planes.

Well, That's No News . . .

Vicki Baum, apropos of Hollywood, remarks: "I think the best fiction writers in Hollywood are the press agents."

Garbo's Reticence

The house wherein Greta Garbo has been living recently has not been her own. It hasn't even been on lease—Garbo was there on a month-to-month basis, at $600 a month rent. Naturally, the house was up for sale, and the owner, Donald Armstrong, wanted to show prospective buyers through. Garbo didn't like it. But she finally consented—on two provisions:

A—that she had to be notified well enough in advance so she'd be far away.

B—that the lookers must under NO conditions ever open and peer into a single closet on the place.

What They Thought. . . .!

Shirley Chambers, 17, fresh from school is one of those whom Warners have signed for future star material. On her first day on the lot, among the stars and executives, a press agent on the hunt for material asked her how she felt.

"Oh, something like Gulliver among the Brobdignagians." An executive near by overheard. He hurried to his office and sent for the casting agent. "Better get rid of that girl," he said. "We can't have language like that on this lot. You heard what she called us, heh? Lissen, I never did nothing like that in MY life." But they showed him a big dictionary after a while.

This Is Love

William Powell, since his marriage, has gained ten pounds in weight. And Wifie Carole Lombard recently told a friend "It's very becoming to him."

Inside Stuff

Marilyn (Twinkletoes) Miller is back at First National and one of the first to welcome her was Ben Lyon, now Mr. Bebe Daniels. Remember when Ben and Marilyn were engaged?

No Diet Here

Connie Bennett is the despair and envy of other stars. She keeps thin without dieting. Her appetite is the heaviest of the stars, and a breakfast of grapefruit, hot cereal, poached eggs on toast with fried potatoes and a side order of toast is just a sample of her meal. Others are in proportion.

Plenty Others Wouldn't Mind

Stuart Erwin's greatest peeve since his elopement wedding to June Collyer came at a dinner the other night, where, before hundreds of Hollywood prominents, he was introduced by a toastmaster as "Mister June Collyer."

Stu wouldn't stand!

And What Would a Divorce Cost?

It cost Paul Whiteman $427.80 in publicity alone to marry Margaret Livingston. Paul is a subscriber to several international clipping bureaus. The total of clips from the world's papers telling of his marriage was so great that it cost the $427.80, even at an average of less than four cents a clip.

Bet M-G-M Wishes He'd Buy a Kiddie Kar

Wallace Beery is one of Hollywood's hottest aviators. Many other players own and pilot their planes, but few stunt like Beery does. Coming back from a recent preview at Santa Barabara, Wally stunted and swooped so low over the train carrying other M-G-M officials and stars that many of them fled the observation platform because they couldn't stand to see all that potential box-office money stunting a few feet over the ties.

And one of his pet pastimes is chasing geese, with an automatic movie camera whirring away at them. Wally says they're the silliest looking things when an airplane chases them. "They look back, look startled, and then start pumping like ferryboats," he grins.

Mr. Warwick Draws Line

Hollywood has been entertained recently by a typical Hollywood proceeding—Robert Warwick has been entertaining at his home, now and then, in honor of his ex-wife, now Josephine Dillon of the Wheeler-Woolsey comedies. Josephine and the present Mrs. Robert Warwick are great friends.

But the Warwicks got peeved the other day. A columnist reported their appearance as a trio at a première, and added, "The only thing needed to complete the picture would have been to have the future Mrs. Warwick along, too." Since then, the Warwicks have not posed for pictures with ex-Mrs. Warwick in the group.

Anyway, Who Wants Cheese?

Mickey Mouse just celebrated his third birthday. But there wasn't a party. The cartoonists just worked all day, making more of him.

Vocal Note

Wives: If hubby sings in the bathtub, don't ask him what the so-and-so he thinks he is, another Tibbett? Because maybe he is. You see Larry Tibbett admits that he keeps his voice in trim by bellowing lusty songs while in the bath—or in the pool—each morning.

So now, perhaps, there'll be morning choruses of songs from bathroom windows all over the land.

Lloyd Gets Hot Again

Harold Lloyd was panicked the other morning when he heard his eight-year-old daughter shout: "Fire, daddy, Fire!"

Pajama clad, Lloyd raced down his hallway and found the bathroom in flames. Harold saved the 8-months-old baby; Mrs. Mildred Davis Lloyd saved the other two children.

Then servants put out the blaze before firemen arrived.

It's been the second fire in the Lloyd mansion. Last year, flames did thousands of damage in a between-walls fire.

Fashion Note

Joan Crawford, one of the best-dressed women in Hollywood, has all her clothes made at home by a seamstress.

Inside Stuff

Real Estate Note

Bill Haines' contract at M-G-M ended. Up went his house for lease.

Ina Claire took it. Then poof went something in Ina's contract, and Ina is New York bound.

House up for lease again.

Comes Tallulah Bankhead and takes it.

Now Bill's re-signed by Metro and coming back. But not to his house.

Polly Moran Pen Portrait

During her visit to Chicago, Polly Moran shunned the "Gold Coast," visited instead people whom she later said were "the old bartenders down on Twelfth Street. I used to clean cuspidors there."

"But that's not true!" a friend ejaculated.

"Well, what if it IS?" what-of-itted Polly.

They're Off Again

Mary and Doug are to split again. Not legally, just actually. . . .

This time, Doug's about to be off on another of his travelings. To South America, by air and motor, for adventure and moviemaking.

And Mary, saying she doesn't like airplanes, and anyway there's a stage offer to be considered, and anyway, there are so many peers and princes and things coming to Hollywood this year, will not go along with Hubby Doug.

And Doug, deluged with 5,000 applications from people who want to travel in his expedition, has had to have a form letter of polite refusal prepared.

One Half of One Percent

Imposing and mysterious letters reached contract players. Come to the studio for an important meeting, they ordered. No one knew what for, but orders from the deities are orders. So contract players assembled——

They found it was a ratification plan for the system whereby all studio players are to donate one half of one percent of their salaries to the Motion Picture Relief Fund for needy players and their families. Not a player refused to give his mite. By it, more than $200,000 is expected to be raised annually.

Not Even Joe Could Swallow That!

Joe E. Brown returns from a strenuous vaudeville tour. He is met at the station by Mrs. Joe E. Brown—AND a $17,000 imported Deusenberg car.

"Whazzat?" demanded Joe.

"It's yours, dear, a present from me," she said.

Joe just looked at her with a deep hurt in his eyes, and muttered. "I'm so tired. I just want to rest. And what do I get—just another GAG!"

News! Movie Actress Spends Week-end With her Husband! The lovely lady is Elissa Landi and the smiling one beside her is John Lawrence, her husband, whom she went all the way to London to visit

And it took the salesman, the sales record, the ownership card, and the license transfer to convince Joe.

Uncle Sam's Memory Course

If you make a lot of money, and spend a lot of money, you know that you are to be good and tell Uncle Sam's income tax gentlemen all about it, don't you?

British Victor McLaglen, in court the other day in Los Angeles, told Federal inquirers that he did not just remember how he had spent the major part of the $52,566 he had earned during the year 1927.

But it will probably come to him very soon, now.

Bow—De Voe—Oh, Woe!!

Still hangovering is that tale of Clara Bow and Daisy De Voe, her secretary who went to jail for doing funny things with Clara's money. Once again, the other day, the court turned down Daisy's plea for a stay of execution and release under bond pending her appeal of the 18-months jail sentence.

Our courthouse scout reports that some of the gowns, jewels and other gadgets used as evidence at the trial were held for months at the courthouse before Clara could get them back. And you can just imagine what an inadequate locker and plenty o' summer heat and dust did to some of the valuable and smart frocks, hats and things!

Inside Stuff

Ruth Hall of Warners-First National proudly presents her mother. In a town where movie mamas are terrible, Ruth's best pal and severest critic is a delightful exception

But Clara, galloping around Rex Bell's ranch in overalls and such, didn't care so much, after all.

Tale of Two Jackies

The other day, the Los Angeles courts granted Jackie Cooper's mother the right to spend, out of the kid's salary, the sum of $400 a week on Cooper Junior's maintenance, etc.

There's another kid Jackie in Hollywood—Jackie Searl, Paramount's little meanie. Jackie Searl's mama says she does not want the naturalness of her son to be lost. That's what makes him successful on the screen and she's going to see that he keeps it—and his money.

So every cent the young Searl makes goes either into clothes and other absolute necessities for the boy or into government bonds. The Searls live still in the same humble house where they lived when Jackie played his first screen rôle. (The Coopers, on the other hand, have moved from a typical neighborhood bungalow in Hollywood into a rather pretentious place at the beach.) Searl youngster still plays with his old neighborhood pals, and the five-and-ten-cent stores provide his toys.

The Searl family, including Jackie, still live on the earnings of Papa Searl—an oil well driller.

Barbecued Brent N. G. for Lens

A good deep coat of tan may be just dandy for some people, and for their health. But too much of it to a camera is too much.

And who knows better than Betty Brent, who had a house at Malibu all summer? She had a grand time letting the sun-tan get to an inch or so in depth. Then she was called for a picture, and when the director saw the rushes, he thought he had a "high yaller" girl. So production was held up while Betty used chemical bleaches on her skin so she'd look Caucasian again.

One Less Ex, Hooray!

Ursula Parrott, author of "Ex-Wife" which became on the screen Norma Shearer's ultra-sophisticated "The Divorcee," married Brooklyn Banker Charles T. Greenwood. Which makes Ursula an ex-ex, or maybe a Double-Ex, and maybe stems the tide of ex-somethings. At least, there's hope.

The Cutting Room Floor

Aileen Pringle, as you know, hasn't had any too many rôles recently. So very happy she was when a big, juicy part in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" was offered her. She played the rôle of Lewis Stone's sweetheart before Helen Hayes came into his life—and the picture.

But when officials saw the production they realized it was much too long. So Pringle's rôle, which was excellently done, was entirely cut out. If you watch close you will see a tiny shot of her in the cabaret scene. But that is all.

'Stough, isn't it?

Those Career Blues

At a party recently Louise Fazenda suddenly missed ZaSu Pitts who but a few minutes before had been the life of the party. Seaching through the house she located ZaSu in the bathroom crying.

"What's the trouble?" asked Louise.

Looking up through her tears, ZaSu asked, "Louise, do you honestly think we'll ever amount to anything?"

Father and Son

One of the happiest persons in Hollywood these days is Bill Hart. The reason for his joy is that William S. Hart, Jr., is being allowed to visit him frequently for the first time since he was born. Friends of Bill's stopped in to see him one day recently and the boy was there, surrounded by beautiful, new toys.

"I hardly get a chance at 'em, my papa likes 'em so well," he complained.

Notes on a Baby Star

Jackie Cooper has a healthy, normal small-boy's appetite. His mother says she is sure he would play "East Lynne" for a chocolate sundae. When his director wants him to do a particularly hard bit of acting he delays the call for lunch and Jackie will work like a Trojan to get finished.

Recently King Vidor was directing Jackie Cooper in a scene, but Jackie just couldn't or just wouldn't play the scene as his director wished. They took the scene over

This, children, is what is known as an entrance or taking it big. When Warner Bros. brought Lil Dagover to Hollywood they spared no expense. A great car waited for the plane that was carrying Lil. She stepped from one to the other, gathering American beauties on the way

and over and finally Mr. Vidor got quite rough with Jackie, who then did the scene perfectly. Mr. Vidor felt badly about being so rough with the child, but before he had time to apologize Jackie walked over to him and, patting him on the arm, said, "That's all right, Mr. Vidor. I understand."

Very Inside Stuff

In Hollywood it is almost axiomatic that a feminine motion picture star's bedroom is lavender in color. But Constance Bennett would be original and have a gray boudoir. The only note of contrast in the room is her bed, which has a green velvet headboard, and some blue pictures on the walls.

Oh yes, and on one end of her dressing table is a beautifully framed portrait of the Marquis de la Falaise. On the other end of her dressing table is a beautifully framed portrait of her ex-husband, Philip Plant.

Sister Act

Constance and Joan Bennett are almost never seen together in public. Recently this fact has been commented on in print, so when they appeared together recently at an opening they were the cynosure of all eyes. Joan, dressed in pale blue satin, leaned heavily on a cane, and sister Constance, dressed in white satin trimmed with sable, helped the invalid in true sisterly fashion. Joan was escorted by Hugh Trevor and Constance was accompanied by the Marquis.

Love Goes Fast

Dorothy Lee has plans drawn and is about ready to start construction on a new beach house at Malibu. Her house is going to be high on the cliffs overlooking the ocean, however, and not down in the movie colony. Jobyna Howland is building next door to Dorothy. Meanwhile, Dorothy continues to live on in her honeymoon house, which, incidentally, belongs to her ex-husband, Jimmie Fidler. When she rented it from him after they were divorced, he required her to pay six months' rent in advance. There seems to be nothing colder than a cold romance.

So This Is Lupe!

"I can't be a lady," Lupe Velez told an interviewer. "One time I tried and my family, they all say: 'Poor Lupe, she so sick.' "

The Monster Doesn't Speak

When you see "Frankenstein" Boris Karloff will play the part of the monster. Yet it was Bela Lugosi who was originally announced for it.

Here's the inside story on why he refused to play the part.

In the picture the monster isn't supposed to do any talking. He just grunts and groans. Said Mr. Bela Lugosi, who is Hungarian, "If I play the monster, people will think I can't talk English. They'll think I don't talk because I can't speak the language."

The studio assured him that such an idea was silly, that people had heard him talk in "Dracula," but he persisted. And so Boris Karloff was put into the rôle instead.

Death Takes No Holiday

Robert Williams' death has created a great deal of hävoc at the RKO-Pathe Studios. Not only because he was loved by the people at the studio, but because he had seemed so absolutely right for a certain part in Connie Bennett's "Lady With a Past" that no one else had even been considered.

Now casting about for someone else to play the part, the studio is at its wits' end.

Leslie Howard is in London, declaring that he can't stand the pace of Hollywood. Monroe Owsley is ill. Bob Ames has left Hollywood to appear on the stage.

And the question of who will get the part is still unsettled as we go to press. (*Continued on page* 128)

Janet in "Delicious," as frail and downtrodden—on the screen—as ever. The real Janet is an unlike this as milk and candlesticks

The Secret Life of Janet Gaynor

No One Knows the Girl Who Creates the Janet of the Screen

By SARA HAMILTON

A FEW years ago in Los Angeles, a high-school girl, little and cute, perched on the edge of a newspaper woman's desk and coaxed:

"Please put my picture in the paper. Just once. Please do."

And the newspaper woman smiled indulgently and said, "All right, Janet. Go out and do something startling and I'll put your picture in the paper."

So Janet Gaynor did do something startling.

And did get her picture published.

But only Janet Gaynor realizes how startling a thing she has done.

JANET GAYNOR has created an illusion. An imaginary person that passes for real. She has dressed it up in little babyish dresses, given it a whimsical, shy little smile, pinned on Charlie Farrell for a corsage and said, "Look. Here's Janet Gaynor. Isn't she the whimsical little mamma, though?"

And we've looked and groveled and hurrahed and even sold peanuts while the parade passed. For without doubt Janet was and still is the best thing we'd seen in ages.

And Janet, who created this bit of whimsy, not in seven days, but "Seventh Heaven," looked upon her work and saw that it was good.

And has worked like a Trojan at it ever since.

And now Janet Gaynor has suddenly wakened up to the awful fact that the make-believe personality has grown out of her control. Out of

The simple little house on Selma Avenue, Hollywood, where Janet lived as an extra girl, and the simple, quiet young Lydell Peck whom Janet married

bounds. It is spilling itself all over her own life. People are actually taking this little bit of whimsy for herself. The real Gaynor. "Little Dream Girl," the papers are calling her to her utter chagrin. They refer to her as "Little whimsical Janet," until she fairly shrieks aloud. They've even labeled "Little butterfly" onto her, which has finally sent Janet reeling out to the fresh, cool air of common sense.

"WHY, nobody knows me," she complains. "Nobody knows what I'm like!"

Just as Garbo has unconsciously built up a legendary Garbo that has grown bigger than Greta herself, so has Janet.

And the thing has proved a regular Frankenstein. A whimsical nightmare.

So Janet is unable to endure it any longer. She wants the truth to be told. The good with the bad. She wants to emerge behind the little screen Janet and get acquainted. She wants you to like her as well as that other Janet. And know her as she is.

And the little brown head you see bobbing behind the davenport is Janet's. In hiding. Afraid to come out. For just look how you stormed when she married Lydell Peck. A man suited in every way to the off-the-screen Janet. When the real Janet fell madly in love, as normal girls are apt to do, and married that big strapping American fellow, the storm that broke over her head opened her eyes to what a monster this thing has grown into. A monster that nearly swallowed her happiness whole.

For, you see, you didn't think him at all suitable for little screen Janet. Not nearly romantic enough. And neither is he. But the woman he married is something else again.

And with heaven helping me, I am going to introduce a new Janet. The real Janet Gaynor.

And I feel sure in this year of 1931 you're going to like her and admire her.

FOR one thing, no one puts a thing over on Janet Gaynor.

To live in Hollywood and not be slightly trampled upon is something.

Janet Gaynor is one of the few untrampled.

In a recent quarrel with Fox, like a defiant little squirrel, she stood her ground. While executives, higher-ups, even fan magazines, everyone seemed against her.

And there she stood.

Or rather she sailed away and let others do the standing.

Janet, twenty-four years old and a grown woman, knows her own mind, and knew what she wanted that time. And got it.

And it needn't be kept a secret that Janet is a brunette Pickford, as far as business tactics are concerned.

She has everything Mary has but a water-wave and a third interest in Douglas Fairbanks.

And she'll last as a star as long or longer than Mary because she has that gift of boring beneath the surface of things and finding out what it's all about.

Practically nobody is fooling Janet Gaynor today.

But with it all, there is nothing hard or glittering or arrogant about Janet. Never. But quietly, calmly, with the real sweetness that is hers, she sets out to get the thing she wants. She lives in a constant fear that she may let her fans down in her screen work.

She sits for hours, not just an hour, mind you, but hours in a bare, cold projection room of the studio. Studying. Watching. Making startling criticisms of her work. Long after the camera man is worn to a frazzle and everyone else has stolen out, she sits there. Watching. A single bit of business. Over and over and over. A calm, critical little modern, watching the heart-breaking appeal of a little dream girl on the screen. Insisting on doing parts over. Adding a little more appeal here. Or a bit of charm there. Seeing herself through the eyes of thousands of romance-starved fans. Knowing as she sits there, this calm, critical, little modern, that she's giving the world what it wants. And the best she has in her of that thing they want. Whether it's the thing she really longs to give or not.

And there you have the deep, infinite wisdom of Janet Gaynor.

THE Janet Gaynor off the screen is an imp. A downright, bedeviling little imp.

Only Charlie Chaplin can beat her for her clever, roll-you-right-on-the-floor imitations.

You should see her do John Barrymore.

Nostrils quivering. Sniffing immense Barrymore sniffs. Shaking her head in killing little Barrymore shakes. Profiling. Acting. Bending a little at the knee and bouncing slightly. Svengalish. Until one fairly screams for mercy.

And the Ina Claire one. With Ina's bangs. Ina's accent. Ina's slightly startled look.

Make-believe love—Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell in "Seventh Heaven," which started too many things for Janet's peace of mind

Then there's Janet hanging out of the back window of her bungalow dressing room. And Will Rogers hanging out of the back window of his adjoining bungalow.

"Hey, Janet!" Will calls, "Here's a hot one on Congress." Or, "Listen, Janet, here's my column fer today. How's it strike you?"

Shouts of laughter from Will at some of Janet's witty, timely remarks.

And it takes a mighty snappy young woman to exchange banter with Will Rogers.

Contrary to all sad, pathetic stories, Janet Gaynor did not steal out of the sewers of poverty, wrapped in a shawl of romantic rags, and beg, with tiny outstretched hand, for a crumb from the movie magnate's table.

JANET bounced herself, a normal, healthy self, right out of high school onto a newspaper woman's desk and teased her for her picture in the paper. And set out to get it. And chose the hardest, most heart-breaking route of all. The movie extra route.

From an average, comfortable home, like everyone else's, Janet started forth each morning to work. Like hundreds of thousands of girls the world over. And reached her goal.

(*Continued on page* 116)

Very Elegantly English

That's George Arliss, Who Is Ever Young, and Delighted that He Is Rather Old

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

BEFORE you are given an appointment with George Arliss you are pledged not to question him about his private affairs. He feels interviews that pry into his personal life to be in bad taste and he will not countenance them.

His company, Warner Brothers, treats him with great deference. They are, obviously, impressed by him. They engaged him to do "Disraeli" because his name would give distinction to their trade-mark. Warners didn't expect him to make money. But, to their great surprise, he made lots of money. In "Disraeli." And in everything else he has done, including "Alexander Hamilton," a costume picture. And as any good motion picture producer will tell you, costume pictures don't make money.

And as an interviewer, you are impressed and treat him with great deference.

For George Arliss is not so old, but, oh, so English . . .

There is something meticulous about everything he does. In the way he crosses and recrosses his thin legs. In the way he rests his thin hands over the end of the chair arm. In the courtly little bow with which he greets you and says adieu. It is as if this bow was a compromise by which he doesn't entirely forsake the gallantry of his Victorian youth for the careless manners of today, but at the same time, avoids attracting any undue attention.

They are one of those very quiet, very English love stories, Mr. and Mrs. Arliss

Mr. Arliss is delighted that he is sixty-three years old.

"Life is richer when you have done with youth," he says. "You get more pleasure from almost everything. And nothing hurts quite so much. Because you have a better idea what it is all about."

It is my guess that he has, in his time, been hurt plenty. And it is also my guess that no one ever knew it. He is, as I said before, oh, so English.

"People say, 'A short life but a merry one,'" he said. "They underestimate the great interest to be had in living long. They do not consider how the most casual things become colored by memories. Take taxicabs. I remember taking one to the boat when I was coming to America the second time. We had them first in England. (An Englishman would mark that!) I remember saying, 'Here, let's have one. See what it's like. For a lark.' So it goes with many things. The longer you live the more things you have personal interest in, the more things you are eager to watch as they come along."

It was a decent autumn day when I saw Mr. Arliss, but he was dressed for a London fog. You know how English clothes are. His suit was tweedish. He wore

"Life is richer when you have done with youth," says Arliss. "You get more pleasure from almost everything" high brown shoes and heavy gray woolen socks. And although he never seemed to make the slightest effort to keep his eyeglass on, it fell off only once.

Mr. Arliss might be said to have inherited this glass from his father, who always wore a monocle. The "Duke of Bloomsbury," his father's cronies called him. Because he never seemed to be doing any work but was something of a dandy. He was a none too successful printer and publisher. There had been a printer and publisher in the Arliss family since the days of William the Conqueror. One of the great-uncles published Arliss's Pocket Magazine. All of which will give you some idea of the furore it caused in the family when it was discovered the son, George, was far more interested in grease-paint than in printer's ink.

GEORGE ARLISS grew up in Bloomsbury. With his two brothers he used to play in the stuffy old British Museum just down the street from the Arliss house. And many of the characters he portrays today are more human because of his childish observation of a group of idlers who used to frequent this museum and the neighborhood tavern.

Observation Mr. Arliss rates a great asset.

"Your observation," he says, "transmitted through your imagination, is one of the most important things you can bring to any part."

And he looks at you with such keen, seeing eyes that you can't help wondering what observation he is making even while he talks.

I asked him whether he felt an actor had to experience an emotion before he could portray it. Some say yes. Others say no.

George Arliss plays parts you would never think would be popular, like this Alexander Hamilton, and makes successes of all of them

"I most certainly do not believe," Mr. Arliss said, "that it is necessary to lead an indecent life to be capable of playing unpleasant parts. When we have reached an age of discretion we have, to some extent, experienced every emotion. We have not murdered—I trust—but we have, in all likelihood, known an emotion which, exaggerated, would have led to murder.

"To portray a murderer then we need only remember this emotion and elaborate upon it."

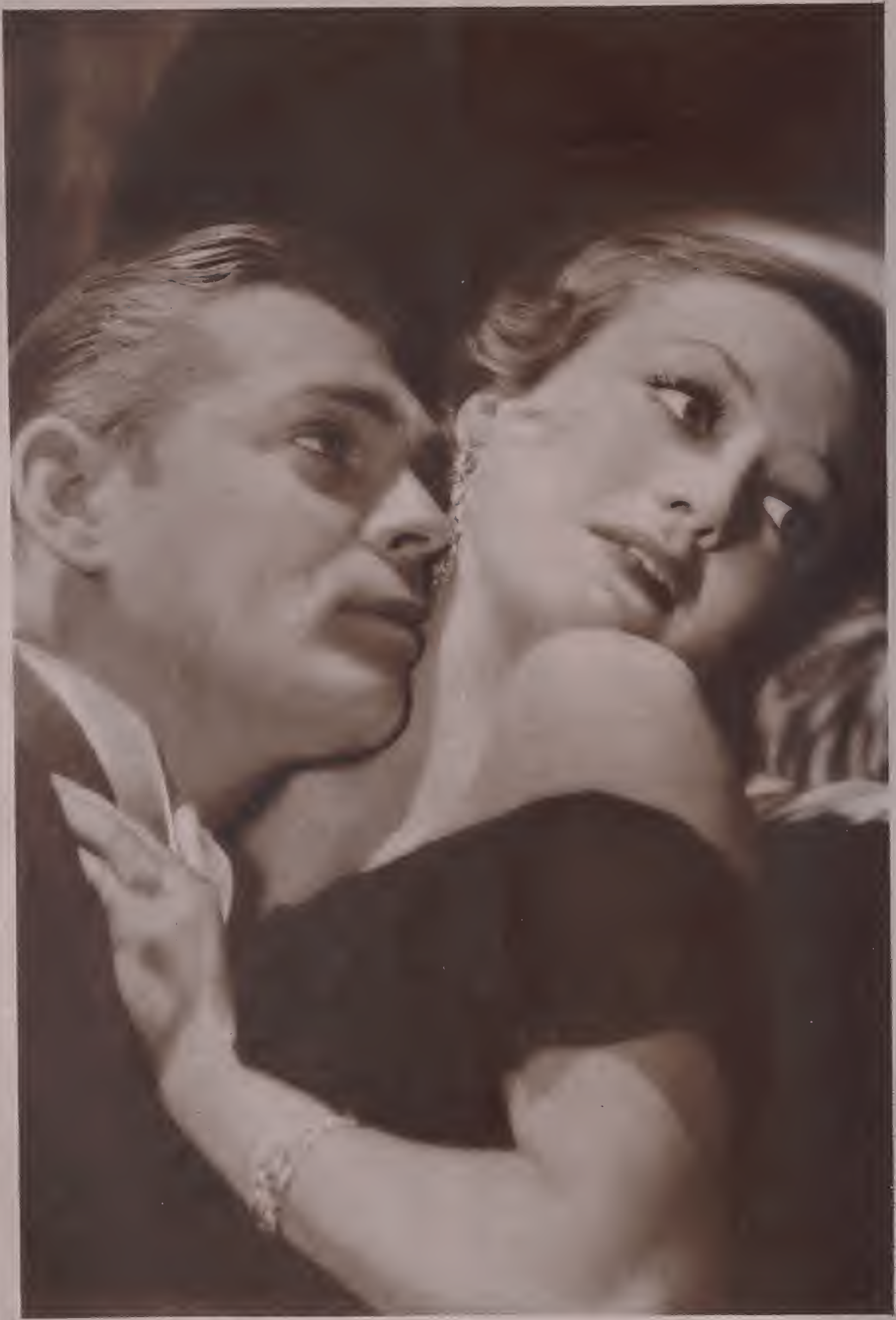
Mr. Arliss might also have mentioned the actor's need of an infinite capacity for taking pains. It is this capacity, I become more and more convinced, that is the very essence of genius.

From Ivan Simpson and Alice Joyce, both of whom have worked with Mr. Arliss more than once, and both of whom try not to speak of him as if he were a god but never quite succeed, I have heard of the patience with which he times every line and every gesture. Even when he previously has played the same rôle on the stage.

If the action calls for even such a simple thing as reaching for a book that is on a nearby table, Mr. Arliss goes over the action again and again until he is completely satisfied that he is reaching for that book with just the fine degree of deliberation or feebleness or nervous impatience that his character would display.

However, he explains that while acting for the camera is very much like acting for the stage now that we have talkies, it is, nevertheless, necessary to change your tactics a little.

"In the studios," he says, "I find it advisable to use a lighter touch. The camera is very keen. It has a disagreeable habit of finding you (*Continued on page* 110)



With each picture, Joan Crawford becomes a finer actress, a greater woman, as witness her in this thrilling scene with Clark Gable in "Possessed"

Joan and Doug at the opening of the new Warner Bros. Theatre in Hollywood. This is one of their rare recent appearances together

What About Joan and Young Doug?

Must a Wife's Greater Fame Always Defeat Love?

By ALLAN JORDAN

JOAN and young Doug are still living, as this is written, in that love-nest-house of theirs, where the two trick mechanical doves above the entrance used to kiss every time the door was opened.

But the doves don't work any more.

Maybe the mainspring of it all, or whatever it was that was hooked up with the door to make 'em coo and bill, is broken. Or gone. But anyway, this little gadget —this quaintly juvenile little toy that expressed the spirit of their home—has stopped playing.

Oh, maybe they'll have it fixed again. Maybe they'll have a man come in with wires and things and make the doves work again. But maybe not—you see, one sort of outgrows things like that, after many, many months of it. . . .

And probably Joan and Doug have outgrown their lovey-dovey days. They seem to have.

HOLLYWOOD—that part of Hollywood that loves to gossip and whisper and tongue-clack in corners—thinks it's serious, this right-about-face of the Fairbanks-Juniors on all that saccharine sweetness and goo that they used to spread about. There are those who go about portentously whispering that divorces are in the offing, and all that sort of thing. The youngsters aren't denying it. But for that matter, they aren't affirming the gossip, either. They're simply not talking about their love life any more—and that was the one thing they would talk about at the slightest provocation, up to a few months ago.

Now it's like a can of syrup that the ants have gotten into.

You all remember that mad romance of theirs—that "one great love of Hollywood" thing that filled the papers and the magazines?

You recall the interviews they gave out about their great love? You recall how they used to bill and coo publicly, like the doves over their doorway? How they used to dash across town in fast automobiles, while working at different studios, so they wouldn't miss lunch together? How they used to go to the Hollywood Bowl symphonies, and lie stretched out on the topmost benches, alone, holding hands and just listening? How he used to call her "Boy," and she called him her "Dodo"?

They're doing none of those things any more.

There are no interviews about their love. When Joan talks for publication now, it's to discuss the morals of modern maids, the emancipated modern woman, the rights of women and whether or not there should still be the double standard.

And where, once upon a time, neither was ever to be seen out alone, now it's quite a common sight to see either of them without the other.

NOT so long ago, for instance, Marion Davies returned from a European trip. There was a huge party at the Ambassador. Everybody who was anybody in filmdom was there. Doug was there. But Joan was NOT. Doug danced most of his dances that night with Hope Williams.

And then, the other night, there was Doug, alone again, at the auto races near Hollywood.

That's nothing unusual, ordinarily. But compared with that inseparableness of theirs not so long ago, Hollywood know-it-alls read a measure of significance into their stepping out separately.

Naturally, Hollywood talk makes the most of it. Columnists and news reporters have referred to the rumors again and again.

Not so long ago, one of the "closest-inside" reporters of moviedom published a paragraph stating that the Fairbanks Juniors were definitely planning to have a baby—to stop the rumors of their separation and imminent divorce.

The only reply that came to that came indirectly, from the M-G-M studio press department. "Silly," they said.

Doug, Jr., was a mere boy when Joan married him. He has remained a boy. He still likes to play like a kid

THE studio press departments are taking the Joan-Doug situation big, however, if that be significant. No interviewers are passed to either of these two until the subject of their interview is learned. If it does not touch upon domestic matters, okay enough. But let a person make any effort to ascertain what's behind all this talk about their domestic troubles; and forthwith, the strongest sup-press agency is brought into play.

It's precisely as though the studios are afraid somebody'll learn something!

And learn something the newspapers of Los Angeles thought they had, some few weeks ago. They sent reporters scurrying to the (*Continued on page* 124)

Marion Davies won the social crown from Mary Pickford. Marion's parties are gorgeous

The Best Parties in Hollywood

Some Have Them Hot. Some Have Them Dignified. The Hostess is the Guarantee of What Kind of a Time the Guests Will Have

By MARGARET WILLIAMS

THERE couldn't be any two more different personalities in Hollywood than Mary Pickford and Marion Davies, yet just a couple of years ago they were both trying to wrest the social crown from each other. They absolutely divided the social leadership of Hollywood between them.

An invitation from Mary Pickford was a royal command. An invitation from Marion Davies was a royal command. If both ladies had ever given parties on the same night, I tremble to think what would have happened.

But today things are different. Mary Pickford is the empress dowager now—no longer the queen. She still entertains, but nothing under the peerage. She invites not the hoydenish crowd, but such as David Manners, who dates back to Willie the Conqueror.

Maybe you think that makes her Big Shot No. 1 in Hollywood. That's where you're wrong.

For Hollywood sassiety isn't like Park Avenue society. It isn't whom you entertain but how much they want to go to your parties that counts. And Hollywood, instead of yearning to join the peerage at Mary Pickford's table, is a bit amused at such snootiness, and pities Mary a little, too. You can't be a social leader when people pity you.

Wide World

Mary Pickford Fairbanks and Mr. Fairbanks hobnobbing in London with the very royal, very rich Lady Mountbatten. Mary loves titles

PICKFAIR is crumbling in more ways than one. Recently it was thoroughly eaten up by ants during the absence of its owners. And even though it is being repaired and refurnished and redecorated (at a cost of $100,000), no one will ever be able to put it together again. For it isn't just the walls of the mansion that broke down. It's the whole solidarity of Pickfair. Doug is away so often. Mary is unhappy so often. There are always rumors of a divorce between them.

When Mary and Doug do entertain, Doug usually shows off his travel movies. Or they get a current big feature from one of the big companies and run it off. All the guests kid it, razzing the picture and the players and talking back to the screen figures. But the rest of Hollywood only says, "So jolly, ho hum."

WITH Marion Davies it's different. Her white home at Santa Monica still remains the social mecca of Hollywood.

Social leaders in the past have sprung up like mushrooms, but they never lasted as long as Marion.

About four or five years ago, Mrs. Ona Brown and Florine Williams divided the social leadership of Hollywood between them. But when Mrs. Ona Brown got her divorce from her director husband, Clarence Brown, people who had kowtowed to her because of her husband's position began to cut her. As for Florine Williams, after the death of her husband, Earle Williams, once a wealthy motion picture actor, her fortune and social prestige began to dwindle, until it all ended in the recent terrible suicide pact into which she and all her family entered.

For a time Daisy Moreno was a pretender to the social throne. But not for long. People came to her very nice parties and took away jade cigarette holders and other little trophies. Daisy finally gave up the struggle.

And then came the reign of Mary Pickford. Until the day when there were two queens and only one throne.

TODAY Marion Davies is the sole, undisputed social leader in Hollywood. She gives the biggest, hottest affairs. She probably entertains more than any other individual hostess in Hollywood.

Her homecoming party at the Ambassador was the wow of the past few months. You heard about it? A complete bar, sawdust floored, manned by a big staff of first-rate bartenders; anything you wanted could be had. And was it HAD? Champagne flowed all night long. The list of those present read like "Who's Who in Hollywood."

A feature of the party was a trick two-page newspaper gotten out on the plant of the Hollywood *Examiner*, edited by our own Harriet Parsons. It was called "The Front Page," and burlesqued everything Hearstian and Daviesian. The headline, based on Marion Davies' famous stutter, was D-D-D-DAVIES RETURNS! The movie chatter column featured a thumbnail picture of Marion Davies in each paragraph, burlesquing Louella Parsons' style, for Louella, you know, is Harriet Parsons' famous mama.

Acme-P & A

Hollywood's grandest affair of many months was Marion Davies' homecoming party. Here are Joel McCrea, Ina Claire, Cedric Gibbons and Dolores Del Rio (Mrs. Gibbons) in attendance

Acme-P & A

The Menjous at Marion's. Isn't that an elegant chinchilla cape Kathryn Carver's wearing?

There's always an idea behind a Marion Davies party. It's never just A party. For instance, the old Heidelberg party she gave in honor of Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg before they left for Europe. Everything carried out the Heidelberg idea, from the caps and jackets which were given to each of the men present to the German band and the food.

When the guests arrived they were told to change into the costumes Marion Davies had ready for them. For the men, Old Heidelberg uniform jackets, with Old Heidelberg officers' caps. For the women, Old Heidelberg sweetheart costumes. Then they all gathered together in the Old German beer garden which had been built outside Marion Davies' home, where her floral garden had been a few days before.

THERE are two kinds of important parties in Hollywood, the big splurges and the small, informal dinners. Marion gives both kinds. Her friends look forward to her Sundays-at-home at her beach house. Whether they come to spend a day or a week, they do exactly as they please, swimming, resting, playing games, lying on the sand, dancing.

The current hot spot in Hollywood is the Ambassador. That's where the stars give the usual big splurges like the Davies return party. The Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador is the place where people go to ogle the stars—if they can get in. If you can get in on (*Continued on page* 123)

Karen Morley was a sensation as the girl who committed suicide in "Inspiration." Hollywood at once began to talk about her. It said that she was a lucky girl, a regular movie Cinderella, but rather prudish. It was wrong on all these counts. The story on the opposite page tells you what Karen Morley is really like

The Girl Whom Hollywood Misunderstood

Karen Morley Is a Very Different Young Thing

By MARY SHARON

HATS are more than just head covering to Karen Morley. They are a symbol of what Hollywood does to you. For as soon as a bit of fame comes your way, Hollywood begins to paint you in false colors and to build you up as a being entirely different from what you really are. It supplies falses "props" and a glamorous background until it is difficult for you to recognize yourself.

For instance, Karen is always being photographed in hats. Large, drooping-brimmed, picture hats. Cute, little tricornes. Daring Eugenies. Stunning vagabonds. But always hats. And she doesn't possess a single one. Never wears one. Wouldn't if she had to, except for picture purposes. It is one of the allowances she makes for her career. Because that career of hers has been of primal importance for some little time, now. You would think from the tricky and becoming way she wears them in her photographs, that Karen would be fond of hats. But she isn't. Hat stills are just a "must" with her. Which shows you how wrong appearances can be.

HOLLYWOOD has got Karen all wrong on a number of counts. Take this Cinderella business. Dozens of stories have been written about how she got a lucky break that resulted in her being cast in "Inspiration." All these stories would have you believe that Karen, lucky girl, decided suddenly that she would like to be in talking pictures and she walked out and got herself a nice part without any difficulty. But every one of them is wrong. Karen says so and Karen ought to know. You should hear her tell about it. How she tried for months and months to convince every one and any one who would listen to her, that she was picture material. But nobody would believe her. She haunted casting offices. She haunted booking offices. She all but camped in them. And nobody would give her a ghost of a chance. Everybody was nice to her. Too nice. They were friendly. They liked her. They thought she had loads of personality and "pep" off screen. But they wouldn't do anything to help her get on, except give her a lot of promises that they had no intention of keeping.

But Karen refused to give up in despair. She had worlds of determination, and when she made up her mind that she was going to be a talking picture actress, the thing was done as far as she was concerned. The only thing that bothered her was that first little part. It isn't generally known, but she played a few extra-girl parts. She could have kept right on playing extra, if she had had any faith in this Cinderella business. But she was too clear-headed to take such a long chance. In the first place, "once an extra, always an extra" is a pretty true axiom. After a girl gets definitely placed in the extra ranks, nothing less than a miracle can lift her out of it. And miracles don't happen very often in Hollywood.

KAREN played several rôles and then she decided that she had learned everything that it was possible to learn from the extra row. So she quit and went over to the Pasadena Community Playhouse. She finally succeeded in getting the manager to give her a "walk-on" part. Karen says that this was the lowest of the low. That she merely walked on the stage and off again. But, at least, she was in it, and she kept her eyes and ears open and learned a lot about the stage. She was there in one capacity or another for a year and a half. She even ushered when she wasn't engaged in doing anything else. Towards the end of her stage career, she got a part where she had to run on the stage, scream terribly and then run off.

Very soon after this, she got the idea that she was all ready for the talkies and she began to pester booking agents to get her a screen test. She nearly drove them crazy with her insistence. And while all of them said, yes, they thought she would be good in talkies, none of them made the move to put her there. That is, none except the firm of Jacobs and O'Brien. She finally succeeded in convincing them that it would be less trouble to get her a test than to try to evade getting her one. So they took her over to the M-G-M studios to see what could be done.

Now, Karen acknowledges that luck may have had something to do with what happened when she arrived at the studio. For just as the agents and Karen appeared in the casting office, a call came through asking for a girl to voice-double for Greta Garbo in a test scene with Bob Montgomery. She wouldn't even appear in the scene. All that they needed was her voice. So Karen obliged. You know the rest. When Director Clarence Brown went into the projection room and saw and listened to Bob's test, he wanted to know whose voice had been used to double for Garbo. When they told him that the girl had never been in pictures, he insisted upon an interview. And was Karen glad! She walked out of his office with the part of the suicide in "Inspiration" under her arm. How she succeeded in the small rôle is already screen history.

But Karen says that the test didn't seem so remarkable to her, and it doesn't now. Because if she hadn't been tested for "Inspiration," she would have been tested for something else. And she knows she would have made good. She knew that her troubles were over as soon as the agents agreed to handle her. All that had been bothering her was that first opening wedge.

(*Continued on page* 122)

TWO hard working actors and their pup enjoying a day away from the studio. They're Dickey Moore and George Ernest, who've been signed to bigger and better contracts by Warners-First National because of their work in "The Star Witness." The littlest boy is Dickey

Are You Tall and Brown-Haired?

If you are, here are your fashions

By MARJORIE GRACE

HOLLYWOOD, little home of personality that it is, never just fashions a fashion. A dress in Hollywood stands for something. It's got more than one aim in life. It has to supply beauty. It has to supply charm. It has to be dramatic and full of it-ishness. So if you want your own clothes to supply beauty and charm, and to be dramatic and full of it-ishness, you had better pick yourself an actress very close to your own type and get clothes like hers.

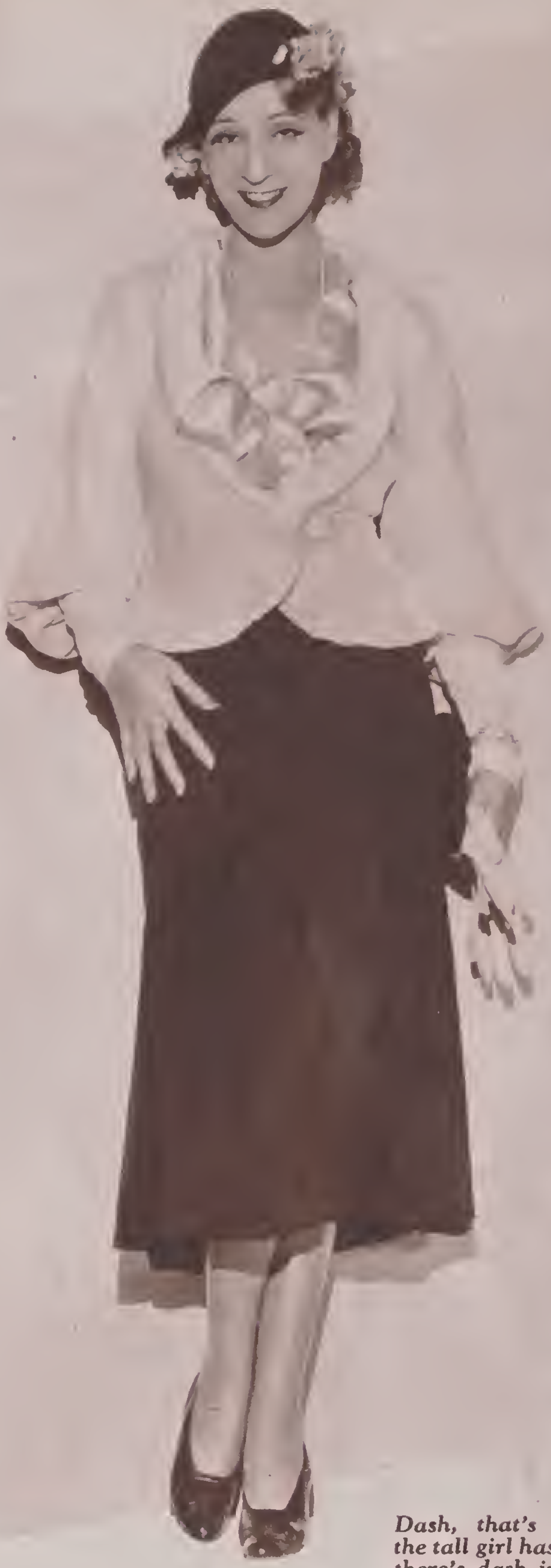
I chose a tall, brown-haired girl as a type this month, for if any type can go extreme, this is it. I chose Juliette Compton because she is beautiful and obliging and slim, and I hope you like her dresses. They are not the gowns that you'll see Aunt Tibitha wearing at the church social. Neither are they gowns in which you can dash to your daily toil. But if you want a little jaunt into the exotic, if you want to be different and daring, they are your little guides, and no little Girl Scouts about them either.

NOW this is a winter when all the fashion people are rushing around trying to think up new ideas. In New York one fashion authority has given up the Eugenie hats to go Florentine—which means a kind of cross-eyed tam with a feather in it. Other people are going in for bustles and a few for hoops—so you may pay your money and take your choice. You can be as amusing and gay as you wish in clothes this winter and find yourself able to get away with it nicely. That's why I can recommend quite extreme clothes like Juliette's to you. Most seasons I wouldn't, but this year they are quite chichi.

Right here on this first page, for instance, is an afternoon outfit of black and beige velvet that is like no suit you ever saw before. But isn't it dashing? It is nice in that you can copy it at home if you like, for it is composed of a straight, full black velvet skirt, a separate blouse of bisque satin and topped with a little jacket of beige velvet with sleeves full above the elbow and tight around the lower arm. And, while it really wouldn't be expensive, it would look as though it were. Which, if you ask me, is the neatest combination in the whole style world.

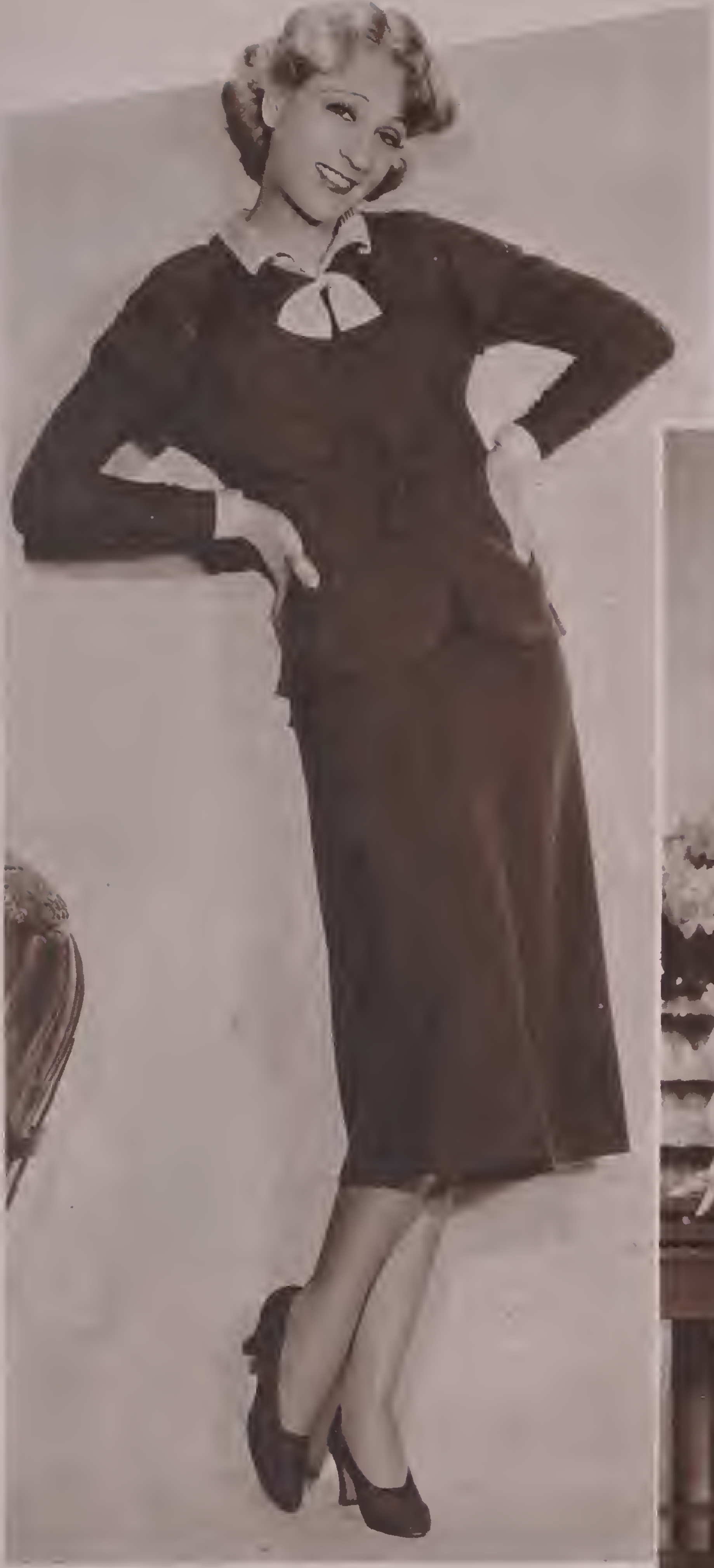
On Page 54 Juliette shows her favorite daytime dress, a two-piece brown-ribbed wool affair with little shoulder capes. Nothing is more oh-my than these shoulder capes on a tall girl. Short girls should shun them as they shun fat.

Just by way of being coquettish, Juliette has a tiny peplum around the hips and four bows down the front of the dress blouse. The first bow is in corded linen to match the little collar and cuffs. The other three are in the material of the dress—which make those bows one of those distinctive touches that you won't see all over the place.



Dash, that's what the tall girl has, and there's dash in this model of beige and black velvet

IT'S very smart this winter to go bareback, with nothing but a cross to wear. Juliette features the "criss-cross" back in two of her evening gowns. The one in white flat crêpe is very tricky, as the front is cut most severely and comes high up around the throat, very much like a glorified apron. Hence you can imagine the dandy little surprise it is when Miss Compton turns around and reveals her lovely shoulders. Drama, that's what it is,

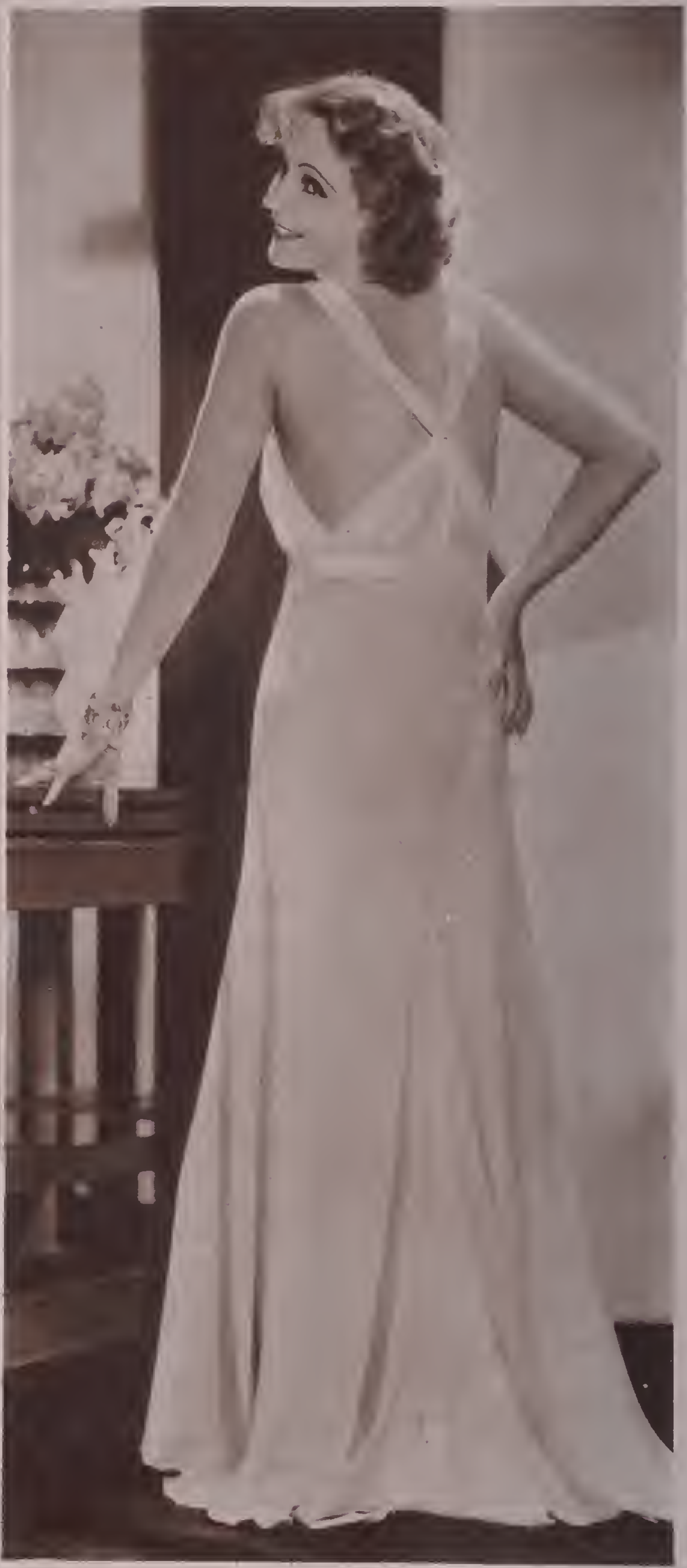


You can't be cute if you're tall but you can be coquettish. This dress helps

and drama is what Hollywood always puts into its dresses.

Of course, the black sequined gown with the suspender straps for a back and a big bustle *is* a gown as is a gown! It's werry special and no gown to be entered into lightly! But if you want to startle the whole country club group out of its usual gossip, you might get yourself a dress along these lines. This is a little wow of a dress to wear and you must be prepared to live up to it every moment. No slumping or being just-a-pal in a model like this. But for effect, nothing could be more startling.

When Juliette and I were posing these gowns, she told me that her own favorite was the black sequined one at the top of Page 55. This is, of course, a much more conservative model than the bustle one, but personally I like it better. It is just as effective, but not so much last gasp, if you follow me, and it can be worn many, many more times and to many more places. It demands a superlative figure beneath it. The accessories are a nice touch. Notice the short, black gloves. (Long gloves are not chic this winter. You should wear tiny ones that come just to the wrist. Some very clever ones end in a bracelet of rhinestones. Others have tiny bows of kid about the wrist.) The handkerchief is of black chiffon



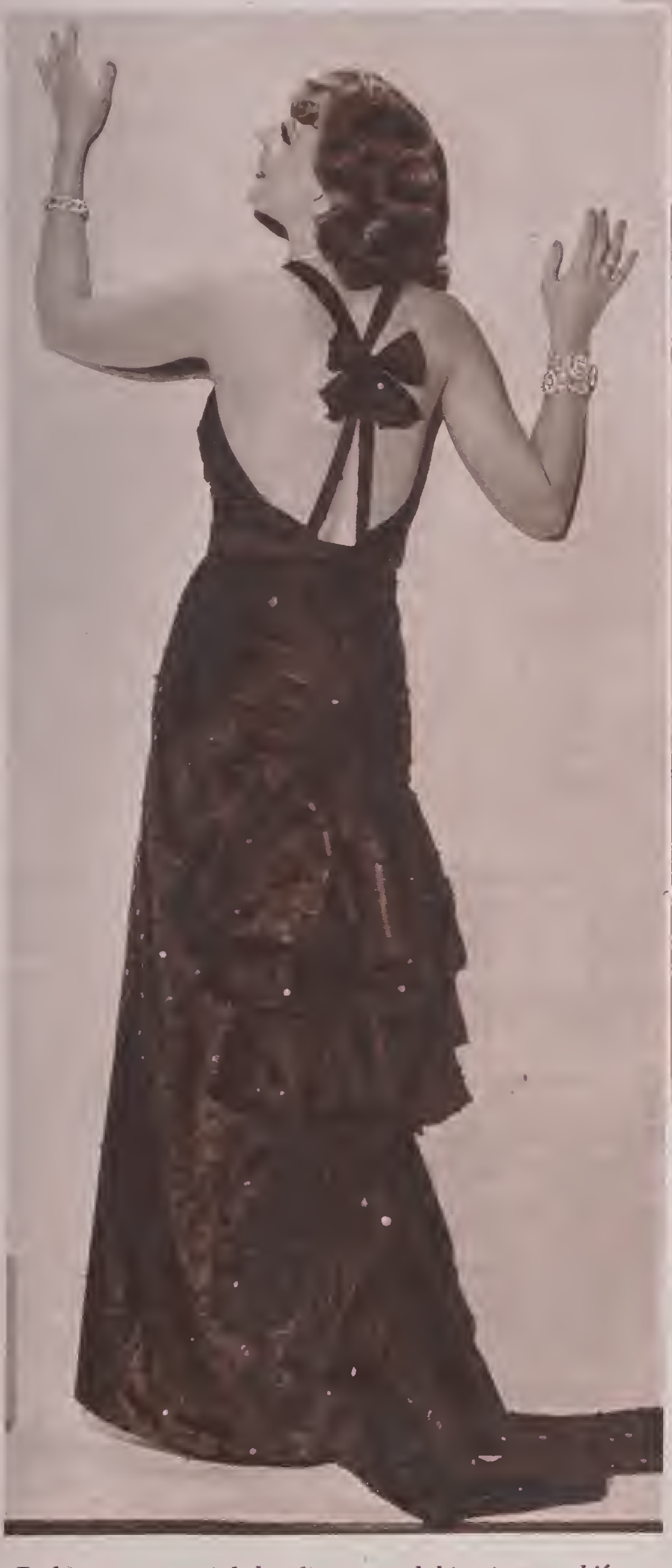
For evening, go bareback with nothing but a cross to wear—but oh, how demure the front of such a gown must be!

edged with lace and the evening bag is made of the same sequins as the gown. The final touch is the diamond necklace. Ritz stuff, this, but you can get a very good copy for under twenty dollars this winter and nice it is, too.

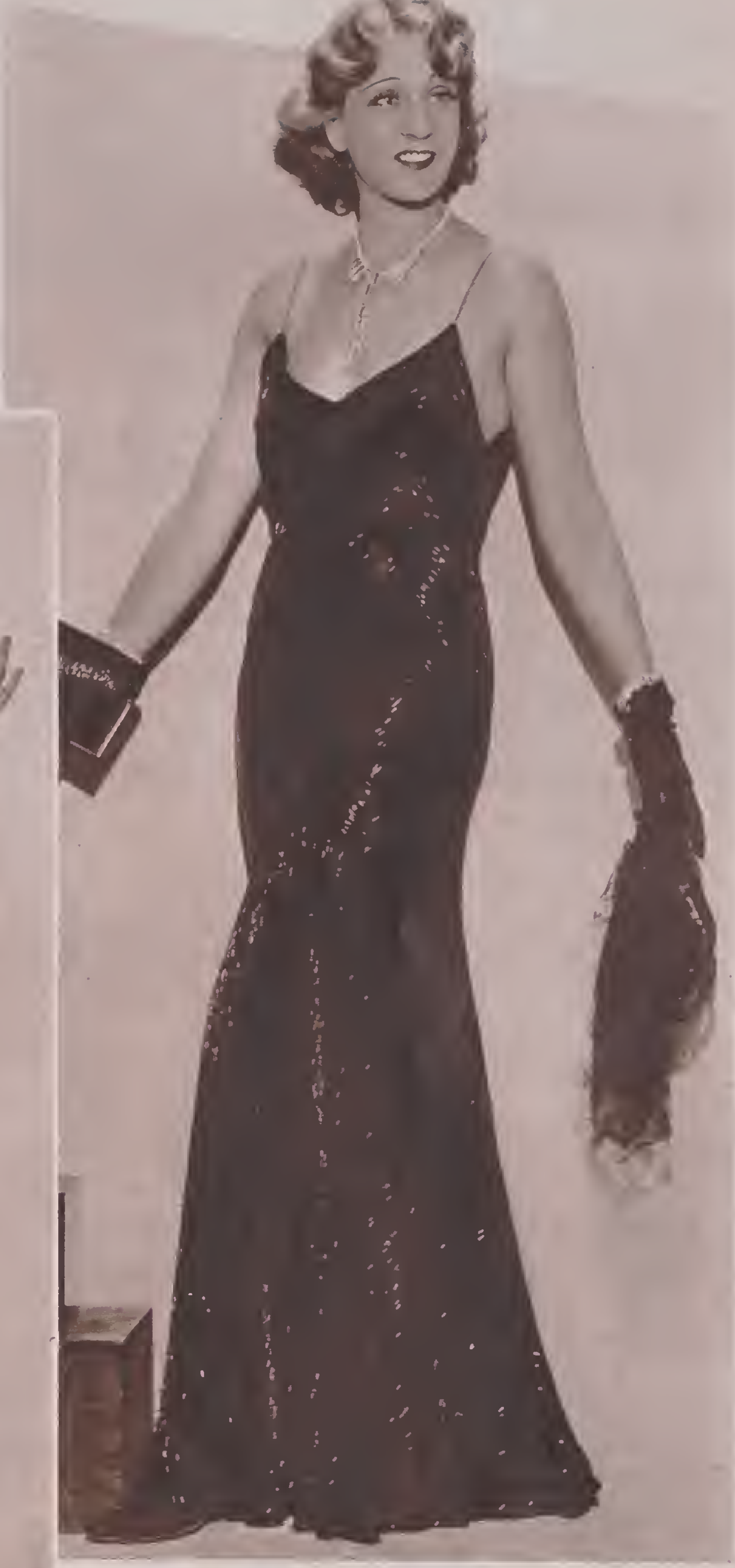
JULIETTE, as you observe, favors black. This is just dandy if you are a pale brunette as she is, but if you are a swarthy brunette, beware of black. The "dead" black of flat crêpe and such is not for you. You may, of course, wear glittering black just as Juliette wears in her sequined frock, or black with white touches.

If your skin is reasonably fair all the brown tones will be lovely on you—deep brown, beige, tan and gold. If you are darker, the warmer colors will become you more—the new, vivid "Spanish tile," red, orange, such shades. You must be very careful of white. Green, too, is a personal equation with you. Never buy a green dress without trying it on. The right green on a brunette is beautiful, but the wrong one can be simply slaying.

REMEMBER, if you are the tall, slim type, that you shouldn't be "little girl" or "cute" in your styles. You are the lovely lady, the creature of dreams. You aren't supposed to be sweet or sentimental. You should be darkly romantic and mysterious, or very dashing and daring. Bring out these qualties by choosing the right clothes and you'll make the men say it with orchids.



Fashions are certainly bustling around this winter and if you want to be daring, get a dress like this



More conservative but just as startling is this black sequined frock

Joan Crawford and Clark Gable make "Possessed" a simply elegant picture

Lawrence Tibbett and Lupe Velez keep the love interest at a high temperature in "Cuban Love Song"

Movies of the Month

(Check ✓ for the good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss.)

Joan Crawford gets her first picture since "Paid" that's worthy of her—and with Clark Gable as her leading man, too! Dick Arlen gets away from Westerns and scores a touchdown. Lawrence Tibbett appears in a musical show where the music helps the story instead of hindering it. Jackie Cooper breaks your heart by his wonderful acting with Wallace Beery in "The Champ." In "Are These Our Children?" Radio has its first great picture since "Cimarron."

No, the millenium hasn't come. But it is true that, even if there are some off months, more wonderful things are happening in the picture business this year than ever before. No matter where you do your shopping, you're almost certain to see a good picture, unless, of course, you go to see "Once a Lady" or "Law and Order."

✓✓ **Possessed** (M-G-M). Joan Crawford is a naughty girl again in this one—oh, very, very bad! But she does it with Clark Gable, and so the fans will get a thrill that they've probably been waiting for, now that they've seen how Clark and Greta do it. Believe us, Clark and Joan are just as superwarm, even though they don't have quite as many close-ups in temperature as Clark and Greta did.

It's the tale of a small-town girl who knew what she wanted, and that had to do with penthouses and travel and much money. So she went after it in the you-guessed-it fashion, and got it, in the character of Clark Gable. The small-town girl is Joan; Gable plays a rich lawyer who wants his women without marrying them.

This is the film version of the Edgar Selwyn play, "Mirage," as you may know, or may not care. On the screen, it's far more absorbing entertainment than it was elsewhere, because of the fine casting, fine treatment and fine mounting it's been given. The whole thing has been set, played and directed with such skill that it emerges as a really worth-while picture.

But by all means, leave the children home!

✓✓ **Cuban Love Song** (M-G-M). Bellow away, Tibbett, you grand pipe-organ, as long as you sing like this! And that doesn't overlook, either, the obvious fact that you're one good actor, besides a good singer.

And Lupe Velez, if you're ever again as spicily sweet, as hotly adorable, as paradoxically hard-and-soft, all at once, as you are in this, may the heavens give poor males an added measure of self-restraint.

And Jimmy Durante, you mammoth-beaked damnfool, if you don't stop your preternaturally serious foolishness, there won't be a whole diaphragm left in movie-going America.

You won't be ashamed of the tears that roll down your cheeks as you watch "The Champ"

"Once a Lady" is a series of close-ups of Chatterton—but oh, what a terrible story!

"Are These Our Children?" is a great story, though it has a bitter ending. It deals with modern youth

All of which may possibly give you the idea that "Cuban Love Song" is a good show. It is. It deals with a marine and his buddies. They go to Cuba, where the marine sinks in a pair of Mexican eyes and forgets his U. S. sweetheart. But the war comes along, and then strange things happen—and the story gets better and better, and we'll not spill it for you. Except that it'll leave you with a lump in your throat at the end, but happy for all that.

This sort of musical show, with Tibbett's grand songs and Lupe's cute ones, is worth while—because the music helps the story; it doesn't stop it. This is one you shouldn't miss.

✓✓ **The Champ** (M-G-M). Oh, it's a grand show this pair of actors put on—little Jackie Cooper and big Wally Beery—in this story of a one-time ring champion who's done the slide to a Tia Juana joint, and his little son who can't see anything through his daddy-love eyes except that "th' champ" is still the greatest guy in the world.

It's a tremendous love-story—and a love-story that hasn't any more to do with sex than a pair of rubber shoes. It's the story of the love between these two men—for little Jackie Cooper is a man, you'll find out, in this—and of how that love finally makes "th' champ" as great as his kid thinks he is.

There are sequences where you'll rock with laughs; there are spots where you'll get the full measure of a race-track thrill and a prize-ring thrill. And then there are the finest spots of all—where Jackie just goes to work in that capable manner of his, and tears your heart out and makes it run down your cheeks in tears. You won't be ashamed, either.

Rosco Ates stands out in the supporting cast. The camera work is particularly notable. And you'll probably sigh a sigh of relief that nobody thought of putting in a gangster or a machine gun or a jeanharlow or a chorus, because any of those would have ruined it.

✓✓ **Are These Our Children?** (Radio). For weeks before this picture was done shooting, there was that mysterious Hollywood underground whisper to be

"Law and Order" isn't a good Western or a good character study

Such heavy drahma! That's what makes "Rich Man's Folly," starring George Bancroft, a bit slow

heard—"Radio's got another big hit!" The whisper was pretty well right—Wesley Ruggles has turned out another show, which while not as huge as his "Cimarron," is nevertheless a great film. It's not alone his direction; the story is his own, too.

The story, as you might guess from the title, is about what happens to modern youth allowed to run wild. It deals with an extreme case, of course, for the everyday hundred-and-one cases are so ordinary now that they're not dramatic enough.

Ruggles' story, with a splendid cast of the year's younger comers in Hollywood's acting ranks, moves inexorably to a bitter ending. You may shudder at it, but in honesty, you'd not have it end otherwise. "Are These Our Children?" is an unsugared narration of the deterioration of a group of youngsters who face today's conditions without control. Yet it is not an indictment of youth; it is an indictment of what is being done to youth.

Sounds all very heavy, but as a matter of fact, it is forceful entertainment—and it IS entertainment.

Eric Linden, a newcomer to the screen, does a magnificent piece of work as the kid who couldn't "get away with it." Ben Alexander, Rochelle Hudson, Arline Judge and Beryl Mercer all add fine portrayals. This is one of the most splendidly realistic pictures of the year.

If you're looking for one of those frothy, sophisticated pictures, why not try "Girls About Town"?

✓ **Touchdown** (Paramount). It is reported that when this picture was first seen by Hollywood moving picture executives, many of them fainted dead away. You see, it's a football picture, and all Hollywood knows that from time immemorial, the hero of the picture must save the big game for dear old alma mater at the very last moment of play.

But in "Touchdown" the hero loses the big game—and becomes the bigger hero for doing it! It seems that honor counted more than the game, so he lost the game, won honor and his sweetheart and the everlasting plaudits of the college.

Richard Arlen is excellent, natural, convincing as the hero, and Peggy Shannon (and why on earth did they try to handicap this sweet kid by dubbing her a second clarabow?) is an utterly delightful girl for him. The rest of the cast—including destarred Jack Oakie, Regis Toomey and other good names—is excellent.

Football lovers will find no cause for complaint at the way their game is handled and portrayed in this. Directors have learned that football can be honestly presented and made delightful without hokum. "Touchdown" proves that Dick deserves a break outside of Westerns.

Girls About Town (Paramount). All right, mama and papa, tuck the kiddies in their cribs and tell junior he can go to the Western around the corner—and then you two go see this "Girls About Town."

It's one of those sophisticated, frothy, gay-and-naughty things about two professional gold-diggers and their business. They are Kay Francis and Lilyan Tashman, and with their pretty pink-and-whitenesses and their gorgeous clothes, it's no wonder they're a success as companions for TBM (tired business men). Until Kay falls in love with the young associate of one of them. Then comedy becomes drama, and the picture moves swiftly to an ending that might easily have been overheavy, but stays brilliantly on a fast note. Director George Cukor must come in for plaudits.

Lil Tashman and Kay Francis, as the jewel-mining twain, are incomparable. And the clothes they wear—girls, why dream of going to Paris or Fifth Avenue when you can see shows like this in your neighborhood theatre? Joel McCrea is the male heart interest, and all right enough, while Eugene Pallette, as the tightwad millionaire, who is worked on by the girls, is splendid.

"Flying High" is just a stage musicomedy transplanted to the screen

Grownups of both sexes will like this. Kiddies won't know what it's all about. But grandma and grandpa would be utterly lost, so let them stay home.

✓ **Strictly Dishonorable** (Universal). Since movie fans these days seem interested in star-salaries and such things, it might interest them to know that Universal paid $125,000 for this story. They'll get their money's worth.

Naturally, there were raised eyebrows. "What will Will Hays do?" they asked. Well, now that the picture is on the screen, Will Hays'll do nothing, because the story of the country gal who knocks the great lover of the city for a row of ciphers, through a fog of speakeasies and bad, naughty thoughts, has been somehow so nicely and decently presented on the screen that it just goes to prove that a little intelligence will do more for the screen than all the censorship in the world. "Strictly Dishonorable" has been de-sexed, but not de-romanced. Instead of trying to make it "smart" they've made it human. And they've got a swell show.

"Strictly Dishonorable" shows what a little intelligence will do for a picture

What a break for Richard Arlen "Touchdown" is! It's a football picture without the usual hokum

Paul Lukas and Sidney Fox play the leading rôles and do it splendidly, too. Director John Stahl seems to have worked so well with these that there's a question where to draw the line between their work and his. And then there's Lewis Stone, ever-dependable Lew.

Oh, yes—you know, of course, that the story's title arises when the leading man tells the leading woman that his intentions toward her are "strictly dishonorable." But he falls in love.

"Ambassador Bill" is a rather stereotyped Will Rogers picture

Flying High (M-G-M). Well, it's been whispered about that "musicals are coming back," but "Flying High" won't prove it. You see, despite what they're supposed to have learned during the previous era of musical films, M-G-M have again made the mistake of trying too hard to transplant a stage musicomedy to the screen with as little change as possible. Or at least, it looks that way.

There are chorus numbers that aren't anything unusual, compared to what could be and has been done. There are a few songs, interesting but lukewarm; there are gorgeous girls, but they're still merely light-shadows, and chorus girls aren't chorus girls unless they're in the leg!

Then there's Bert Lahr, who did "Flying High" on the stage. He's funny, but he won't be the wow in films that he was behind the footlights, because he hasn't learned the technique of the lens—he mugs and exaggerates gestures like they did in the Keystone Kop days.

"Flying High" will give you an evening's entertainment, all right. But it's merely fair, and by no means great.

Secret Service (Radio). That old stage thriller of the Northern spy who gets behind the Confederate lines in the Civil War, only to find himself in an awful mess wherein love and duty are inextricably mixed, comes now to the screen.

Richard Dix plays the Northern spy. He does it with his lower jaw well out, and with all the histrionic tricks, old and new, that he knows. And he knows plenty. It's a great, big job of acting, and it'll thrill the kids to death.

There are some lovely settings of the old South, some exciting moments wherein Dix outwits his enemies in the most approved ten-twenty-thirty style, and finally wins the girl after displaying his courage by turning his back on his duty and letting the Northern armies get into a pickle because he didn't send the secret message after all.

Well, it's not very plausible, but it has plenty of action, and you'll either like it a lot or think it's very awful.

Once a Lady (Paramount). Maybe they didn't have room enough at Paramount to move the cameras back for long shots, because this turns out to be almost an unhalted series of close-ups of Mme. Chatterton, in various clothes and various states of emotion. The eye-lashes work very, very hard.

There are a few other people in the picture, but one sees them so rarely that it's hard to recall them. There are Ivor Novello, Jill Esmond, Geoffrey Kerr in the main rôles, but they're not overworked.

It's the old, be-crutched yarn of the free-minded Russian gal who marries into the hidebound British family, and oh the hell that follows! There are costumes so gorgeous that you may laugh at them, because they still don't wear them outside of pictures.

"Platinum Blonde" is an amusing picture about a society girl who marries a poor young reporter. Jean Harlow plays the society girl

At best, this is old stuff, slowly done, with too much Chatterton, even for the most confirmed Chatterton fan—because even such want a Chatterton PICTURE, and this is just Chatterton.

Platinum Blonde (Columbia). A delightful, frothy dish of speed, sophistication, modernity and touch of drama. The story isn't "big"—but it's a grand hat-rack for a picture full of interesting stunts, lines, gags, situations, action.

It's the tale of a poor young reporter who falls for a society gal. But a sob sister on his paper (HER name is Gallagher) is in love with him. There's the triangle, which gets important when the reporter marries the society girl. Complications follow, wifie misunderstands (funny how wives do that!), there's action aplenty—and an ending that'll please you.

Robert Williams plays the reporter, and plays it well. Jean Harlow plays, or tries to play, the society girl. Imagine! Loretta Young is the other girl, the sob sister.

"Platinum Blonde" is a title which has nothing to do with the story except that Harlow is cast in it. So audiences will come to see it. And stay to enjoy it.

Way Back Home (Radio). This here naow picsher is waydowneast stuff, spread very, very thick. Its reception is going to be by extremes—people will either think it's heart-movingly great, or they will hold it unspeakably awful drivel.

It is the film début of Phillips Lord, known to radio audiences as Seth Parker. And it tells, as might have been expected, a farm-localed story of such sticky sweet sentimentality that "Little Lord Fauntleroy" would look like a French farce beside it. It's old op'ry-house melodrama, done big.

Phillips Lord, despite the treacle that flows from his lips in the form of words (or can it be because of it?) manages to stay likable in the rôle of the old farmer. Stanley Fields is the villain, and if you enter into the age and spirit of the show, you'll hiss him horribly. The others in the cast do their bucolic best.

Richard Dix's new picture, "Secret Service," is an old-fashioned melodrama about the Northern spy behind the Southern lines

"Way Back Home" marks the film début of the famous radio character, Seth Parker (Phillips Lord).. You'll either think it wonderful homey stuff or it'll bore you to tears

Ambassador Bill (Fox). Look out, Will, or the ol' Dabbil movies'll get you with their darned old "typing." From the looks of this picture, they've got Will Rogers so definitely straight-jacketed into the type of the rough-and-ready American who goes around breaking every rule of social intercourse and politeness, only to be forgiven because he's a good old soul at heart, that each successive Rogers picture becomes a bit duller. This one is quite so.

This time Rogers is the American diplomatic agent in an imaginary European country, who as usual in Rogers pictures, brings his Yankee wits and system to work and saves the day for the bandit-threatened king. There's a romance on the side, as usual. And as usual, Will is menaced by an exotic vamp's wiles, she being in the employ of his enemies. It all runs true to pattern.

Will Rogers is Will Rogers. Greta Nissen wears underwear as the vamp. Marguerite Churchill is the queen with an eight-year-old son, which doesn't seem logical.

And so there's another Rogers picture. So what?

Rich Man's Folly (Paramount). This is heavy drama about the conflict between a man who forgets his family in his addiction to his business. The plot isn't new, basically, but there are a few newish angles in the telling of it. However, because it is fundamentally a story of mental and moral crises, rather than of action, it's possible most audiences will find "Rich Man's Folly" a bit slow. And perhaps it has too many tears, because the film would certainly have been nicer entertainment with a few more light touches.

As the selfish shipbuilder, George Bancroft gives a typically powerful Bancroft interpretation. And he does achieve this—despite his selfishness, which nearly brings destruction to all his family, he manages to win the audience's sympathy that is essential to make the "happy ending" plausible.

Frances Dee again shows that her early promise is no pipe-dream; she can become a great actress. Robert Ames gives his usual satisfactory performance.

Law and Order (Universal). For one reason and another, this screen story of a famous peace officer of the early Western days doesn't ever quite seem to jell. It tells of an honest law-enforcer who, finally tiring of opposition, throws his badge away and bangs away in an old-fashioned shootin'-up!

There's plenty of action in it, but it's never anything more than a moving picture. It doesn't seem to get under your skin, despite some fine acting by Walter Huston in the leading rôle.

Others in the cast include Lois Wilson and Harry Carey, who supply what love interest there is; Raymond Hatton, Ralph Ince and a lot of other names.

The cast and director work hard, but it finishes up neither as a good Western, nor a good character study nor anything but just another moompitcha.

Local Boy Makes Good (First National). Joe E. Brown keeps his gargantuan mouth reasonably closed, forgets at all to emit his (*Continued on page* 117)

She Doesn't Dare Love

Anna May Wong, Daughter of the East and the West, Trusts Only in Success

By MURIEL BABCOCK

Exquisite and courageous, daughter of a Chinese laundryman, Anna May Wong is a strange and lonely girl

DYAR

THIS is a story of a girl of the cinema town who doesn't dare love.

It is more than that. It is the tale of a girl who has fought her way to the top amidst jibes and sneers and insults, who has stepped daintily, gravely, proudly through the puddles to the waiting velvet carpet. Who has been true to herself and to her friends through great triumph, through great failure.

Today she is a motion picture star. Exotic, fascinating, brilliant, internationally famous, she earns $2,000 weekly. Yet she is afraid to consider that which most people consider their birthright—love.

Her name is Anna May Wong. She is Chinese. Born of Chinese parents in a little house on Figueroa Street. Los Angeles. Brought up in America with American ideals, to know American ways, American girls and boys, American customs, life, tradition. Yet with the blood of old China coursing through her veins, with the ivory pallor of the Orient tinting her skin, with the odd mysteriously slant eyes of the Far Easterner.

I have known Anna May Wong for many years. To me, she is one of the more interesting individuals I have met in the film colony. When she was just a bit player, I used to see her driving around Hollywood in a dilapidated Studebaker roadster, odd, exotic looking despite her vehicle, despite her American greeting—"Hello and how goes it with you?"

WHEN you went to see her, you passed through her father's laundry to get to her apartment. You stepped gingerly past piles of soiled clothes to meet her standing at the entrance to her rooms, grave, dignified, with the words, "So happy to see you" upon her lips. Never a word of apology. She lived at her father's house. Her father's business was laundry. You liked it or you didn't. You came or you didn't come.

Proud, courteous, reserved. Yet merry-hearted and full of fun. A curious blend of Old China with its indifference, its apparent stoicism and of audacious Americanisms. A curious blend of the pride of an age-old race and of the tremendous, surging ambition of a new people.

Back in Hollywood today, a star, back after a fantastic and almost make-believe two years on the Continent, years during which she was feted and dined as a regal personage by the titled and distinguished folk of Europe, she is unchanged.

SHE doesn't live at the rear of her father's laundry any more. She has her own apartment, a simple "double" atop the Castle Argyle in the heart of Hollywood. She drives a big green Cadillac instead of the old broken down roadster. But she lives simply and quietly. Her brother, who recently took his master's degree from the University of Southern California, is much with her and her sister.

She doesn't go out much. Not to the parties at the Cocoanut Grove or the Cotton Club, to the barbecue suppers along the beach, to the smart gatherings of Beverly Hills. She sees her old friends, her first friends, frequently at small dinners, home evenings. They include some writers, Dr. Cecil Reynolds, the Lawrence Grants and others.

Since her return, considerable has been written about her as "the girl who cannot be kissed," "the girl who cannot marry." Well, she can be kissed, perhaps not on the screen (but that really should be a great load off your and my minds) and she can marry if she chooses. Other people do. But she doesn't (*Continued on page* 112)

This is the draftsman. His job is to check the blueprints of every set that is erected. His wages are high, but he's worth it. He gets between $90 and $125 a week

The People Behind the Picture

(All studies photographed exclusively for Movie Mirror by George Hurrell of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

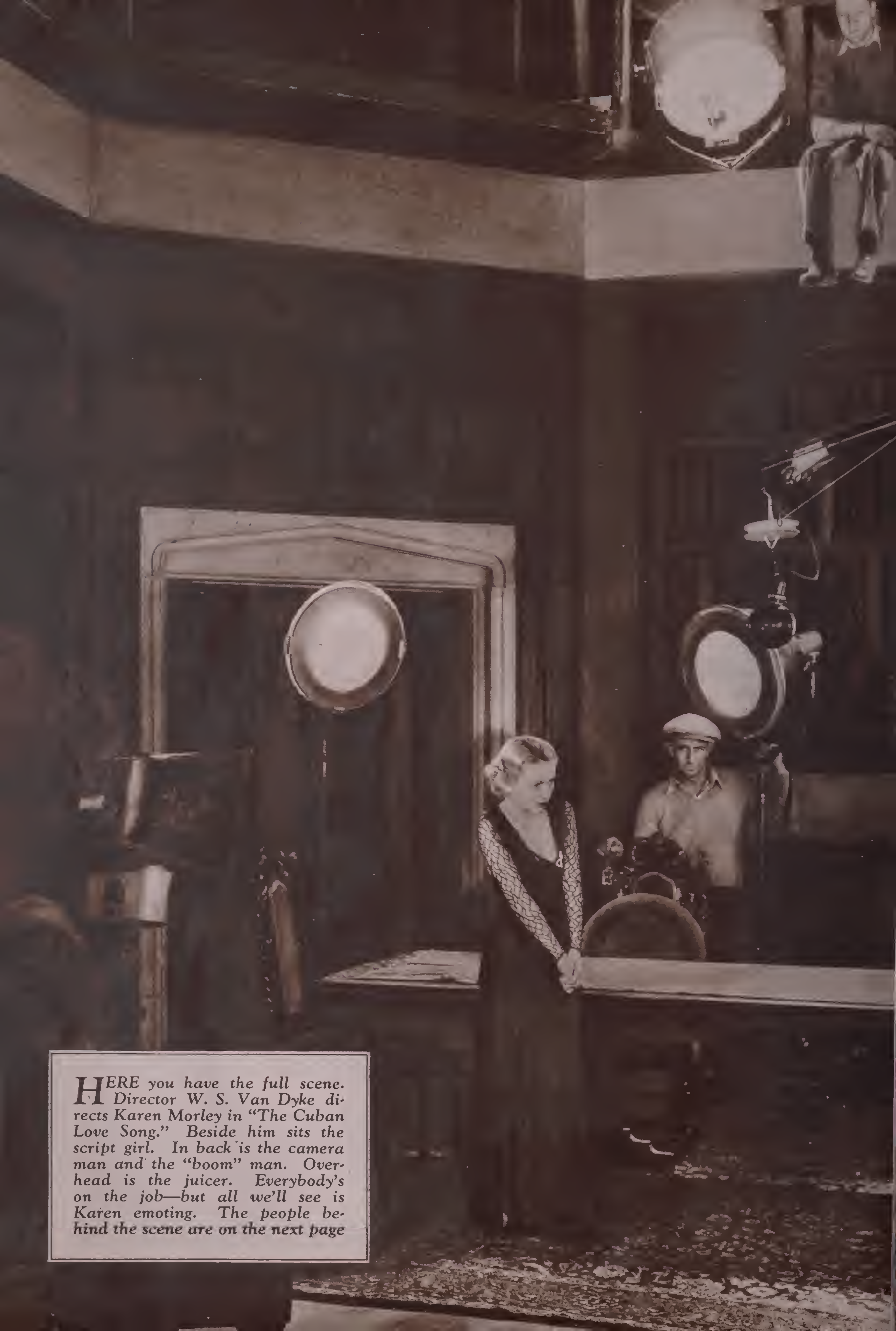
Here They Are, the Unsung People of the Studios. They Never Reach the Spotlight, but They Are All Geniuses at Their Jobs, All Working for Our Entertainment and pleasure

This is the property man, showing Director Van Dyke of "Cuban Love Song" the items from ships to sealing wax that the production may require. The average "props" earns $60 to $75 a week

The make-up man. He knows all the maps. He knows more about colors than any painter and more about lines than a sculptor. He can add twenty years to a face or subtract ten. This is the very famous Cecil Holland of M-G-M, who has made up everyone from Garbo to Jackie Cooper. His work, or the work of any studio make-up man is of the greatest importance. He not only works on stars when they are actually creating a picture, but between pictures he and the stars experiment with new shades of powder, rouge and even hair coloring to get that which is most beautiful and flattering. Mr. Holland doesn't tell his salary but the average make-up man earns about $25 a day

The script girl. A glorified and hard-working steno who follows every bit of the action, sees all, hears all, and says nothing. Standard salary, $35

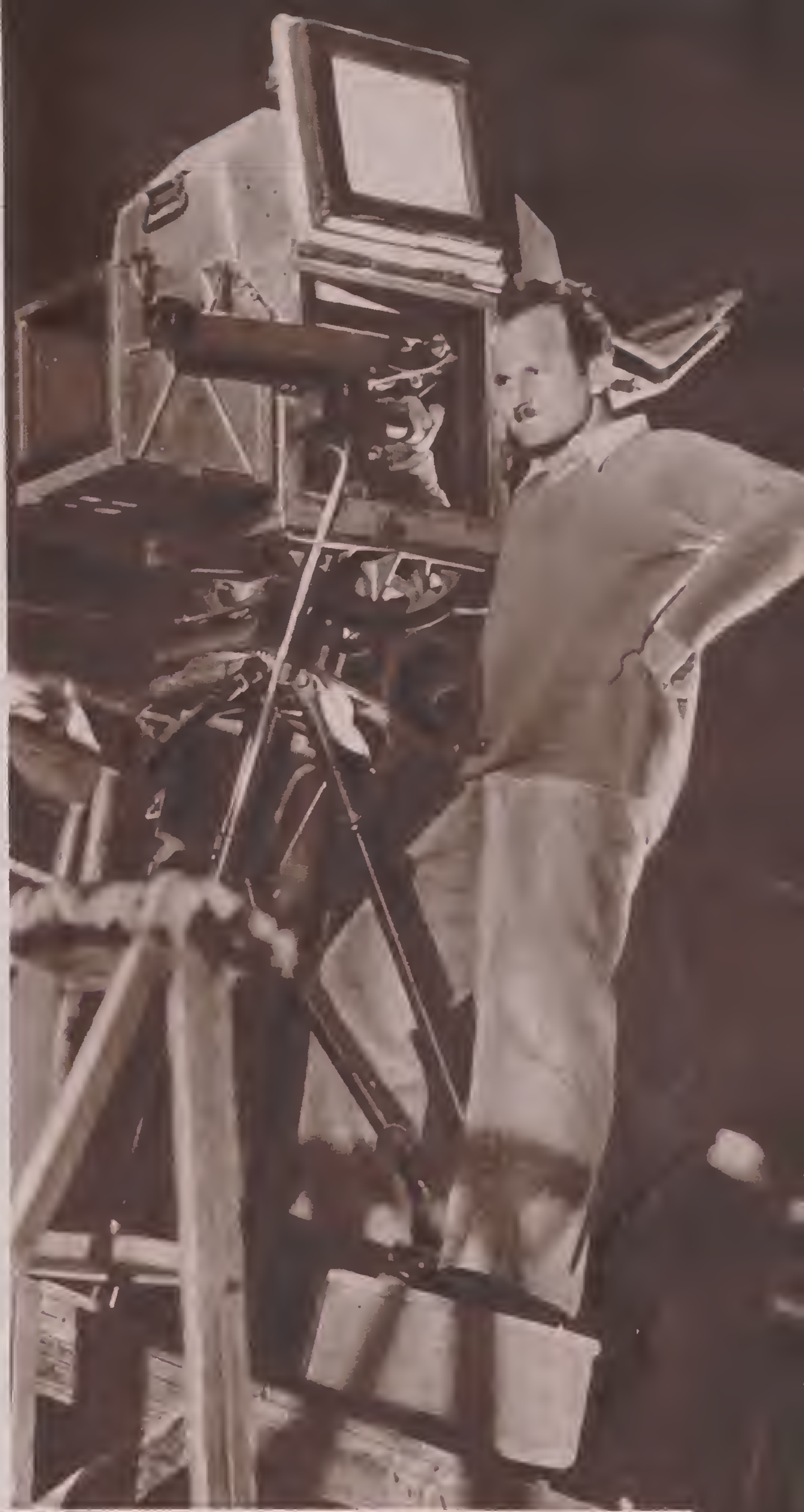
The art director. He designs the sets in keeping with the locale of the story, whether it's Egypt or the East Side. He works it out first with miniatures, such as the one shown here, to be sure the camera angles are right. He's a union man and his minimum wage is $250 a week



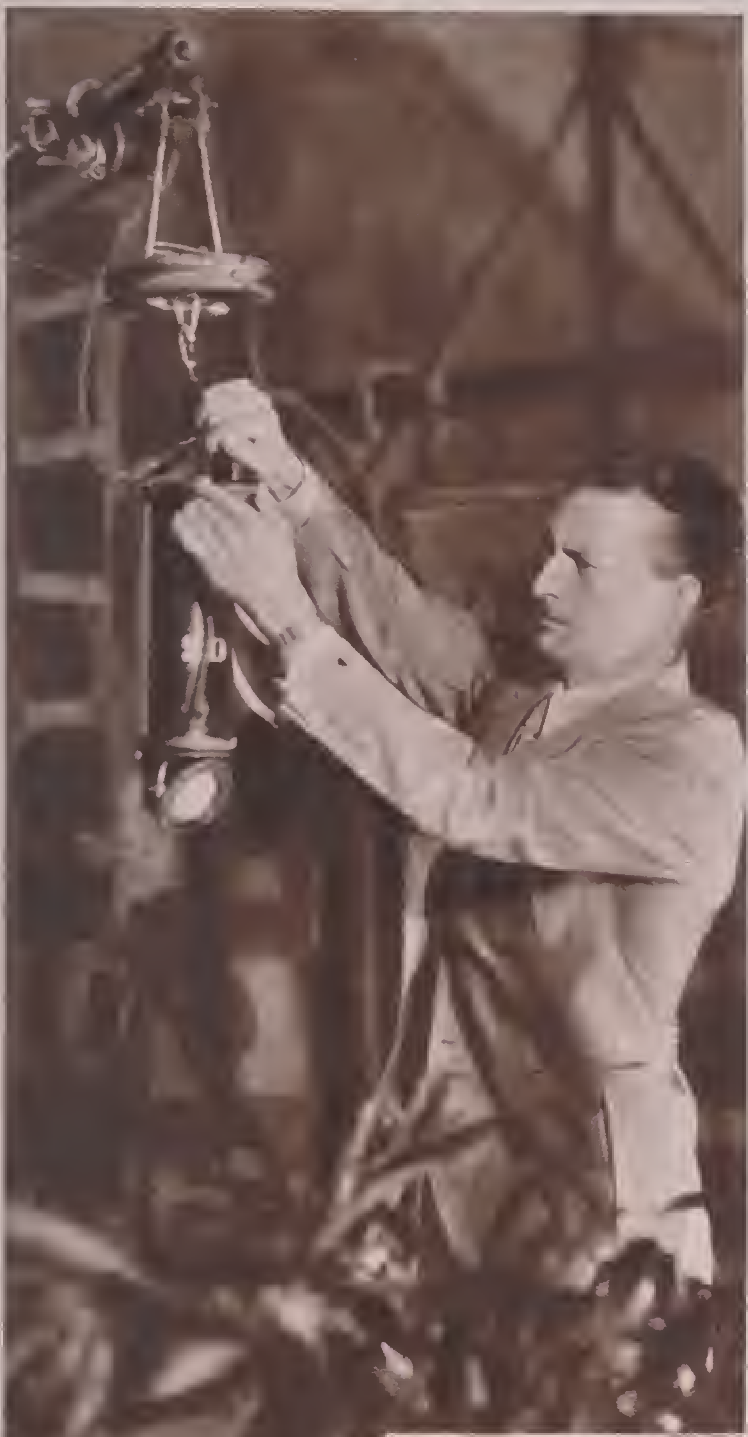
HERE you have the full scene. Director W. S. Van Dyke directs Karen Morley in "The Cuban Love Song." Beside him sits the script girl. In back is the camera man and the "boom" man. Overhead is the juicer. Everybody's on the job—but all we'll see is Karen emoting. The people behind the scene are on the next page

The cutter. A most important guy. He is really an editor of films and sees every foot of every picture his studio makes. That white dingus in front of him is a "scene plot" telling just what action was shot and its importance to the story. The funny ridged machine next to it is a "splicer." The cutter's job is to cut the film where it gets bad and stick it back together again where it gets good. That's where the splicer comes in. In go two bits of film which exit one whole. It's all very complicated and detailed. The cutter can make or break any star. He is responsible for that familiar tragedy of Hollywood—the face on the cutting room floor, the scenes that are never seen. But he is also responsible for most pictures being as good as they are. The gentleman is Hugh Wynn. He earns more than many stars

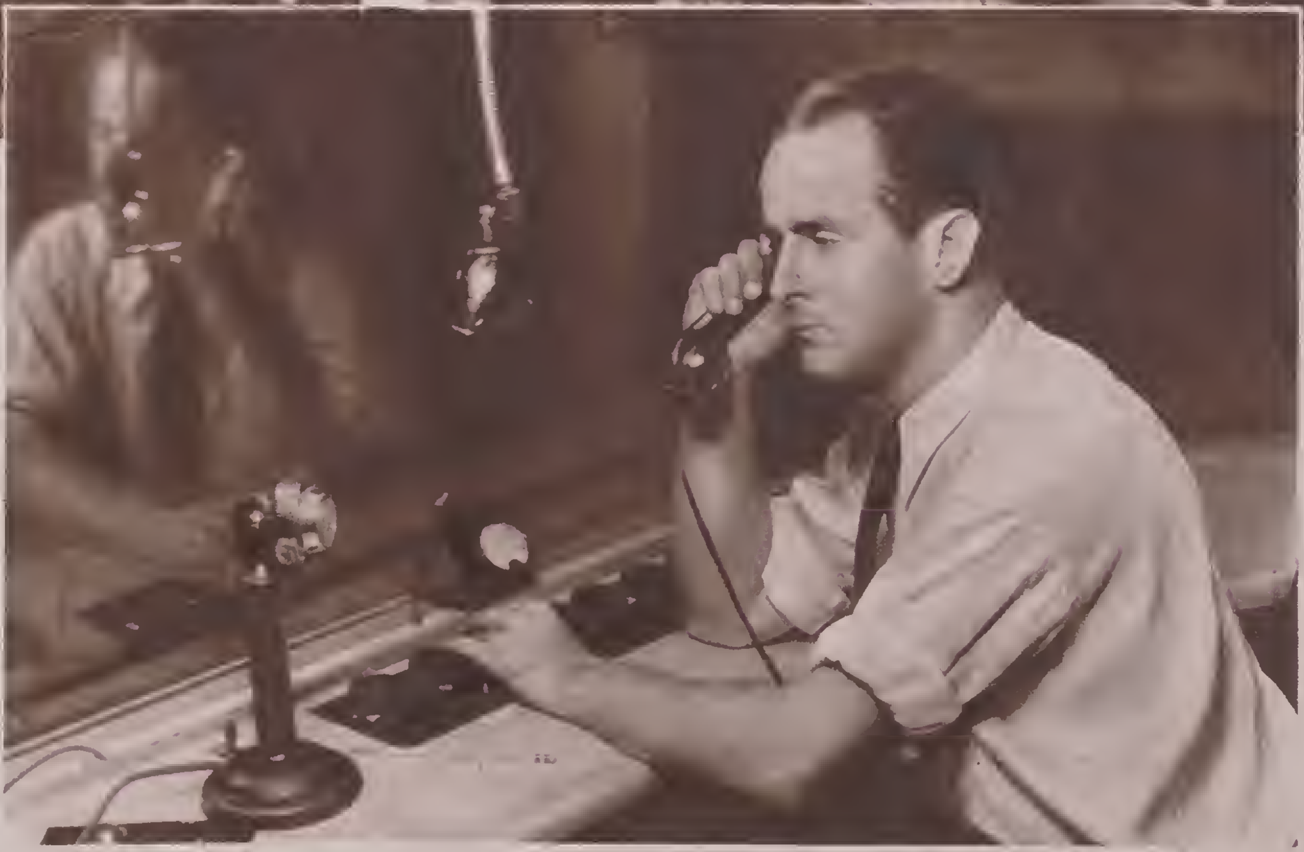
The juicer. In other words, the electrician. In other words, the man who lights the stars and makes them beautiful. He gets $10 a day



The camera man. The star, the director and the camera man are the three big shots of every picture. The camera man is a real beauty-maker. He knows to an eighth of an inch just how far a stellar face must be turned to look its most ravishing. Camera work is hard, but it pays big rewards. A first camera man gets about $250 a week. His assistant gets $150 and the assistant's assistant $60. That's the union scale



The "boom" man. He has to see that the mikes are correctly placed and tell the "mixer" below what scenes are being shot. He gets $75 weekly



The mixer. He is practically the sound director of the studio. The actors' voices come from the mike, over his central control system. He relays them to the recording room where they are impressed on wax and photographed on the finished film. And he has to see that the pitch of the voices is right, too. A big job. It's worth about $150 per week

Manners' latest rôle is with Madge Evans in "The Greeks Had a Word for It"

Stardom with Hunches

That's Why David Manners Is In Hollywood

By MARQUIS BUSBY

A HUNCH, just a plain, garden variety hunch, brought David Manners to Hollywood and an important place in motion pictures. He believes in them. He believes in those first impressions which flash, lightning like, through the mind. Many people ignore them—try to reason them out differently, or forget them entirely. You can bet your winter flannels that David Manners pays attention to them. They have come true too often to be disregarded.

When he stood at the altar taking the "love, honor and obey" vows, the knowledge came to him that his marriage would not last longer than a year. It didn't.

WHEN he came to California two years ago he was on his way to Honolulu to take charge of a plantation. I've forgotten whether it was sugar or pineapples or ukuleles. The steamer tickets were in his pocket. Yet he knew when he bought those tickets that he would never use them. And he didn't. He was given the rôle of Raleigh in "Journey's End," and pictures have claimed him since that time.

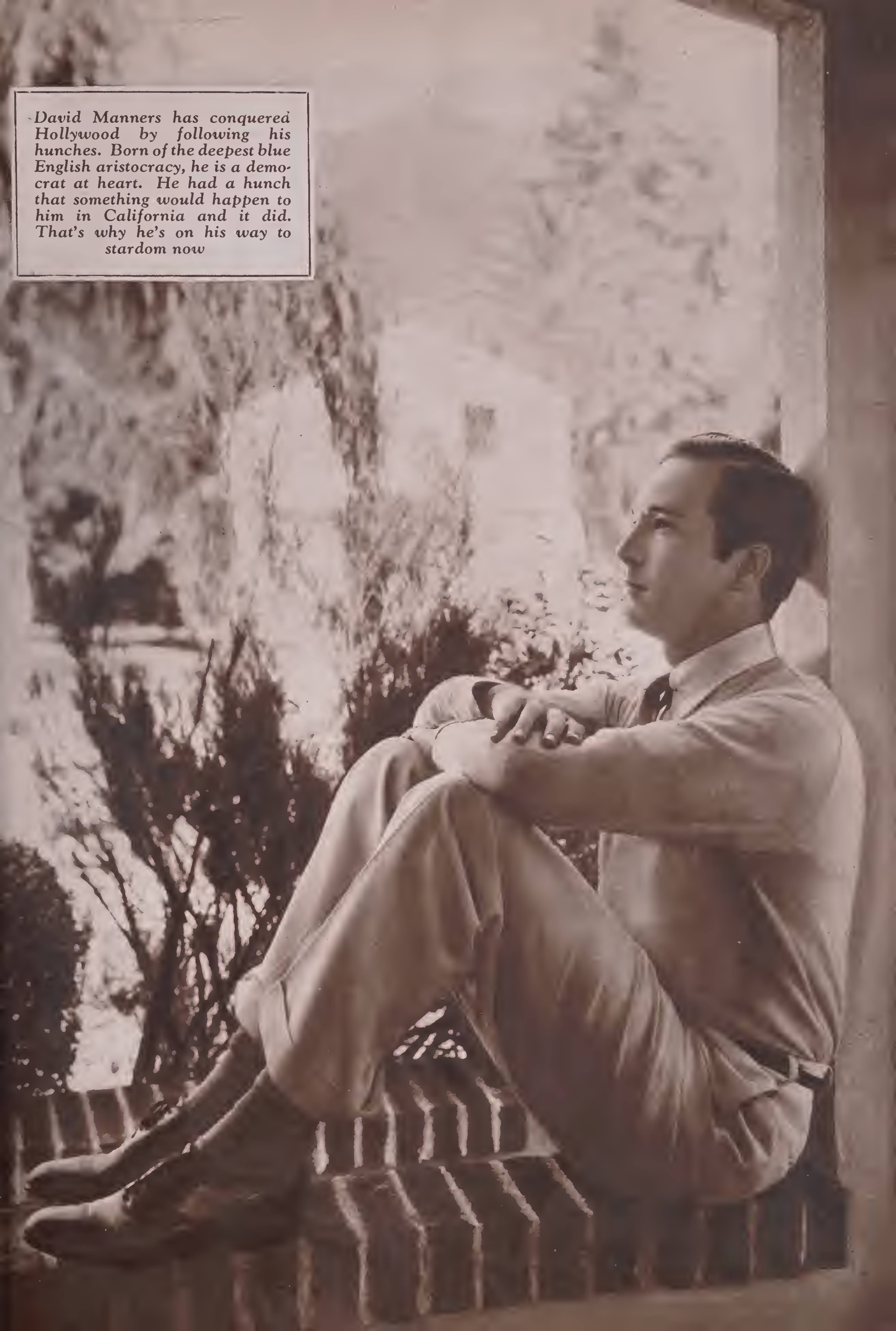
"Pictures were the farthest thing from my mind," he said. "I had given up acting forever. And yet I knew that something would happen to change my entire life when I came to California."

Somehow the story of David Manners surprises you. Outwardly, on first meeting, he seems so much the conventional, well-bred young Englishman. You expect to hear of proper schools and a life which followed from birth the even pattern of most Britishers of the upper classes.

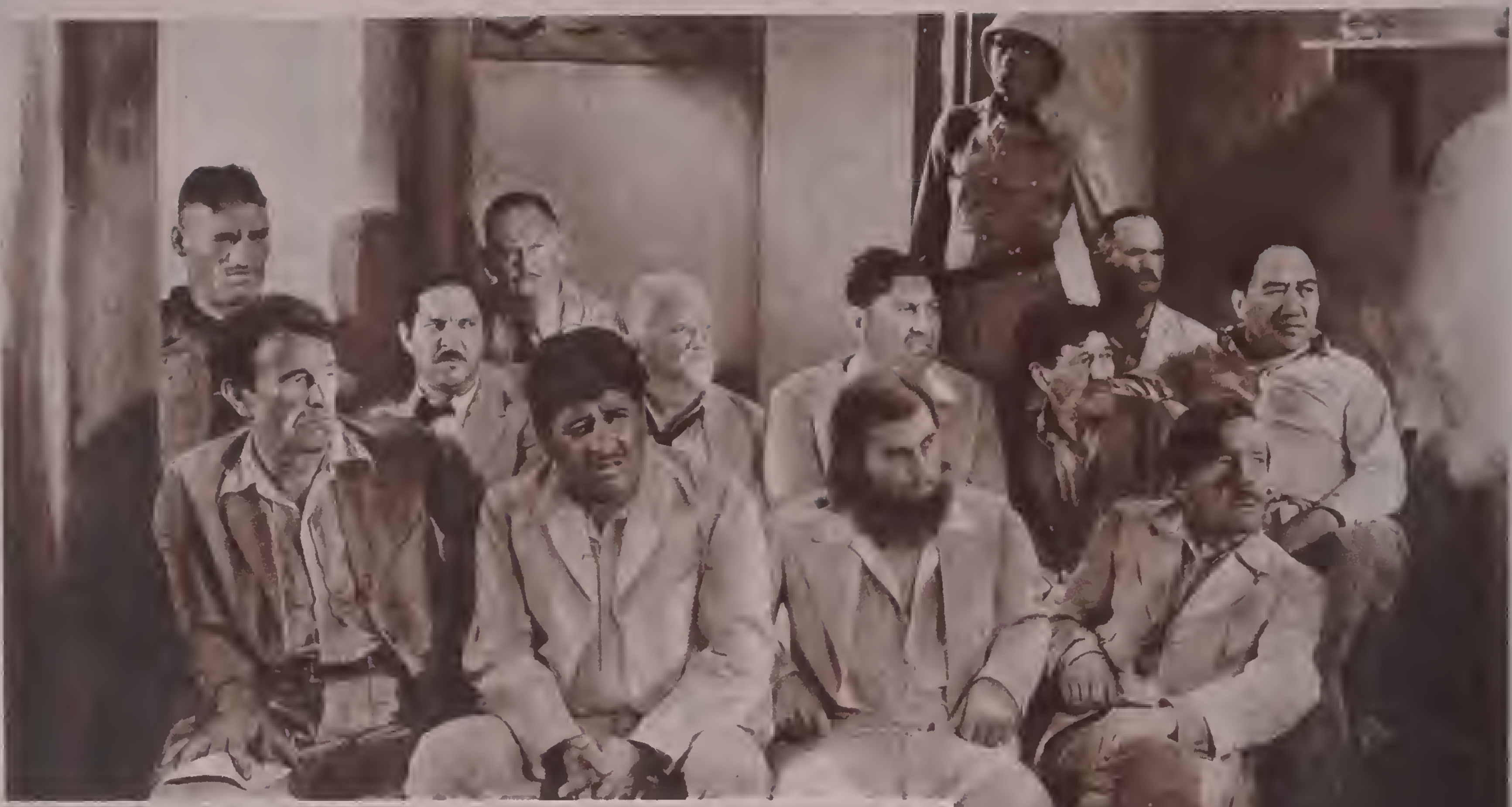
I EXPECTED to find a wall of cold British reserve. I did think he was austere the first time I met him. Most people do, as a matter of fact. But that reserve disappears with acquaintance. He has a magnificent sense of humor. Britishers always do—if they have one at all. I've seldom encountered a keener mind, and he is a thorough democrat if I ever saw one. And I'm not referring to politics.

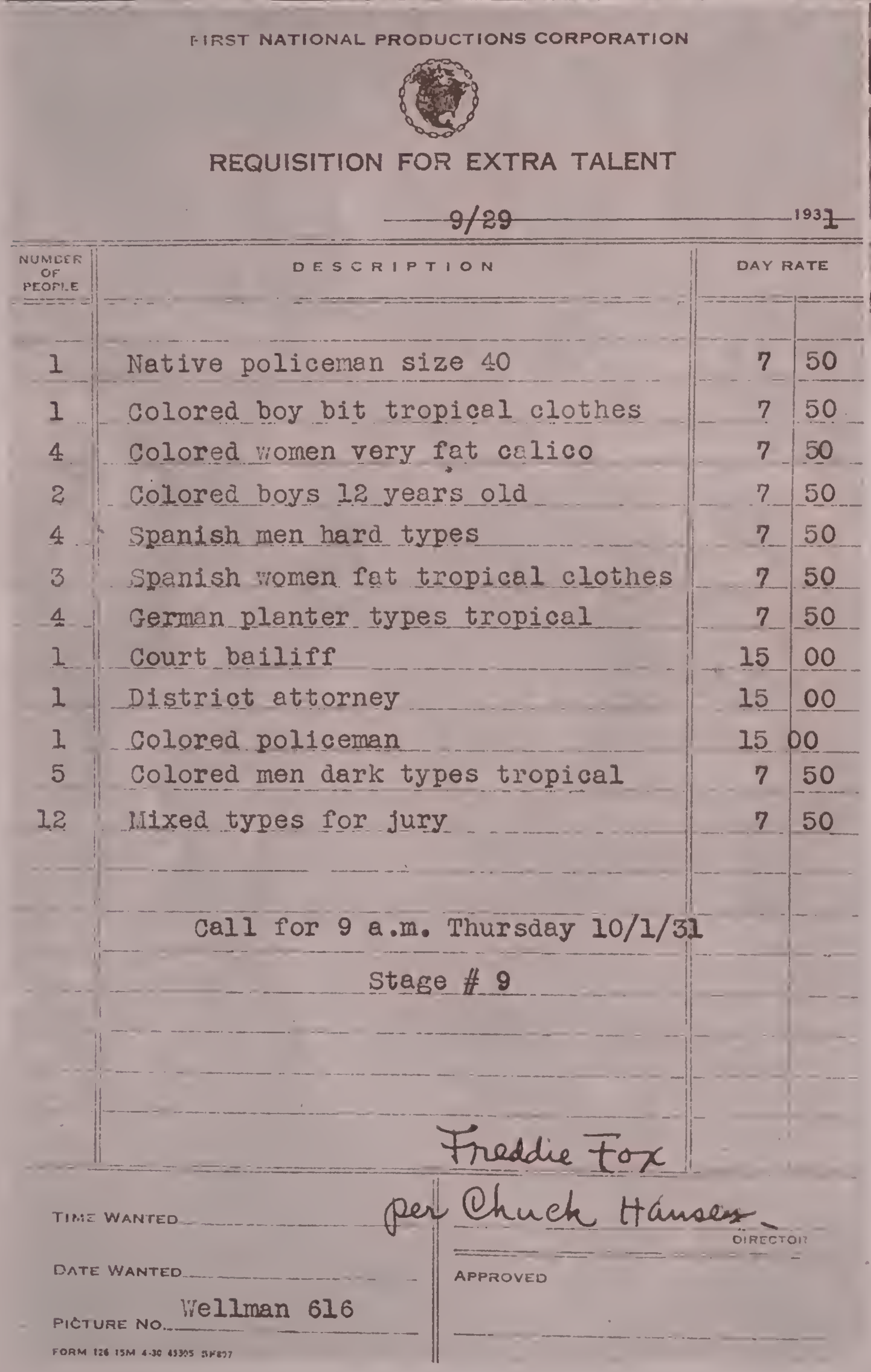
His life would read like a Richard Harding Davis novel. At twenty-six he has had enough experiences for several ordinary lifetimes.

He has worked for a (*Continued on page* 114)



David Manners has conquered Hollywood by following his hunches. Born of the deepest blue English aristocracy, he is a democrat at heart. He had a hunch that something would happen to him in California and it did. That's why he's on his way to stardom now





FIRST NATIONAL PRODUCTIONS CORPORATION

REQUISITION FOR EXTRA TALENT

9/29 1931

NUMBER OF PEOPLE	DESCRIPTION	DAY RATE	
1	Native policeman size 40	7	50
1	Colored boy bit tropical clothes	7	50
4	Colored women very fat calico	7	50
2	Colored boys 12 years old	7	50
4	Spanish men hard types	7	50
3	Spanish women fat tropical clothes	7	50
4	German planter types tropical	7	50
1	Court bailiff	15	00
1	District attorney	15	00
1	Colored policeman	15	00
5	Colored men dark types tropical	7	50
12	Mixed types for jury	7	50
	Call for 9 a.m. Thursday 10/1/31		
	Stage # 9		

Freddie Fox

per Chuck Hansen

TIME WANTED

DIRECTOR

DATE WANTED

APPROVED

PICTURE NO. Wellman 616

FORM 126 15M 4-30 45305 BF857

What the Director Ordered

OR what price distinction? The answer is, usually seven-fifty a day, as you can see by looking at the business-like card at the left. That's a so-called "call sheet," and each night before the next day's shooting it goes out to Central Casting and a few lucky extras get a day's work. On this list you see a call for "twelve mixed types for jury" and up at the top you see what Director William Wellman got for his jury in "Safe in Hell" for Warner Bros. But if a jury man is worth seven-fifty, you'll note a District Attorney is only worth twice as much. They get one day's work and then they are back in the ranks again, just extras. Lean and fat and strong and weak. People of all races. Black, white, yellow and red. Passion-ridden, sorrow-bowed, life-betrodden. The types of Hollywood.

Henry Kuhlman, now at RKO, used to cook for the Kaiser

Royal Chefs of Hollywood

They Used to Cook for the Kings of Europe. Now They Cook For the Queens of Hollywood—and Here are Recipes for the Wonderful Dishes They Serve

By IVY and HARRY D. WILSON

THE man who used to cook the Kaiser's dinners is now in Hollywood. He's cooking for the Hollywood royalty now.

The woman who made desserts for the Sultan Hamit Mahmut V and for Madame Sarah Bernhardt now runs a teashop in Cinemaland.

The chef for the late Czar of all the Russians is now just a Hollywood lad, trying to cut down his sauces to conform with the Hollywood diet ideal.

These three are just three representatives of the strange people who come to Hollywood. In this case the former chefs of royalty are getting a better break in the picture village than the scions of the noble families themselves. The scions of the noble families are also in Hollywood—but they are only extras, while the chefs are stars in their own domain.

And when you read in this article some of their secret recipes for swell elegant food you'll understand why.

But let's go back to the cooking-stars themselves.

THIRTY YEARS ago, Henry E. Kuhlman helped prepare the dinner served to Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany on the North German Lloyd liner, *Kaiser Wilhelm II.* Later, as a full-fledged chef, he prepared a wonderful menu for the Kaiser's birthday dinner in Berlin.

He has cooked for the King of Italy; the late Russian Czar; Grand-Duke Boris of Russia and President Loubet of Greece.

Today, the same Henry E. Kuhlman dictates what the stars at RKO Studios will receive on the elaborate trays

John E. Avdeeff was chef for the Czar of Russia. Here he's supervising a scene for Howard Hughes' "Cock of the Air"

that go from his kitchen to their dressing rooms.

Kuhlman will tell you all about the Royal peculiarities in regard to taste and appetite. When Kaiser Wilhelm was at sea, he invariably ordered plain boiled beef with potatoes and other vegetables cooked in the same pot. This, with Apollonaris water, was the Kaiser's simple fare. No wine was served. He preferred water. This simplicity was a great blow to the chef who had spent much time in the preparation of tempting dishes.

When the Kaiser's command for boiled beef reached the kitchen, there was great consternation, as no such ordinary fare was ready. It was finally sent up from a lower class dining room and eaten with gusto by His Imperial Highness.

"While the Kaiser had very simple tastes when ordering for himself," said Kuhlman, "I remember a time at a hotel in Rome on May 4th, 1903, when the King of Italy entertained him in a lavish manner and the German Emperor seemed to enjoy the many delicacies prepared in his honor. The menu consisted of:

Potage tortue a L'anglaise
Saumon de Rhin, Sauce Genoise
Jambon de Glaz a la Bassono
Fondant de fois grass a la Helene
Punch a la Romaine
Asperges en branche, Hollandaise
Coq de Brugere et Cailles
Salad de saison
Supreme D' ananas a la Savoyarde
Glace d' apricot a la princesse
Coupe garnie de patisserie

Madame Brania, once cook for the Sultan of Turkey, has her own little restaurant in Hollywood. She's serving Ivan Lebedeff and Lita Chevret in this picture

"I'D like to see what would happen to me if I tried to serve such a dinner to Irene Dunne or Dolores Del Rio. They would think I was threatening their careers!

"Madame Sarah Bernhardt was an actress who never bothered about weight. Her art seemed to place her far above her mere physical appearance. On her last American tour, I had the honor of preparing her favorite dishes of Tete de Deau au Vinaigrette and Vol au Vent a la Toulouse. In plain English, this is calf's head vinaigrette and a game pattie.

"Richard Dix is very partial to a curry such as I used to prepare for an Indian Rajah. This recipe is easily followed and is good to serve when you wish to surprise your guests with an original dish. Take the breast of chicken, well seasoned with salt and curry powder; saute

If you want to know how royal dinner tables really look, give a look at this. Henry Kuhlman prepared it for "The Woman Between" and he swears it's utterly correct

in butter; add chopped, roasted almonds; a chopped onion and grated lemon peel. After the chicken is nicely browned, place it in a casserole with cream and cocoanut milk to cover and smother slowly. Add to this, grated cocoanut. Serve in a rice border and do not forget to have separate dishes containing Bengal chutney, stuffed mangoes and Bombay duck on the table. The Bombay duck should be used sparingly, as it is an acquired taste with many. The proportions in preparing this dish are governed by the number of people to be served."

Kuhlman regrets that he had not known the glories of the California Calavo when he was chef to Royalty, for he considers a stuffed Calavo half-shell a la Kuhlman, Royal food.

Here's how it's prepared:

Scoop the flesh from half a ripe calavo. Make a puree of the flesh seasoned with salt and a little lemon juice and mixed with sweet corn and crushed pineapple. Scoop Parisian balls of the flesh from the other half of the calavo, then fill the half shell with the puree and lay the scooped-out balls around the edge. Fill the center with the calavo puree, decorate with pieces of pineapple, pimiento and ripe olives. Then serve on cracked ice.

"I am happier here in Hollywood than any place I have ever worked," says Kuhlman. "Since coming to the RKO Studios, I have learned much about the appetites of the stars. They all love rich food and would eat in true Royal style if they dared. Every star has certain foods he or she cannot eat. It is my job to see that their trays carry the dishes prescribed for them. Many would not stop to question rich dishes on their trays, but in the end, when they would be forced to go through strenuous exercises to reduce the excess weight, I would hear about it."

ON a Hollywood hill-top, overlooking hundreds of roofs that shelter the movie great, the home until recently occupied by George Melford, the director, has been transformed into an *(Continued on page 126)*

A Movie Fan's Calendar for 1932

JANUARY 1932

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
. .	. .	. .		. .	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24 31	25	26	27	28	29	30

It's only fitting that we should start our movie calendar with Loretta Young, who is as young and as bright and as promising as the New Year itself. She celebrates her nineteenth birthday this month.

FEBRUARY 1932

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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February, the month of surprises—isn't it fitting that Clark Gable, the greatest discovery of the year, should have been born then? He was born on February 1, 1901.

MARCH 1932

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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The promise of spring in the mad, wind-swept days of March. The promise of peace and victory after hardship and struggle—that's Joan Crawford's career. Her birthday is on the twenty-third of March.

APRIL 1932

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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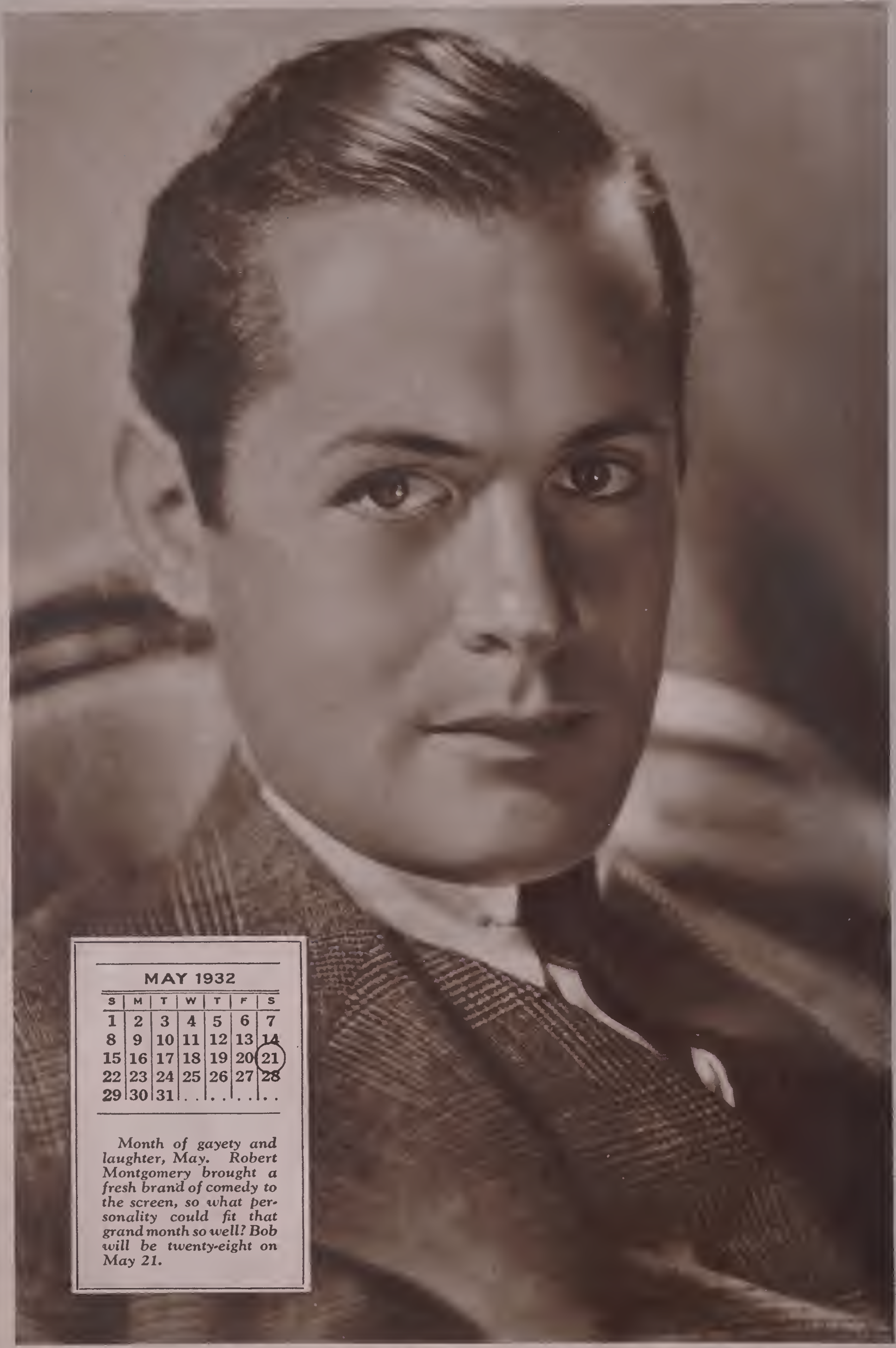
One of the kindest men in Hollywood who is forever playing villain parts—no wonder Wallace Beery's birthday falls on April Fool's Day. He was born in 1886 in Kansas City.

And here are some other stellar birthdays:

Warner Baxter	*March 29th*	Ruth Chatterton	*December 24th*
Don Dillaway	*March 17th*	Maurice Chevalier	*September 12th*
Fifi Dorsay	*April 16th*	Claudette Colbert	*September 13th*
Janet Gaynor	*October 6th*	Gary Cooper	*May 7th*
Elissa Landi	*December 6th*	Kay Francis	*January 13th*
Edmund Lowe	*March 3rd*	Miriam Hopkins	*October 18th*
Jeanette MacDonald	*June 18th*	Fredric March	*August 31st*
George O'Brien	*September 1st*	William Powell	*July 29th*
Will Rogers	*November 4th*	Joan Bennett	*February 27th*
William Bakewell	*May 2nd*	Gloria Swanson	*March 27th*
Marion Davies	*January 1st*	Lupe Velez	*July 18th*
William Haines	*January 1st*	Lew Ayres	*December 28th*
Neil Hamilton	*September 9th*	George Arliss	*April 10th*
Ramon Novarro	*February 6th*	John Barrymore	*February 15th*
Norma Shearer	*August 10th*	Richard Barthelmess	*May 9th*
Lewis Stone	*November 15th*	Dorothy Mackaill	*March 4th*
Richard Arlen	*September 1st*	Edward G. Robinson	*December 12th*
George Bancroft	*September 30th*	Bebe Daniels	*January 14th*
Nancy Carroll	*November 19th*	Richard Dix	*July 18th*



MAY 1932

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Month of gayety and laughter, May. Robert Montgomery brought a fresh brand of comedy to the screen, so what personality could fit that grand month so well? Bob will be twenty-eight on May 21.

JUNE 1932

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	..	..

June, the first month of summer. The days are warm and lovely, yet something is held in reserve. And isn't Clive Brook the sort of individual June represents? He has warmth and life, yet always something is held in reserve. The first of June, 1891 was his birthday.

JULY 1932

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
..	..	..	..	..	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24/31	25	26	27	28	29	30

July — fireworks, Independence Day — calm nights and blazing days. Barbara Stanwyck is simple and natural, but when she thinks she's being imposed upon, look at the fireworks! Barbara first smiled like this on July 16, 1907.

AUGUST 1932

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
..	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	..	..	..

August is a month of strange moods and changes, but no stranger than this boy Charlie Farrell. He's never quite what you expect him to be. He never does what you expect him to do. On August 9, 1905, he was born.

SEPTEMBER 1932

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
. .	. .	. .	. .	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
⑱	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	. .

September, month of mystery, partaking of both the summer and the fall. Whose month could this be but Garbo's, looking backward to the past and forward to the future? Her birthday is September 18, 1906.

OCTOBER 1932

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
. .	. .	. .	. .	. .	. .	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	⑫22
23 30	24 31	25	26	27	28	29

October, gay, enchanting month, is Constance Bennett's month. There's witchery in her very eyes and mouth. The twenty-second of October is her birthday. The year? 1905.

NOVEMBER 1932

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
. .	. .	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	. .	. .	. .

In the autumn of life there is no cause for sadness. Youth knows little. Marie Dressler finds a mature joy in life. The calendar says she was born November 9, 1869, but such a spirit as hers is forever young.

DECEMBER 1932

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
.	. .	. .	. .	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

December is Christmas, holidays and mistletoe waiting around the corner. December is the month of warm hearts and cold days. What a month for Marlene Dietrich, saint and siren, mother and woman of passion! She was born December 27, 1904.

Do You Write Like a Movie Star?

You Can Learn About Yourself by Reading Their Writing

By DOROTHY EMERSON

IF anyone had tried to tell me that Jimmy Durante was a sensitive, beauty-loving soul, I would have said—behave. But his signature shows a Jimmie radically different from the robustly vulgar characterizations he gives us.

If you're a real movie fan, to whom the stars are interesting as people, as well as players, you'll be fascinated by some of the contradictions their handwritings express. And maybe you can see your own handwriting in some of theirs. Handwriting does not lie. The truth is revealed in it.

You'll see, on page 89, what seems to be the grand and glorious handwriting of a young girl, modern in form, clever, full of a vigorous rhythm that proclaims ambition, optimism, a broad, fine independence of thought and action. And that's the writing of our beloved Marie Dressler, who boasts of being over sixty!

Take Robert Montgomery's. This is the handwriting of a genuine scientist. Bob was born to juggle figures (and I don't mean salary ones only); to play with test tubes, to co-ordinate, label and systematize. What he's on the screen is just one of those vagaries of life. That he has made a success there proves that a fine mind, even without a special aptitude for the job, can tackle almost anything.

Notice the underscoring of the name. If you do that, too, you're no ordinary mortal. You've got something of value to express to the world. And if you put those two funny little checks through the underscore, you are probably a wiz at business, and you know the value of money right down to the last hair of the buffalo on a nickel.

Ramon Novarro, on the contrary, was born for the stage. And what charm his handwriting expresses! Sympathetic, wistfully anxious to please, proud as a child when he has done well, a big musical talent—these are all part of the Ramon we have watched rise from the ranks of the extras to be a star in his own right.

Maybe you've thought some of the stories you heard about him were too good to be true, how unbelievably generous he is to his family, what a loyal, steadfast friend he can be. But it's all in his writing. See the backward, lower loop of his "f"? That means altruism plus. A person who writes like that has a heart as big as all outdoors.

Clark Gable! A year ago you never heard of him. And now the current "big moment" of all the fans. And tomorrow? Who knows? But that's life and Clark will cross his bridges when he comes to them, thank you. He has lived life to the utmost—precious few repressions or inhibitions in *that* signature.

He must have had his bad times, his disappointments, because Clark believes what he hears (see that credulous "b"?), but he's taken them all in his stride and gone on.

That oversize "k" is an odd thing to find in this type of writing. It's a hint that Clark looks beyond the material, that he is sensitive to spiritual values. Clark Gable—Caveman, certainly. But don't forget that the Caveman was the first man to stand upright and to look at Heaven.

Marlene Dietrich

Clark Gable

as if it is for

Wallace Beery

Wallace Beery — bless him. "Uncle Wah-wah" to everybody on his lot, which is inevitably known as the "raspberry lot," because Beery simply will have his little joke. Here's his handwriting, and take a good look at it, because you'll seldom see expressed in writing like this, everything that goes to make up one swell person. Constructive brains in the simplicity of the capitals and letter forms; humor in the way the "i" is dotted; judgment in the spacing of the words. And, oh, what kindness and understanding of human nature!

I am sure that Beery is often taken in. But don't let such sharpers think they fooled him. They didn't. But Wallace Beery has a deep trust in the potential fineness of human nature. He will persist in expecting every one to be as fine as he is, even when his brain tells him they aren't.

With all good wishes —
Robert Montgomery.

wishes from
Ramón Novarro.

John Gilbert

sincerely
Phillips Holmes

Gratefully
Joan Crawford

ing
Jackie Cooper

Sincerely
Marie Dressler

I SPOKE of the great youthfulness of Marie Dressler's handwriting. In that of Phillips Holmes there is exactly the contrary, a young man with a very old handwriting. Phillips may look like a juvenile. He is anything but. He is intensely conservative, irritable, moody, with a strongly intuitional nature. Idealistic and sensitive, to be sure, but as mature, and as set in his ways as any elderly gentleman. Don't let that mop of curly, blond hair delude you. There's more maturity of thought under it than supports many a bald head.

Almost as precocious for his age is Jackie Cooper. He may be only a youngster, but if he continues to develop along the lines indicated in his writing, Hollywood business men will have someone to reckon with later on. Jackie can take very good care of himself. And look at the humor in that "i" dot! The delightful comedy Jackie gives us undoubtedly comes from his own innate sense of the ridiculous, and not only from the efforts of his director.

If you will look at Marlene Dietrich's handwriting, and then compare it with Claudette Colbert's, you will see two types of personalities that make great actresses. Don't they both get their own way, though! Look at the vigor in Marlene's scrawl, and the strong "t" bars in Claudette's.

But where Claudette just decides she "simply must have it," and looks at the world with such wide-open, trusting eyes, that the world hasn't the heart to refuse her, Marlene takes what she wants. And what are you going to do about it? And they both show splendid emotion, with the ability to express it.

THE fans made no mistake when they acclaimed Marlene Dietrich a personality. She is vibrant, overflowing with energy, strongly materialistic, but an artist to her finger tips. It probably puzzles her friends when she spends thousands of dollars on an extravagant whim, and then argues a dinner check with a waiter, as I am

Sincerely
Jimmy Durante

Claudette Colbert

Jackie Cooper

sure she does. Because this handwriting reveals the curious type that is magnificently pound foolish and penny wise.

If Dietrich were not the possessor of a splendid mentality, her flights of temperament would probably have killed her career long ago. Because in this handwriting is real temperament. The kind that suffers under rasping surroundings, the *real, artistic* temperament, not the plain bad temper and lack of self-control that players sometimes like to call "temperament." In Dietrich's handwriting is the ability to control, to hold on to herself lest her work suffer, an ability that undoubtedly costs her dearly at times.

If I tell you that John Gilbert's handwriting expresses a man at odds with himself, groping not very happily toward a solution of the riddle life has become to him, you'll think I've been following his recent career. It is true that I have, because Jack is one of the most poignant, enthralling personalities in all Hollywood. But, nevertheless, the mark of the bitter fight he has been making is in his handwriting.

When Jack begins to reap the rewards of the gallant fight he is making, as I am sure he will, I hope his writing will soften, and become more controlled.

And here's our dancing Joan Crawford. Doesn't her writing reflect the intense, rich nature that has given the screen some of its most flashing, original work? I suspect that Joan is passing through a critical time in her life. She has wanted the good things of life so ardently . . . and now she has them.

It is at once Joan's weakness and her strength, that she thinks as intensely as she feels. It makes for conflict. She *must* abandon herself completely to the mood of the moment—always. But, unlike most people who do that, she has to review all her actions and account to herself for them.

Joan probably doesn't find herself as easy to live with as other natures not so richly endowed. But it is that very conflict of mentality and emotion that reaches out to us from the screen.

When Joan has resolved some of her problems, that enormous underscoring of her name will be simplified. If you find yourself making such a high, wide and handsome flourish under your name, I hope you have the same fine mentality that Joan's handwriting shows. You'll need it, to balance the emotionalism it betrays.

WHEN Gary Cooper originally sent in his handwriting to MOVIE MIRROR there was a note attached to it which said he hoped I could read his "lousy" handwriting. There was more to his script that I didn't have space to run here.

In Gary Cooper's modest, deprecatory remark, you will see that he makes a common mistake. Because his hand doesn't look like copper plate, he describes it as—ah—pediculous. As a matter of fact, the more a handwriting deviates from the "copybook" script, the more interesting it is to the graphologist. Handwriting that follows the copybook rules is a sign of a rather docile, obedient person with little individuality. That certainly cannot be said of Gary.

Gary Cooper's hand, with its large loops and good spacing, is intensely interesting. Here's a real, outdoor, strong, silent man, very much like the type he plays so successfully. But Gary differs from these simple men of the plains in one important point. He is *not* simple. The letter forms show quick intelligence. Those high-flung "t" bars with the little hooks at the end show imagination, tenacity of purpose. And Gary has a temper. His writing shows that.

But how that lad keeps his thoughts to himself! If you ever played poker with him I'm sure you'd still remember it! He has tact, and knows how to handle people, but he's so quiet about it that he'll never be known as the good politician he really is.

If the loops to your "y" and "p" are like Gary's, and you're holding down a desk job, better get out of it. For no matter how much money you may make there, you'll never really be happy anywhere but out under the open sky.

Now, you might have guessed that these stars would express these things in their handwritings, but Jimmy Durante, the new clown! See the beauty of form in that simple signature, the so-called "Greek e" that always means a passion for loveliness. And notice, too, the contradiction between the loops of the "j" and the "y." Jimmy hasn't had an easy life.

Here is a genuine case (and goodness knows Hollywood is full of phony ones) of Laugh, Clown, Laugh. The reverse side of Jimmy's gorgeous clowning would amaze his delighted audiences. I doubt if even Jimmy's friends have an inkling of the real man. But now that he is on the high-road to big, big salaries, I hope he can use some of that money to buy the leisure to be himself.

Because what is in your handwriting is YOU. And only by expressing that real YOU can you ever know fundamental happiness.

Make Your Hair Express Your Personality

By

EVELYN CASSIDY

NOTE: *The author of this article—the third in Movie Mirror's series on the secrets of the Hollywood beauty artists—is proprietor of the Ann Meredith Beauty Shop of Hollywood. The Meredith shop, while comparatively new, is the most popular beauty shop in Hollywood. Almost every star in the business goes there for her beauty treatments and, in particular, for her waves and general hairdressing. So everything Miss Cassidy writes has the true note of authority and when she tells you, as she does here, exactly how individual stars achieve their distinctive haircombs, you can be assured she's right, since she herself has combed that particular star's hair that way.*

The more mature girl who wants to look youthful should follow Ina Claire's hair dress—hair permanently waved in a loose, natural curl sweeping down over the forehead

BECAUSE today modern women are so active in business, sports and social affairs, a trio of styles in hairdressing has been originated, namely: a hairdress for the woman in business, a style for the woman who spends much of her time in sports, and a coiffure for the woman whose time is greatly taken up with activities of a social nature.

When a girl is in business every day, it's easy to see that she will not choose a hairdress that takes hours of care. Not if she has any sense, she won't. She will select a coiffure that can be combed quickly and will give her time for "forty winks" after the alarm clock has got done with its morning clamor.

This type of girl should not wear a curly, frizzy bob that will need much combing and arranging every morning. She should choose a closely cut hairdress, that arranges itself naturally and neatly close to the head—or perhaps a hairdress with a round curl, which is like that of naturally curly hair, which does not need careful finger-waving.

For her at our shop we recommend a permanent, with waves that follow the shape of the head, and are clipped close at the ears and at the back. A wide wave is used for this hairdress, one that will stay in place and maintain its unruffled calm through trying events of the day.

The business girl will of course choose dignity in place of frivolity, not only in her hairdress but in the character of her clothing.

The same thing is best for the girl who plays golf and tennis and who swims a great deal. She also will want a hairdress that is easy to take care of. Not so sedate a coiffure as the business woman, perhaps, but a loose wave that will not blow about too frowsily in the wind or will not be too difficult to put in place again after a plunge in the swimming pool.

The sports woman may wear long loose bobs or she may cut her hair close to the ears; it depends upon the preference of the individual, but it is certain that she will select a permanent whose waves are wide and natural-looking, easy to put into bounds again after the strenuous exercise of modern sports.

The woman who spends much time in social affairs will have more free moments to "fuss" with her hair than her more sedate sisters.

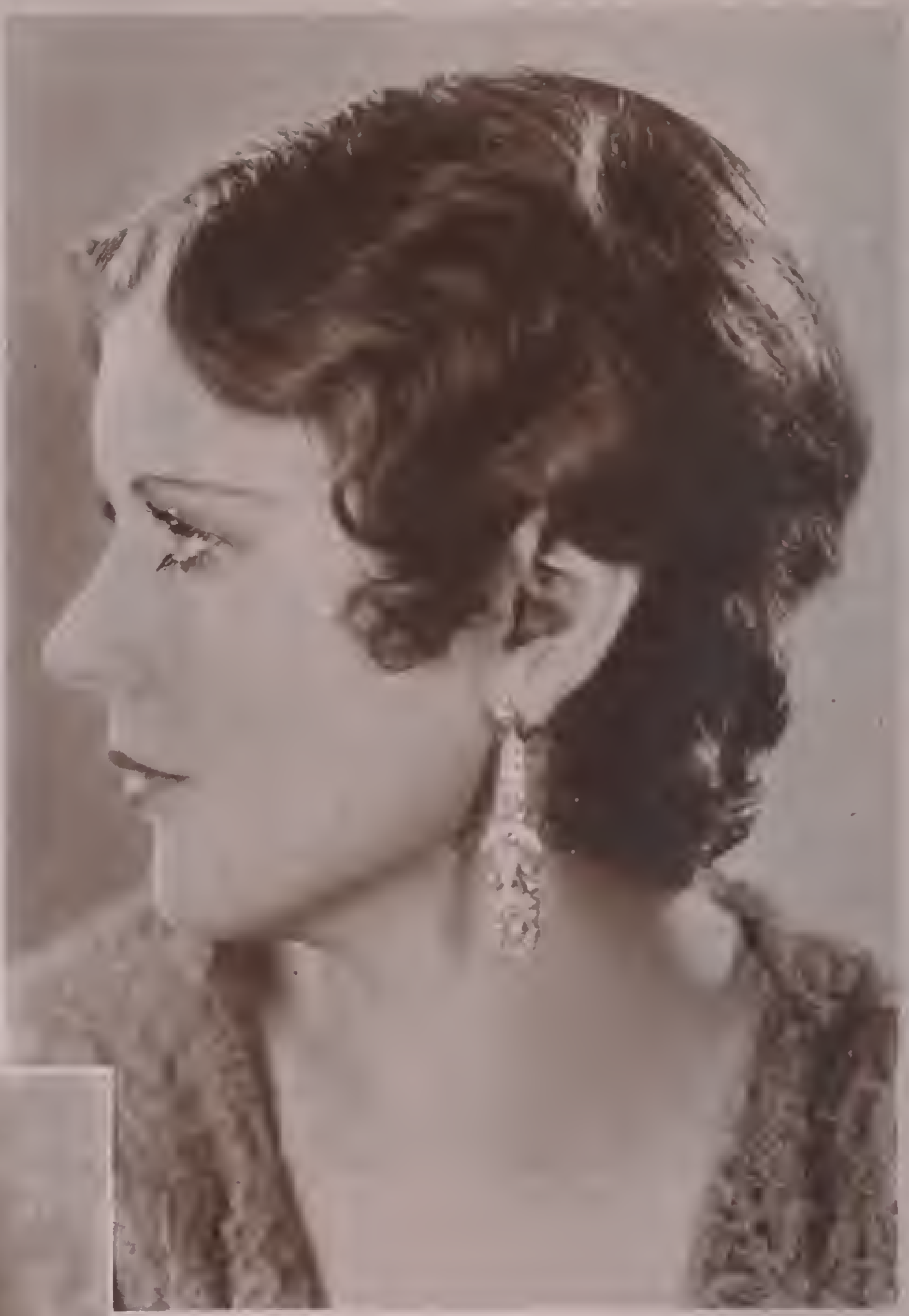
For these socially minded folk there are the long bobs that sweep back from the forehead and fall in loose shadow curls at the nape of the neck—you will see Lil Dagover, the German star, wearing this type of bob in "The Captain's Wife," her first American picture.

THEN there are the strikingly modern bobs that fall loose around the face, with each wave ending in flat finger curls.

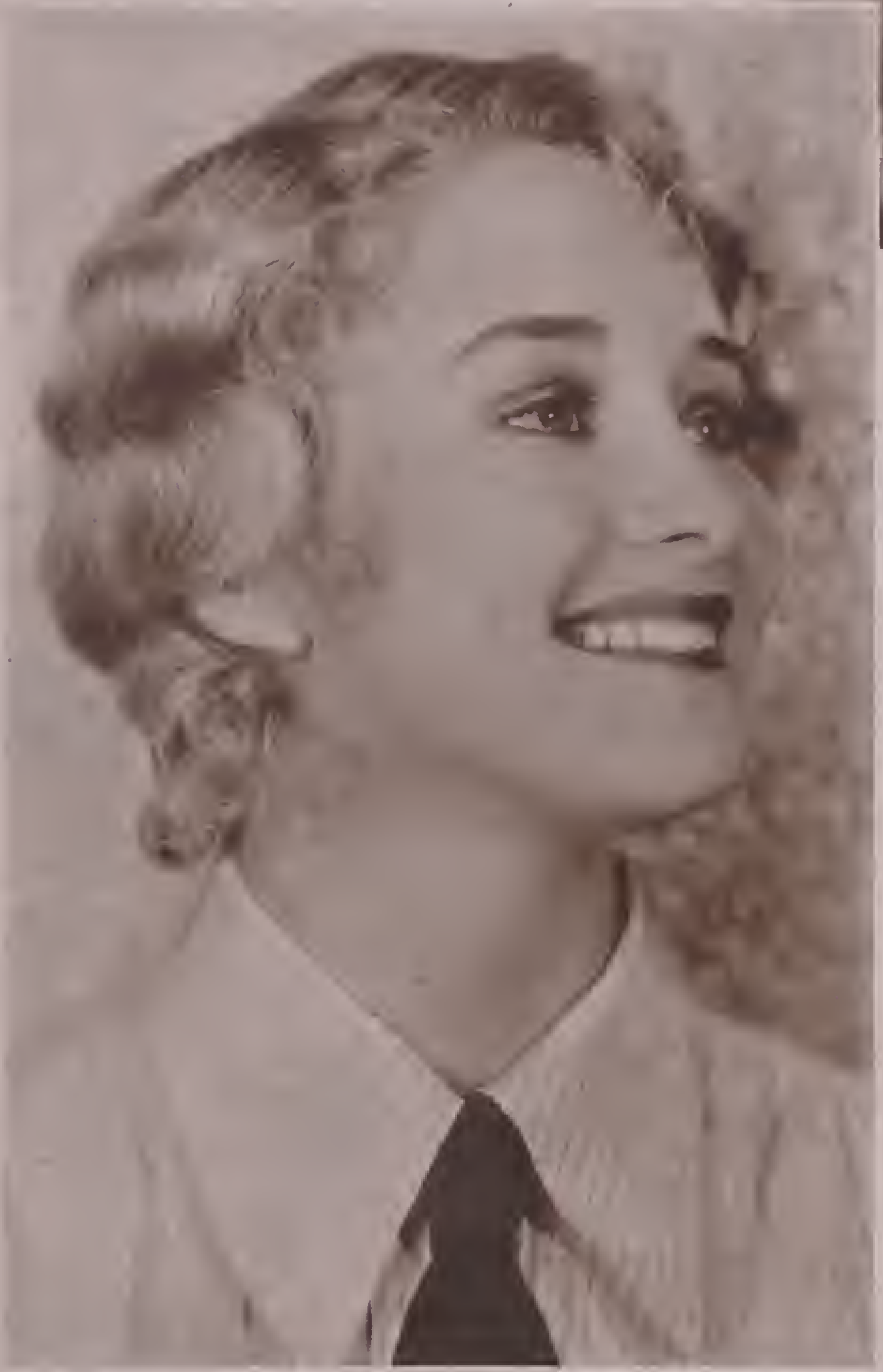
Still more formal are the coiffures stressing severe waves that extend out over the forehead and are waved in regular, horizontal lines to the end of the bob. These necessitate finger waves each week, but are stunning and very becoming to the woman who goes in for formal attire.

Blondes will of course wear a more frivolous hairdress than brunettes, for the fluffy texture of blonde hair lends itself to coifs of lighter tone.

The mature woman should avoid collegiate and girlish hairdresses and confine herself to more sedate coifs that fit closely to the head. Nothing is more ridiculous than a matron wearing a gypsy bob, which makes her look merely silly.



June Collyer illustrates a perfect style for the young, beautiful girl with long hair



Marian Marsh and her "very young" coiffure—wide waves and tiny finger curls. Note how the hair is worn off the forehead, with the tip of the ear showing

Hedda Hopper, who wears clothes so magnificently, dresses her hair in a manner becoming to the poised matron. It is smoothly done in large loose waves, and drawn carefully back from the face, falling slightly over the forehead on one side. Picture her with a fluffy bob and you will see the point we are emphasizing here—dress your hair according to your personality, not according to a mode that you happen to admire.

Belle Bennett, too, wears her hair in the dignified manner becoming to the matron.

This also applies to the woman with grey hair. Wide, smooth waves are best for hair that has a silver glint.

Many of the film players are adopting the new long bob style, which extends from two and one-half inches to three inches below the ears. Many of them have the ends of the hair permanently curled. Then later, at the studio, the hair across the crown of the head and around the face is marcelled by the company hairdresser.

The ends of the hair are curled upward toward the head. The reason for this is that studio work often prevents the players from coming into the shop to have finger waves put in, and it is much simpler for them to have their hair marcelled in the studio hairdressing department. The permanently curled ends give a natural effect to the marcel.

More and more we see the popularity of the bob curled at the ends, with the remainder of the hair allowed to be almost "au naturel."

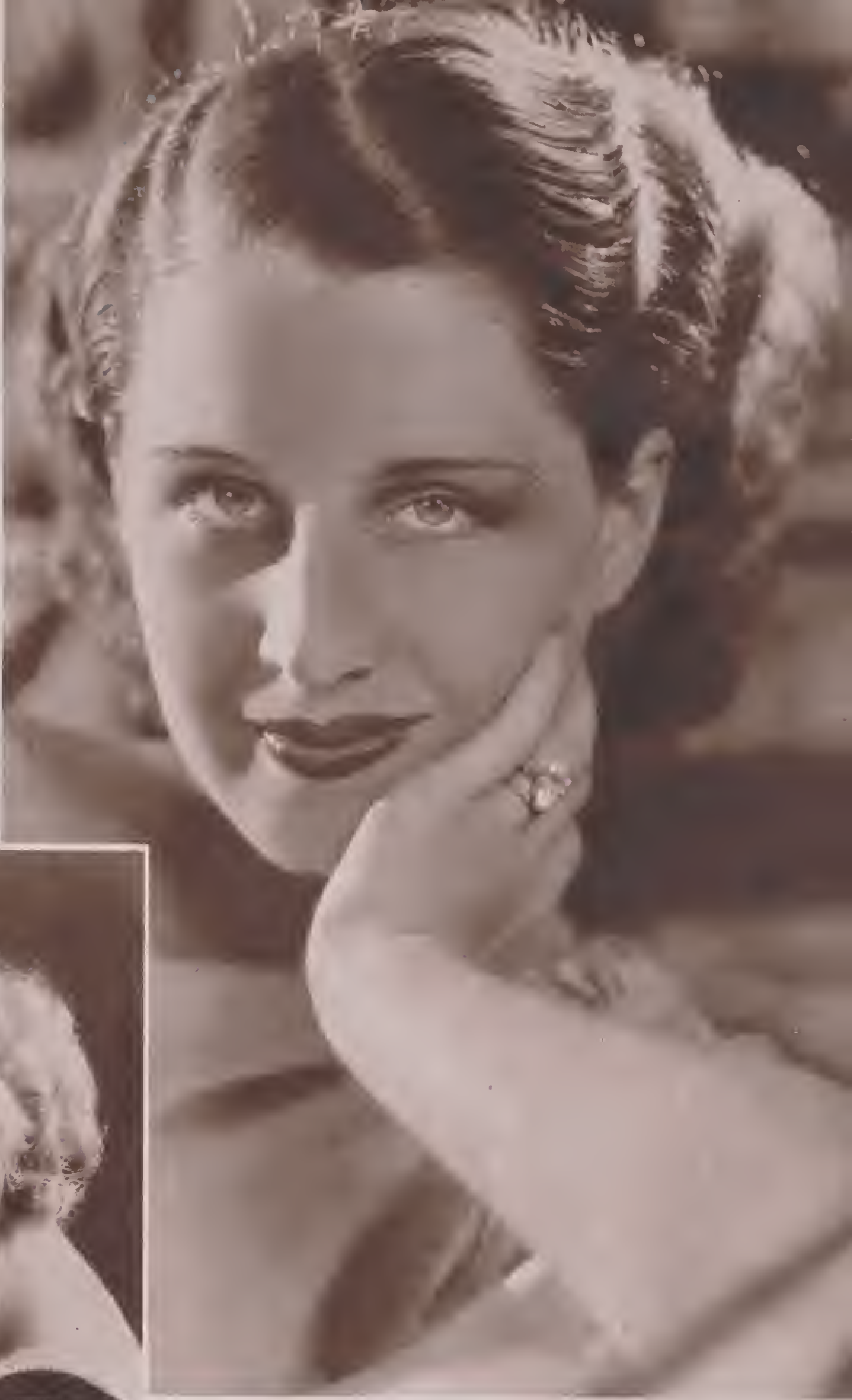
Constance Bennett affects this type of hairdress, which accentuates the calm sophistication that characterizes her on the screen. The central part of her hair is brushed back almost straight from the face. It then falls naturally into a half-wave from the face, dipping in a V at the forehead.

If you have a round face with regular features, this is a becoming style, but you should study your features carefully before trying it, as this style is a severe test of beauty.

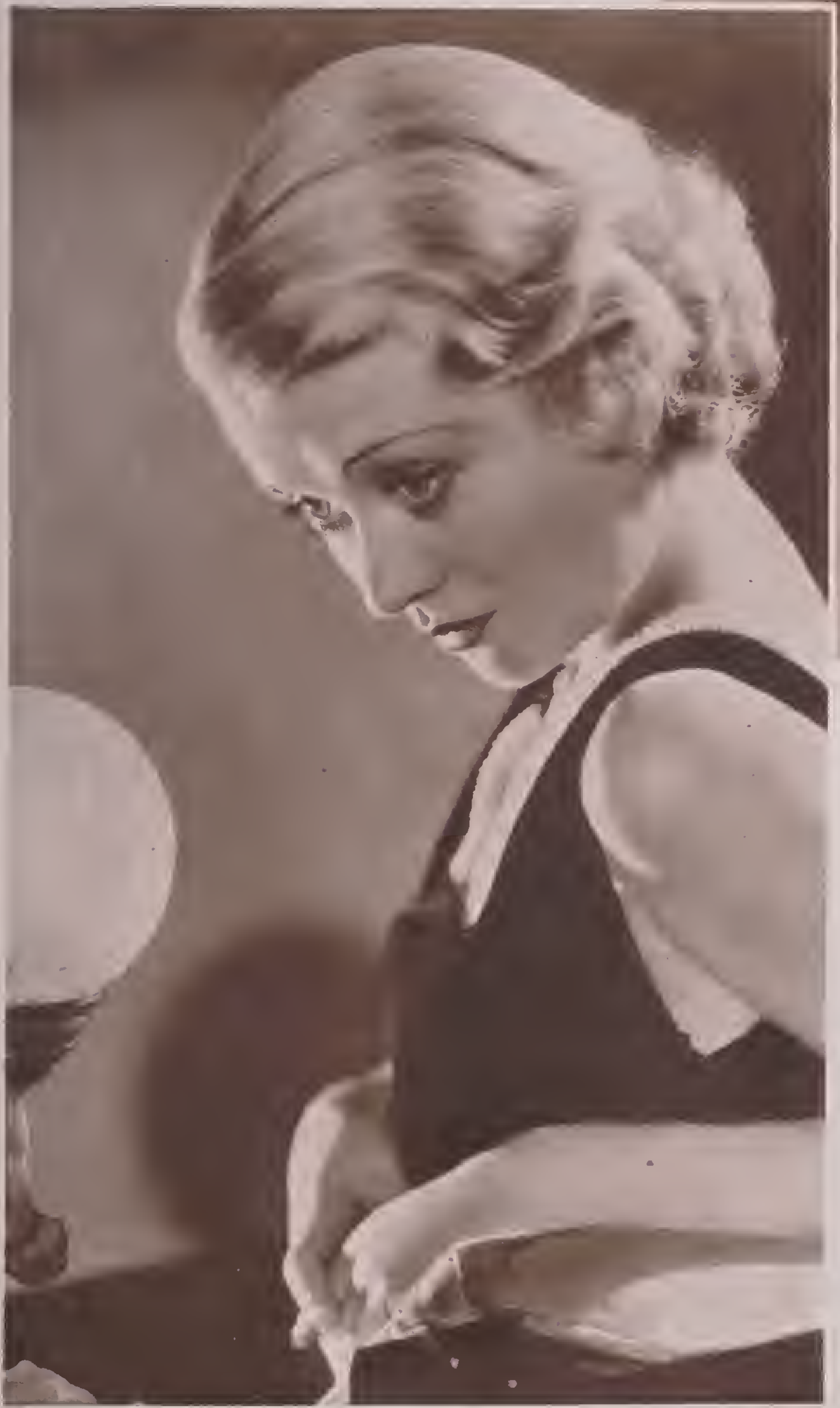
Virginia Valli, lovely actress, lately become Mrs. Charles Farrell, is another who permanently waves the ends of her hair, as do Virginia Cherrill and Mrs. Eddie Sutherland.

Joan Blondell, vivacious little blonde actress, also has the ends of her hair curled permanently, the operator at the studio going over her hair daily with a marcel iron.

Marian Marsh's pretty blonde hairdress, with its becoming wide waves and tiny finger curls, is achieved by the permanent wave method. You will note how the hair is worn off the forehead, with the tip of the ear showing, ending in finger curls at the nape of the neck. This is somewhat of an ingénue type bob and is in harmony with the youthfulness that Miss Marsh expresses.



Another type of sophistication is Norma Shearer's. The wave is not fluffy but crisp and is brushed back from the face. Such a haircut gives an air of sparkle to the wearer



For smart sophistication, study Constance Bennett's style—hair straight back from the face and close about the head, soft curls about the neck

Beautiful June Collyer wears her chestnut colored hair in a soft wave, parted in the middle and drawn into a small knot at the neck. She has never bobbed her hair, having discovered that long hair is a more delicate background for her cameo-like features.

Ina Claire, stunning blonde actress, who portrays more mature rôles, has her hair permanently waved in a loose, natural curl that sweeps down over the forehead.

Dorothy Burgess, on the other hand, achieves that fiery, tropical manner by her long bobbed dark hair that spirals around her face in an enticing manner.

Norma Shearer, who typifies sophistication on the screen, partially achieves this effect by her dashing hairdress, combed off the (*Continued on page* 115)

Margaret Livingston, now Mrs. Paul Whiteman, has made the King of Jazz into a home-loving gentleman

Why Margaret Livingston Married

By MARQUIS BUSBY

WHEN I arrived at the aristocratic portals of Margaret Livingston's apartment house in Hollywood, I was almost floored by a very determined house boy who was in a big hurry to get some place with a fire extinguisher. As calmly as possibly, under the circumstances, I got into the elevator.

"Where are you going?" he demanded.

"Up to Margaret Livingston's," I replied, a little bit intimidated by his firm manner. After all I had known Margaret for five years, and did have an invitation to lunch with her that day.

"Well, you'll have a good time," said the house boy, rather discouragingly. "Her apartment is on fire."

I thought probably I might have to help carry the grand pianny down the fire escape, but when I got to Margaret's door, she advanced to meet me, as cool as Coolidge. She wore a beautiful, trailing gold satin tea gown, and every hair was in place. There was a decidedly pungent odor of smoke, but from the serene expression on Margaret's face she might have been smelling Chanel number-whatever-it-is.

"My cook left yesterday," she said. "I was trying to cook lunch when the grease popped out of the pan and set the kitchen on fire." (*Continued on page* 120)

A lot of untrue things have been said about Margaret Livingston's becoming the fourth Mrs. Whiteman. Marquis Busby, who has known her for years, reveals the true situation in his story across the page

TIPS on TALKIES
LUNT

✓ and ✓✓ on Shows You Mustn't Miss

AGE FOR LOVE, THE (*Caddo*) This much publicized picture brings to the screen "a new Billie Dove," who turns out to be not so new after all. She has taken off a great deal of weight—perhaps too much. The story concerns the conflict between home and a career. Though you'll hear different from the publicity men, the picture's just fair, wavering between being good and not so good.

☆

ALEXANDER HAMILTON (*Warners*) Excellent acting in a mildly interesting historical drama. Though it is an intelligently directed picture, it by no means compares with "Disraeli." It's more for the schoolm'arm crowd. There are too many speeches and too little action. George Arliss' acting is flawless. Alan Mowbray doesn't look very much like George Washington.

☆

ALWAYS GOODBY (*Fox*) Elissa Landi makes fascinating a story that is full of loopholes. Her performance is even better than in "Body and Soul." She lends distinction to her rôle as the innocent accomplice of a crook who is trying to rob the man she loves. Paul Cavanagh as the impostor and Lewis Stone as the host give excellent support. The story is rather slow moving.

☆

✓ **AMERICAN TRAGEDY, AN** (*Paramount*) Though it's depressing, this is a very good picture, no matter how Dreiser feels about it. Rising to great emotional climaxes, it tells the story of Clyde Griffiths, a sex-starved boy who has an affair with a factory girl, and then decides to murder her because she stands in the way of his marrying the girl he really wants. Sylvia Sidney gives a stirring performance. Irving Pichel as the district attorney steals the picture from Phillips Holmes.

☆

ANNABELLE'S AFFAIRS (*Fox*) A gay, amusing farce about a girl who is separated from her husband, an illiterate miner, for years, and then falls in love with him without recognizing him. Jeanette MacDonald is charming as Annabelle and Victor McLaglen is adequate opposite her. The real hit of the picture is Roland Young, who makes a hilarious and delightful drunk.

☆

✓✓ **BAD GIRL** (*Fox*) Human, simple and understanding, this is the kind of picture which will make you nudge your neighbor and say, "Remember the time when Ellen had her baby? Well, that's just the way Harry behaved." In other words, it's true to life. It's about a boy and girl who fall in love and get married, and almost lose each other because each thinks the other doesn't want a baby. Sally Eilers and James Dunn give grand performances. The picture is just plain human.

☆

BARGAIN, THE (*First National*) Very quiet, very unexciting, very placidly pleasant, "The Bargain" unreels slowly across the screen. It has a lot of quiet charm, and that's about all. Taken from the play, "You and I," it presents the problem of a father who gave up his art career for love and marriage, and sees his son about to do the same thing. Doris Kenyon is very charming in her screen comeback. Lewis Stone portrays the artist competently. Una Merkel and Charles Butterworth add some refreshing humor.

☆

BIG BUSINESS GIRL (*First National*) A pleasant picture with a slim story. It belongs to the "Office Wife" type of film, but this time the boss is the villain who is trying to break up the home of the heroine, Loretta Young. Loretta, Ricardo Cortez and Frank Albertson all give fair performances, but for heaven's sake don't miss Joan Blondell at the very tag end of the picture. She's a scream, in a bit that's all too brief.

☆

BLACK CAMEL, THE (*Fox*) Charlie Chan investigates a couple of murders, and moves in constant danger of his own life. Warner Oland makes the Chinese sleuth an amusing character, whose quaint Chinese aphorisms will either please you a great deal or get on your nerves. But the story is well constructed and contains plenty of complications.

☆

✓ **BLONDE CRAZY** (*Warners*) Originally reviewed in the November issue under the title of "Larceny Lane." What a swell team James Cagney and Joan Blondell make! This is a crook picture about a bellboy and a chambermaid who aspire to become big racketeers. The picture is a detailed exposure of rackets, with a moral at the end. It's grand entertainment.

☆

✓ **BOUGHT** (*Warners*) Can you imagine a girl so glamorous that she makes the rôle of a little snob appealing? Connie Bennett is the girl. She spurns ugly things and longs for beautiful ones. She accepts the counterfeit of love instead of the reality. And through it all, you sympathize with her. Richard (Papa) Bennett is also in the picture, but it's Connie's triumph just the same. Raymond Milland is all right as the Arrow-collar type of hero by whom Connie is "bought," and Ben Lyon ingratiating as the man whom Connie really loves.

☆

BROAD MINDED (*First National*) Joe E. Brown is Joe E. Brown—and you know how funny that is. But he isn't given enough good gags, and the fun isn't fast and furious enough. However, you'll get some laughs out of seeing Joe E. Brown act as guardian to a rich young man whose father has told him to keep away from women. Marjorie White contributes some cute comedy, too.

☆

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE (*Fox*) The general level of this picture is not up to Will Rogers' standard. Will Rogers' acting, in fact, is the only thing that makes the picture tolerable and even funny in spots. The plot is silly. It's about a razor-blade magnate who induces the sheiks of the desert to shave with his razor blades. Jetta Goudal is in the cast. She's a rather obvious vamp.

☆

✓ **CHANCES** (*First National*) Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., gives a very appealing performance in his first starring picture. You can imagine how good the acting of the cast is to overcome the handicaps of a trite plot about two brothers in love with the same girl, a bunch of phoney English accents and a number of war scenes which, while well done, don't present anything new. In spite of all these things, it emerges as a really good picture, due to the acting of young Doug, Anthony Bushell and Rose Hobart.

☆

✓ **CISCO KID, THE** (*Fox*) Did you see "In Old Arizona"? "The Cisco Kid" is the same sort of thriller, with plenty of action, beautiful outdoor settings and fascinating work by Warner Baxter, who simply outdoes himself as "The Kid," up to his old stunts of robbing the rich to help the poor. And what a grand hot romance there is between him and Conchita Montenegro! This is a picture as *is* a picture.

☆

✓ **COMMON LAW, THE** (*RKO-Pathé*) Connie Bennett's acting makes this a good picture. She's utterly fascinating as an artist's model who flouts conventions for the sake of the man she loves. The story itself hasn't much punch any more. See it anyway if you like Connie Bennett. She's gorgeous, and what clothes she wears! Joel McCrea is pleasant enough as the young artist.

☆

CONFESSIONS OF A CO-ED (*Paramount*) Sylvia Sidney gives a good performance in an insipid story about a college girl who loves one lad and, upon being deserted by him, marries another. No actor could win sympathy for the vacillating hero Phillips Holmes plays.

☆

✓✓ **DADDY LONG LEGS** (*Fox*) Janet Gaynor's best picture since "Seventh Heaven." A clean, wholesome, delightful picture for the whole family. Even though other actresses have played it before, the part of Judy seems just made for Janet. Judy is an orphan girl who is sent to college by her unknown benefactor, Daddy Long Legs, and who falls in love with him later on without knowing who he is. Warner Baxter is very good, and Janet is simply grand.

☆

DAUGHTER OF THE DRAGON (*Paramount*) This is another Fu Manchu yarn, plus Anna May Wong, plus Sessue Hayakawa. If you are one of those who follow Fu Manchu's career breathlessly, this will entertain you. Otherwise you'll think that Anna May Wong is grand and the story pretty silly. Sessue Hayakawa is hampered by the dialogue.

☆

✓ **DEVOTION** (*RKO-Pathe*) Leslie Howard's performance alone is worth the price of admission. Ann

Harding, of course, is the star of the picture, and a grand performance she gives. The material is thin and trite; but the acting is so scrumptious it may make you forget that the story is a little weak. Don't go to see "Devotion"; go to see Leslie Howard and Ann Harding, and you'll have an elegant time.

☆

EVERYTHING'S ROSIE (*Radio*) Though the split-up between Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey isn't permanent, in this picture Robert Woolsey does play without his usual team-mate. They're more effective as a team than separated. Robert Woolsey has the part of a medicine man who gets into trouble with the sheriff and gets out of it again.

☆

FIVE AND TEN (*M-G-M*) The story of a family that is ruined by riches. It's fairly good, but too melodramatic. Marion Davies, who's very cute as a comedienne, seems out of her element in heavy drama. Leslie Howard gives an exceptionally fine performance.

☆

✓✓ **FIVE STAR FINAL** (*First National*) This *is* a knockout. It's a passionate indictment of tabloid journalism, backed by powerful drama. What a performance Edward G. Robinson gives as the managing editor! Marian Marsh will amaze you with her dramatic scenes. And Aline McMahon, as Robinson's secretary, is decidedly interesting. The picture's an all-round smash.

☆

✓ **FREE SOUL, A** (*M-G-M*) Lionel Barrymore's performance stands out, even with Norma Shearer and Clark Gable doing simply grand work. This hasn't as much real romance as "Strangers May Kiss," though it has plenty of smashing drama, and lots of sex. Norma is the daughter of a brilliant, hard-drinking attorney who brings her up to be a free soul. When she has an affair with a gangster who attracts her, her father realizes his mistake and tries to save her.

☆

FRIENDS AND LOVERS (*Radio*) Three good actors in a weak picture. The actors are Lily Damita, Erich von Stroheim and Adolphe Menjou. The story is a tale of friendship and love, from Maurice de Kobra's "The Sphinx Has Spoken." The whole thing is too involved and complicated. The actors fail to get away from their real personalities.

☆

GOLD DUST GERTIE (*Warners*) A fair picture in which Winnie Lightner gets some horse laughs as a gold-digger who has two divorced husbands and finds it hard to collect money from them. Olsen and Johnson are also in the picture.

☆

GRAFT (*Universal*) With all its faults, this has speed and action. Its faults are that it is old-fashioned melodrama and that it relies too much on coincidence. It's about the dumb cub reporter who makes a great big scoop just before the deadline. Regis Toomey makes a swell job of playing the young reporter. Sue Carol's the girl.

☆

GUARDSMAN, THE (*M-G-M*) This has perfectly swell situations and grand direction by Sidney Franklin. It introduces the stage actors, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. They give exceedingly clever performances, though they are not as glamorous on the screen as on the stage. The story concerns an actor who decides to test his wife's faithfulness by disguising himself as a guardsman and flirting with her. The flaw in this situation is that Lunt's make-up as the guardsman is so unattractive that it is hard to believe that any woman would fall madly in love with him.

☆

✓ **GUILTY HANDS** (*M-G-M*) High-powered murder story in which you know who the murderer is but are kept in suspense over whether his crime is going to be discovered or not. Lionel Barrymore gives a gripping performance as the attorney who commits a murder to save his daughter from the roué who wishes to marry her. Kay Francis gives the next best performance. You'll like Madge Evans, too, as Lionel Barrymore's daughter.

☆

HEAVEN ON EARTH (*Universal*) If it's a Lew Ayres picture you're hankering to see, don't forget that Lew is appearing in "The Spirit of Notre Dame." That's a picture worth going to see. This one, about a shanty boy on the Mississippi, has so little action it just crawls along. Lew Ayres does his usual sincere work, with charming Anita Louise as his leading lady, but the odds are against them both.

In "The Cheat," with Irving Pichel, Tallulah Bankhead looks lovelier and more fascinating than ever. Will this at last prove to be the picture that measures up to her talent?

HIGH STAKES (*Radio*) Just a fair picture, in spite of a brilliant performance by Lowell Sherman, who doesn't get the breaks in stories he deserves. In this one Lowell tries to save his older brother from a baby vamp who's the accomplice of a crook. Mae Murray is amusing as the vamp.

☆

HONEYMOON LANE (*Sono Art*) Sentimental hokum about gangsters who are redeemed by cherry pies. It's clean and wholesome, of course—but is that enough? Though Eddie Dowling is starred, Ray Dooley as a pestiferous child is the only member of the cast who really livens up proceedings.

☆

✓ **HUCKLEBERRY FINN** (*Paramount*) This comes within a shade of being as good as "Tom Sawyer." It deals with the adventures of Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer on a raft. Some of the most amusing episodes are those in which Huckleberry Finn falls in love. Junior Durkin as Huckleberry Finn is every inch the star of this picture. Jackie Coogan as Tom Sawyer is the next best player.

☆

HUSH MONEY (*Fox*) Joan Bennett is very appealing and lovely as a girl confidence worker who after a term in jail decides to go straight. After she gets married her past threatens her future. The ending has a very satisfying twist. Douglas Cosgrove as a friendly police inspector gives an ingratiating and delightful performance.

I LIKE YOUR NERVE (*First National*) One of Doug, Jr.'s, gayest, lightest pictures, reminiscent of the kind his dad used to make. You know, the bold American in Panama who climbs balconies, defies speed laws, and makes the foreigners gasp. Doug, Jr., is amusing, even though he doesn't do this sort of thing as well as his father. Loretta Young is the girl who likes his nerve. You'll like the picture if you're looking just for an hour or so of entertainment.

☆

JUST A GIGOLO (*M-G-M*) William Haines in a fair, slightly risqué piece about a man who poses as a gigolo to test the purity of the girl he's about to wed. Irene Purcell can do better.

☆

✓ **LARCENY LANE—See BLONDE CRAZY**

☆

✓ **LAST FLIGHT, THE** (*First National*) A strange picture, unlike anything else you ever saw. It's taken from the magazine serial about Nikki and her War Birds. The strange thing about the picture is the mad and marvelous dialogue. Helen Chandler makes Nikki a fascinating person. Richard Barthelmess is a little too sane for the type of person he plays. The picture deals with the disordered lives of a group of ex-aviators after the War. Elliott Nugent turns in a sensitive and high-strung performance, one of the best in the picture.

✓ **LAWYER'S SECRET, THE** (*Paramount*) You don't have to be a Buddy Rogers fan to enjoy the spectacle of Buddy Rogers stealing a picture from the suave Clive Brook. Even if you thought Buddy was just a sweet boy before, you'll agree that he's an actor now. More pictures like this, Mr. Paramount, please.

☆

✓ **MAD GENIUS, THE** (*Warners*) Powerful drama with John Barrymore as the crippled son of a ballet dancer, who tries to influence the life of a foundling, whom he wants to develop into a great dancer. The picture has a very effective and nightmarish ending.

☆

MAD PARADE, THE (*Liberty*) How the war affected women, with an all-woman cast. Evelyn Brent, Irene Rich, Lilyan Tashman and Louise Fazenda do their best. It isn't quite good enough.

☆

MAGNIFICENT LIE, THE (*Paramount*) Slightly better than "Unfaithful." Not as good as "Anybody's Woman," though it belongs to the same type of picture about a cheap girl with fine instincts. Ruth Chatterton's acting is good. It's a shame that the camera has not been very kind to her. Ralph Bellamy is pleasant enough as her leading man. Stuart Erwin, more serious than usual, is splendidly natural and human.

☆

✓ **MAN IN POSSESSION, THE** (*M-G-M*) A delightfully sophisticated comedy, with Robert Montgomery perfectly cast as a man who's sent to take possession of a young woman's house because she hasn't paid her debts. Robert Montgomery gives a brilliant performance and Irene Purcell is cute.

☆

✓ **MERELY MARY ANN** (*Fox*) Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in a sweet Cinderella tale. Janet, appealing, pathetic, as a slavey in a boarding house. Farrell, struggling to become a great composer. He isn't kind to Janet—at first. This picture doesn't quite come up to the standard of "Daddy Long Legs." It's just a little too sweet, a little too sentimental. But if you like Janet Gaynor, you'll love it anyway.

☆

MIRACLE WOMAN, THE (*Columbia*) Religious emotion is seldom transferred to the screen successfully. "The Miracle Woman" is no exception to this. The picture doesn't quite click, in spite of Barbara Stanwyck's compelling acting. She plays an insincere evangelist redeemed by her love for a blind man.

☆

MURDER BY THE CLOCK (*Paramount*) A wealthy old woman is strangled in her own home after she disinherits her idiot son. Murder follows murder. The atmosphere of terror is skilfully maintained. Lilyan Tashman isn't well cast, however. Irving Pichel as the idiot gives a horribly compelling performance. Top-notch thriller. You'll get the shivers.

☆

MY SIN (*Paramount*) Tallulah Bankhead's second poor starring picture in a row. While Tallulah looks very alluring, the story in which she appears creaks with age. It's the one about the woman in a Panama dive who redeems herself and tries to hide her past from the man she thinks she loves. The story has no suspense whatsoever. Fredric March, cast as a college graduate gone native, also reforms, and as soon as he does, his rôle becomes colorless.

☆

✓ **NEW ADVENTURES OF GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD** (*M-G-M*) This is the picture which brought back William Haines after he was supposed to be through. What a comedy! What laughs! What dialogue! Though William Haines does the best work of his career since his "Brown of Harvard" days, the picture is stolen by a Broadway clown new to the movies, Jimmy Durante.

☆

✓ **NIGHT NURSE** (*Warners*) You'll love Barbara Stanwyck as a night nurse who pits her wits against a physician and a chauffeur who are deliberately starving two children to death. Ben Lyon is simply delightful as a friendly bootlegger. Clark Gable is forced to play a conventional and unbelievable villain.

☆

✓ **PALMY DAYS** (*United Artists*) If you can imagine Parker House rolls being made by September Morns, you get a faint idea of what Eddie Cantor's new picture is like. It's easily funnier and better than "Whoopee." It'll probably bring musical films back to the screen.

PENROD AND SAM (*First National*) This isn't another "Skippy," though there are some amusing scenes in it. Leon Janney doesn't seem cast just right as Penrod. Junior Coghlan as Sam is a much more real boy. Apart from Junior Coghlan, the adults in the cast do better work than the juveniles, and that shouldn't be. ZaSu Pitts is outstanding in a minor rôle.

☆

PERSONAL MAID (*Paramount*) Though Nancy Carroll doesn't overact the way she did in "The Night Angel," this is just an average picture. It presents her as an Irish girl from the slums who becomes a personal maid to a wealthy woman and her family. All the characters in the picture are highly exaggerated, to the point where they become pure caricature. Gene Raymond as the hero is too spoiled for words at the beginning, and too noble for words at the end.

☆

✓ **PHANTOM OF PARIS, THE** (*M-G-M*) Formerly titled "Cheri-Bibi." John Gilbert's best talking picture. He acts as well as he did in "Gentleman's Fate" and he has a better story. His voice is good. So is his make-up. He makes his comeback not as a great lover, but as a splendid actor. Cheri-Bibi is a magician accused of the murder of the father of the girl he loves. To escape the death penalty, he has his features remolded by a surgeon and assumes the identity of another man. See this and be convinced that John Gilbert has made good in talkies.

☆

✓ **POLITICS** (*M-G-M*) Take some conventional Dressler-Moran slapstick; add a good measure of drama; season with more than a dash of "Lysistrata," and you have "Politics," the best picture Polly Moran and Marie Dressler have ever made together. Don't miss the last line of the picture! It's a darb!

☆

PUBLIC DEFENDER, THE (*Radio*) A slightly better than fair drama about a man who steps outside the law in order to punish some men responsible for the failure of a banking company and a frame-up against an innocent man. Richard Dix plays the part of this modern Robin Hood. Light and entertaining, it hardly offers strong dramatic opportunities for Dix.

☆

REBOUND (*RKO-Pathe*) For those who like sophistication and witty dialogue. It will probably be better liked in the big cities than in the small towns. It's smart; it's flip; it's something of a tour de force. But because of its very smartness, it presents Ina Claire and the rest of the cast as people you may or may not like. At any rate, Ina Claire's acting is splendid as a modern young woman trying to hold the love of her husband, who married her on the rebound.

☆

RECKLESS LIVING (*Universal*) This picture gets more from the actors than it deserves, and because of that you'll find it pleasant entertainment. It's the story of a young husband who almost loses his wife because he gambles the family savings on a horse, and, of course, the suave villain is angling for her all the time. Mae Clarke, Ricardo Cortez and Norman Foster make the picture enjoyable, though nobody could make it important.

☆

RIDERS OF THE BLUE SAGE (*Fox*) The action in this isn't very plausible, but there is action, and that's something. And the settings are gorgeous. This picture has been filmed twice before. This time George O'Brien is Lassiter, who protects a young girl against the men who are trying to rob her of her ranch. O'Brien gives a good performance, though his voice is rather gentle for his part. Marguerite Churchill is better than the average Western heroine.

☆

ROAD TO RENO, THE (*Paramount*) A good cast wasted on a story that is decidedly mediocre. Essentially it's the story of a woman who causes all sorts of calamities because she's rather giddy about constantly marrying, divorcing and remarrying. In this rôle Lilyan Tashman does her best, only we'd rather see her in a good comedy. Buddy Rogers, Peggy Shannon and Irving Pichel contribute fairly interesting performances.

☆

ROAD TO SINGAPORE, THE (*Warners*) In his first picture for Warners, William Powell remains a ladies' man, just as he was in his last few pictures for Paramount. Though "The Road To Singapore" is anything but a bad picture, to those who remember the star's work in pictures like "Street of Chance," it seems a pity that he is being "typed." The chances are, nevertheless, that you'll enjoy "The Road To Singapore" for its splendid local color and for the acting of Powell, Doris Kenyon and Marian Marsh.

SECRET CALL, THE (*Paramount*) A fairly good picture notable chiefly for the début of Peggy Shannon. During most of the picture she's just another attractive young woman. In one or two tense dramatic scenes she shows that she can be sensationally good. The story's not so much of a muchness—about a girl whose father has been framed as a grafter and who swears vengeance upon the political boss who framed him. But she's in love with his son (Richard Arlen). Will love or hate conquer?

☆

✓ **SECRETS OF A SECRETARY** (*Paramount*) Fast moving melodrama about a society gal who becomes a social secretary when her father leaves her penniless. Claudette Colbert is very beautiful and appealing in this rôle. Georges Metaxa looks like the gigolo type, all right, all right, but wasn't he supposed to have a lot of charm? Herbert Marshall has loads more.

☆

✓ **SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK** (*M-G-M*) One of Buster Keaton's best performances makes this a whale of a comedy. It's about a wealthy tenement owner who gets into all sorts of ludicrous situations because of his love for a girl of the tenements. Anita Page is swell as the hard little moll. It's all good old slapstick—99.44 percent laughs.

☆

SILENCE (*Paramount*) Can you imagine Clive Brook as a cad, a confidence man, a gray-haired convict condemned to die? That's his rôle in "Silence," a fairish drama, which is too choppy and disjointed to be really good. Peggy Shannon is just another pretty girl in this picture, although undoubtedly she has more to give to the screen than her rôle permits.

☆

SKYLINE (*Fox*) Strange to say, in "Skyline" Thomas Meighan is subordinate to young Hardie Albright. There are some interesting individual performances which lift the picture above the level of mediocrity into which it might easily have sunk. For "Skyline" is really just another triangle story redeemed by good acting. The angles are Hardie Alhright, Maureen O' Sullivan and Myrna Loy.

☆

✓ **SMART MONEY** (*Warners*) Edward G. Robinson gives a perfectly grand performance in this story of a small town gambler who becomes a big shot and is ruined by his weakness for blondes. Robinson's performance is as good as it was in "Little Caesar" and the story's within a shade of being as high-powered. You'll like James Cagney, too, in a minor rôle.

☆

✓ **SMILING LIEUTENANT, THE** (*Paramount*) Sophisticated, brilliant, somewhat reminiscent of "The Love Parade," though naughtier. Chevalier gives his best performance since "The Love Parade" as a dashing lieutenant whom two women love. Claudette Colbert gives a very touching performance. But it's Miriam Hopkins over whom you'll rave!

☆

SON OF INDIA (*M-G-M*) This isn't the right kind of rôle for Ramon Navarro. Though he looks the part of a bronzed son of India, the character he has to play is too naive to be really romantic. The settings are beautiful, the story fantastic. It's all about an Indian merchant prince who renounces the white girl he loves to repay a debt of gratitude to her brother. Madge Evans, once a child star, comes back as sweet as ever. The picture's a feast for the eye. That's all we can give it.

☆

SPIDER, THE (*Fox*) Exciting mystery melodrama, which has its moments of silliness. The sleight of hand tricks shown at the beginning of the picture are interesting. Edmund Lowe seems miscast, however, as a stage magician who stages a séance in order to discover a murderer who comitted his crime in the crowded theatre. It's fairly good entertainment at that.

☆

✓ **SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME** (*Universal*) Lew Ayres shows what he can do with a real story. Don't pass this one up. It has all the thrills of an actual big game in an outdoor stadium. The drama will keep you excited till the very end. There's a swell performance by an actor whose work doesn't usually get much attention, J. Farrell MacDonald.

☆

✓ **SPORTING BLOOD** (*M-G-M*) The best horse racing picture in many a moon. It's really the life history of a horse and of how he is treated by human beings, directed with a sense of real drama. You'll like Madge Evans as the girl who fights against a crooked gambling ring. Though the picture is grand, Clark Gable fans will be sorry that Gable doesn't appear until half-way through the picture.

Little Bobbie Coogan causes a lump in your throat with his simple, human small-boy appeal. People loved him so in "Skippy" that Paramount is making him the hero of a new picture, "Sooky"

✓ **SQUAWMAN, THE** (*M-G-M*) A good audience picture, with Warner Baxter as the Englishman who marries an American Indian girl, and thus cuts himself off forever from his own people. With very few lines to speak, Lupe Velez gives one of the best performances of her career. She'll make you cry.

☆

✓ **STAR WITNESS, THE** (*Warners*) This presents a new angle on the gangster problem—the terrorized witness who dare not testify about the murder he witnessed. In this case, a whole family—just an average family—happened to see the crime, and is threatened with death if any member of the family testifies. Chic Sale, as a patriotic Civil War veteran, is the central character of the picture. Walter Huston plays his part with quiet restraint. Frances Starr gives a heart-rending performance. The children in the picture are adorable.

☆

✓✓ **STREET SCENE** (*United Artists*) A shuddery symphony of tenement life, magnificently directed by King Vidor. It's almost too fiercely true to life to have universal appeal. It's a marvelous picture, nevertheless, even better than the play. Sylvia Sidney and Buster Collier are grand. Estelle Taylor seems miscast as a woman hungry for love and understanding. The picture, however, is bigger than any of the players.

☆

✓ **SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE** (*M-G-M*) Garbo and Gable are just as hot a team as you thought they would be. In fact, Gable is the first leading man Garbo has had since Gilbert who doesn't seem all washed out in comparison with Garbo. Technically the direction of the picture is somewhat uneven and the original story has been given a number of implausible twists, but what Garbo fan is going to be stopped by that? Women will thrill to Gable's love making and wish that there were even more real pash scenes.

☆

THIS MODERN AGE (*M-G-M*) Joan Crawford is not getting as fine pictures as she deserves. Since "Paid" her stories haven't been up to the mark. This time she plays a modern girl whose mother is her best pal. When she finds out that her mother is having a sordid affair, it knocks the props from under her and she decides to go off with Monroe Owsley. Pauline Frederick as Joan's mother gives a good performance, and Joan is grand. The story hasn't enough suspense.

✓ **TRANSATLANTIC** (*Fox*) An ocean liner is a little world packed full of drama, as this picture proves, à la "Grand Hotel." The tangled lives of the passengers meet and cross, with Edmund Lowe as a gentleman crook who straightens out many of the tangles. The picture is cleverly directed.

☆

TRAVELING HUSBANDS (*Radio*) Evelyn Brent delivers a first rate performance in a story about a young salesman who falls in love with the daughter of a man whose account he wants. There is too swift a transition from comedy to melodrama when the villain gets shot and the hero is suspected.

☆

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS (*Paramount*) A drama showing what can happen in a big city in twenty-four hours to people whose lives are linked together. It is beautifully photographed, splendidly acted and intelligently directed. But somehow the only two people in the picture about whom you care are Miriam Hopkins and Kay Francis. Miram absolutely steals the picture with a dazzling performance as a night club singer.

☆

UNHOLY GARDEN, THE (*United Artists*) A far-fetched story in which Ronald Colman is a fugitive from justice at a half-ruined castle in the Sahara Desert. Fay Wray is the love interest. Though the picture isn't another "Bulldog Drummond" or even another "Devil To Pay," fans who like excitement and action will find it entertaining.

☆

✓✓ **WATERLOO BRIDGE** (*Universal*) If you don't have to choke down a lump in your throat when you see this, you're just a darned old cynic. It's the story of the spiritual reformation of a girl of the streets who loves an idealistic young soldier. Originally this story had an unhappy ending. Local theatres are now given their choice between two endings—the happy and the unhappy one. Mae Clarke gives a swell emotional performance, and Kent Douglass is good, too.

☆

WEST OF BROADWAY (*M-G-M*) Not a good comeback vehicle for John Gilbert, since the character he plays isn't sufficiently likable. He isn't fair to the casual girl in a café whom he marries in a drunken peeve over the way his pre-war sweetheart treated him. Lois Moran as the girl is the center of the picture. Realizing this, M-G-M is said to be remaking the picture and making John Gilbert's rôle more sympathetic.

☆

WICKED (*Fox*) This is a flagrant example of miscasting. Elissa Landi, naturally poised, dignified and aristocratic, has to tear a passion to tatters in this weepy melodrama about a woman who suffers and suffers and suffers, spending years in a prison cell because she shot an officer while trying to defend her husband. Victor McLaglen is only fair as the man who belives in her through it all. You'll like Una Merkel, though. Her comedy is the one light touch in the picture.

☆

WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE, A (*R KO-Pathé*) Helen Twelvetrees in a spy yarn which is a little too reminiscent of "Dishonored," without being quite as good. Billy Bakewell gives a nice performance. The picture lacks glamour, however.

☆

WOMEN LOVE ONCE (*Paramount*) You may find this quite touching, for good direction and nice acting take the sting from the trite story of a married couple who are about to get a divorce when the death of their child re-unites them. Paul Lukas' and Eleanor Boardman's acting make this fair entertainment.

☆

YOUNG AS YOU FEEL (*Fox*) This picture is up to Will Rogers' average—and you know that's pretty good. Will plays an indulgent father who steps out a bit to teach his boys a lesson. It's grand to see Will and Fifi Dorsay teamed together again.

☆

✓ **YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID** (*Radio*) That boy Jackie Cooper is a wonder, and in this picture he's just about perfect. He'll make you laugh; he'll make you cry; he'll wring your heart. He'll take your attention away from the perfectly grand acting of Richard Dix, the star. You'll watch breathlessly for Jackie. The story's about a gangster who reforms so that he may be allowed to take care of an orphaned boy who idolizes him.

He's Got Three Rules for Success

And Warner Baxter Has Made All Three of Them Work

By WICK EVANS

WARNER (CISCO KID) BAXTER likes imported Swiss cheese sandwiches on Russian rye bread, and near, or even nearer, beer. He loathes personal appearances, pineapple, sherbet, and interviewers who ask: "Mr. Baxter, to what do you attribute your success?"

He gets more fan mail than any other actor on the Fox Studio lot, and didn't believe it when studio press-agents told him that he did.

Tennis is his hobby, avocation, recreation, exercise and mania. If given the opportunity, he would spend at least half of every day on the courts. There has been only one time in his life that he disliked the game.

The incident, or rather accident, occurred at the Malibu home of Herbert Brenon, where an exclusive tournament was being held. Because of his adeptness at the game, Warner was chosen to play against May Sutton Bundy, who was at that time tennis champion.

"Imagine my horror," he said, in speaking of the incident, "when the very first ball I served (I was scared pink anyway) hit her right in the middle of the . . . er . . . back. I expected her to throw her racket at me, but she didn't. 'Serve, please,' was all she said. Imagine my further horror when, in running to position, I tripped, fell to my knees and tore my trousers almost off. I retired in confusion and, I'm afraid, little else."

His tailor is kept busy by his inordinate fondness for good clothes. He admits that he is slightly vain about

Warner in his most successful rôle, "The Cisco Kid." "The Kid is a sort of brother to me," he says. "I expect we'll be together until the end of my starring days"

his appearance, but he has good reason to be, since he always looks like a model of "what the well-dressed man should wear." At no time, however, is he overdressed.

He dislikes being waited on, and much prefers to do everything for himself.

He has, by his own description, "the soul of an efficiency expert." He says: "I suppose I am old maidish, but I like system. Everything must be in its proper place; otherwise it depresses me."

He owns two automobiles and pays his chauffeur a good salary. He drives his cars himself.

Men servants give him the jitters. He likes only female help about his place. A change in servants is always distasteful, and he takes his favorites from place to place. He owns three homes; a beautiful house in Hollywood, another at Santa Monica, and a hunting lodge in the San Jacinto mountains.

NEXT to tennis, hunting and fishing are his favorite sports. "I suppose the wilds appeal to me more than hunting itself," he says. "The deer up near my cabin are so tame—often coming right out in the open to be fed—that I don't have the heart to shoot them."

Luck, he believes, plays an imporant part in every person's life. It has played a major rôle in his career, at one time saving his life.

He was cast in "Such Men Are Dangerous," the aviation picture which cost the lives of ten film workers, including director Howard Hawks. The script called for Baxter to disappear mysteriously from the cabin of a plane by a parachute drop. A double was hired for the shot, after Warner was photographed stepping into the plane. Several other ships, besides the ill-fated ones carrying his double and the camera crew, went aloft. Although he had offered to do the shot without a double, he declined to go along to watch the work. A half hour later the plane in which he was to have been a passenger—except for his director's refusing to allow him to take the chance—fell into the Pacific, a flaming casket.

In relating his experience in which luck had played a prominent part, he filled a reporter with such enthusiasm about the vagaries of chance that she tripped over the studio gate in leaving, broke her ankle and was forced to remain in the hospital for six weeks.

HIS early ambition was to become a street-car conductor. By the time he recovered from this ambition his father had died and he was forced to earn a living for himself and his mother. Although he had another, and secret, ambition to go on the stage, the urgent need of finances required a more immediately remunerative sort of work, so he became a salesman for farming implements in the town of his birth, Columbus, Ohio. Finding his work very (*Continued on page* 113)

Speak for Yourself

Letters from Our Readers

THE $20 LETTER

Star Puzzle

If I were very musical
And, feeling rather arch,
Should name my choice selection—
'Twould be the ——— ———.
(Fredric March)

The compensation of the stars
Is something more than mere thanks
And you should see the generous roll
Each week that ——— ———.
(Douglas Fairbanks)

Quite dignified is one male star
Though otherwise he may look
And no familiarity, 'tis said,
Will ever handsome ——— ———
(Clive Brook)

A new star has arisen, now
And surely, there's no one
Who, having seen his work—can ask
"Well—what has ——— ———?"
(Jimmie Dunn)

Some stars say most surprising things
In a most engaging way;
There's one of whom folks ask, "What next
Will fair ——— ———?"
(Fifi Dorsay)

Nice etiquette is well observed
(How stars should eat bananas)
But one and all like best the school
Of perfect ——— ———.
(David Manners)

Our Rex Bell never gives a glance
To other girls, you know—
For nothing more does he desire
Than to be a ——— ———.
(Clara Bow)

Roberta Symmes,
Montgomery, Ala.

THE $10 LETTER

Old Favorites

It is useless to bewail the earlier generation of the motion picture. With the advent of the talkies, we have made marvelous strides in direction and camera technique, and bringing good taste to the screen, both in acting and in setting, but so far I have never received the thrill from the latest of the million-dollar air spectacles, or Graustarkian all-singie, all-dancie, all-color romances of love among the sopranos and the baritones, that came to me from some of the old silent pictures.

I would trade the lot of them for any one of the following:

(*Continued on page* 104)

Jackie Cooper
M.G.

A YOUNG man making a name for himself. That's Jackie Cooper, who steals pictures right and left. He even stole "The Champ" from Wally Beery, who was making pictures on the Mack Sennett lot years before Jackie was even born. Jackie is eight years old, and M-G-M's pride and pet. After "The Champ" he'll appear in "Sooky"

HURRELL

The nervous laugh of Mae Marsh in "The Birth of a Nation."

The wickedness of Theda Bara.

Lillian Gish and Barthelmess in "Broken Blossoms."

Nazimova in "War Brides" or "Eye for Eye."

Pola Negri in "Passion."

Almost any of Norma Talmadge's early pictures.

Gloria Swanson in "Male and Female."

The Valentino tango in the "Four Horsemen."

Dorothy Gish as the Little Disturber in "Hearts of the World."

Greta Garbo in "The Torrent."

Levin Houston,
Fredericksburg, Va.

$1 LETTER

Devotion

I am a librarian in a book-store. I do my own housework at night; I hear lessons every night—and if I didn't break loose once a week, and take my twelve-year-old child with me to the movies, I couldn't stand the monotony. I tell you I couldn't. This is a red letter night. I have just been to see Ann Harding in "Devotion." The plot is weakly sentimental and mediocre, but Ann is so exquisite and appealing that one quite forgets the story. O. P. Heggie is very good, though he has only a minor part, and Leslie Howard, quiet and well-bred, is really more attractive than ever before.

Without the few hours, in which one is wafted away to another world, life would be a dull and drab thing indeed. One must have something to help us stand the "dem'd grind."

(Mrs.) Winifred A. Payne,
Lynchburg, Va.

$1 LETTER

Garbo and Gilbert Again?

Could Greta Garbo take the part of Marie Dressler in "Min and Bill" and get by?

Could Gloria Swanson be give a rôle that would do credit to Sylvia Sidney and put it over?

Could Robert Montgomery exchange places with Lewis Stone and still make a hit with his public?

My own answer to these questions would be, emphatically, "No!"

Then why should John Gilbert's directors expect the impossible of him? Why should they give him such a part as he was given in "A Gentleman's Fate" and expect him to stage the comeback he so rightfully deserves? He was the screen's most perfect lover and to expect to make a gangster, or such, out of him is expecting too much.

Just put John Gilbert opposite Greta Garbo one more time, in justice to him, and you'll see a satisfied crowd of customers once again. According to my opinion, there never has been and there never will be another male star like John Gilbert, and given the same chance as is given others—a natural rôle—he would more than stage that comeback.

Marie T. Slicer,
Raleigh, N. C.

$1 LETTER

Her Favorite Team

I never used to see a picture more than once. But that was B. C. (Before Chevalier). When he is on the screen, charge-accounts, doctor-bills, and mortgages are forgotten. When he flashes that infectious grin, I even forget my dyspepsia, by heck.

"The Love Parade" was as bright and scintillating a bit of fun as has ever been filmed. The whole world acclaimed it. We poor "woiking girls" just clasped each other ecstatically, curled up our toes, and passed out. BUT since then, what stories, what raw deals they've given him! "The Smiling Lieutenant" rallied a little. but it needed Jeanette MacDonald. (No offense, Misses Hopkins and Colbert, you were both excellent.) You can have all the Gaynor-Farrell, Shearer-Montgomery, Gable-Garbo teams you want, if you'll only give us Chevalier and MacDonald.

Here's hoping for "One Hour With You." At least they are together.

Mary Figh,
Dallas, Texas.

$1 LETTER

Let the Singers Do the Singing

It will be grand to have some musical talkies if the producers will let the singers do the singing and have the actors stick to acting. What killed musical shows before was making untrained singers like Buddy Rogers, Farrell and Gaynor torture our ears with their "efforts." It is seldom that the two gifts—acting and singing—are combined in one performer.

As for straight musical shows from the New York stage, I think producers now realize that for the screen they need more real plot and funny business and less spectacular chorus stuff. It is always entertaining to see a star like Marilyn Miller dance, but a large chorus is too involved for the screen.

Here's to more musical plays, if they are as good as "Whoopee" and "The Smiling Lieutenant"!

Jean Browne,
Seattle, Wash.

$1 LETTER

Cheers

Let's give three rousing cheers:

For Mickey Mouse and his contemporaries, whose delightful antics are ever a source of entertainment.

For Joan Crawford, who steadfastly continues to enjoy an overwhelming popularity in spite of the mediocrity of "Laughing Sinners" and "This Modern Age."

For George Arliss, because the exquisite artistry of his performance in "Alexander Hamilton" has restored our faith in the intellectual standards of the movies.

For Paramount, who had the good judgment to add Miriam Hopkins and that smashing hit, "The Smiling Lieutenant," to their growing list of successes. (Psst! She's headed for stardom sure as you're born!)

R. B. Alpert,
Scranton, Pa.

(*Continued on page* 106)

This is your department.* You can say what you want in it. You can rave or knock all you want. Just to make things more exciting, we're going to award seven prizes every month—$20 First Prize; $10 Second; and five prizes of $1 each. Prize letters must be 200 words or less. Prizes will be awarded and letters will be printed not because we agree with the writers, but because their letters are interesting and exciting. *Address: Movie Mirror, 8 West 40th Street, New York

A LOT of fans are prejudiced against Peggy Shannon because she stepped into Clara Bow's part in "The Secret Call." But it wasn't Peggy Shannon's fault—honest; and she isn't trying to be a second Clara. So don't let your prejudices run away with you. She's a swell gal; she has lovely legs, and she did a pretty good job of acting in "Touchdown," which she recently completed

DYAR

(*Continued from page* 104)

Did You See This?

Have you ever watched a scene that made a lump come to your throat? A scene that made your heart quicken and uncontrollable tears threaten to blur out the scene before you?

Then by an oversight on the part of the producers, the spell is broken, rudely, as if a glass of cold water were dashed in your face? This must have been the reaction of hundreds of people who saw the great drama, "Sporting Blood."

The scene I have reference to was probably the most touching of the whole performance. The wonderful horse, "Queenie," is stretched out in a mud-hole, a leg broken. Her grief-stricken master is down on his knees, trying to console the suffering animal. But Queenie is game; she is trying to get up. She struggles in the mud, but to no avail. Her leg must be cruelly broken. Once more, she struggles, one leg raises above the mud—higher than the producers had anticipated—. And there, in plain view of all, is a thick ugly rope or cable tied to "Queenie's" leg. That is the reason she struggles in vain to get up.

Surely a rope tied to Queenie's leg is more humane than actually breaking her leg. But to show that rope was bad policy.

Jack Maranto,
Baltimore, Md.

A New Slant on Garbo

Many have attempted to explain Greta Garbo's phenomenal success. A success which is not ephemeral but one which has lasted for a number of years.

The great majority have said it was because of her mysteriousness, her aloofness, her aloneness. Those that believe that have just lightly touched on the real reason. We think it is because of her mysteriousness, but in reality it is because we can admire Greta Garbo without feeling any envy, or in our off-moments an intense hatred toward her, as is the case with other stars we like. Don't you sometimes experience a violent dislike toward some of your so-called favorites? Perhaps you don't even realize it, or more likely, you won't admit it is so.

Why, however, if some of you do feel that way, is this so? Because nearly all of the other stars flaunt their good fortune in our face; eagerly desiring every magazine and newspaper to write about their many cars, the beautiful home or homes they have, their semi-annual vacations abroad and the grand times they have. In the majority of cases they simply must show off to their fellow stars, and in some cases to everybody that reads about them. Reading of things like that is enough to make a person rather discontented with his lot, and more so when we realize it cannot be bettered.

Greta Garbo does not carry on like that. Even if she did, I presume she would go about it in an altogether different manner. Doing and having all those things because of the enjoyment she derived therefrom, and not merely to show what a lot more she had than the next fellow.

Rita Tremaine,
New York City

Going Garbo

What happened to the little girl who played in "Abie's Irish Rose"? Has she gone Garbo; if so, I think she has gone mad. It seems like yesterday she played those adorable rôles opposite Buddy Rogers. That was the time when she won the hearts of us all. She then wore her hair very becomingly. Now the pushed-back hair, the false lashes, the Garbo expression—why, it's not Nancy Carroll any more; it's some other girl. We want Nancy, not that somebody else.

Susan Isbell,
West New York, N. J.

Right You Are

What puzzles me, is why players bother about how they are billed? When two prominent stars appear in one picture, a terrible hubbub usually ensues—each of the celebrities demanding their name in the largest letters.

A recent instance, which I read about in the November Movie Mirror, is that Nancy Carroll is pouting because another player is to have billing equal to hers. How foolish! Every squabble about their importance is just showing us how vain and conceited they are. We do not like to think of our favorites as swell-headed puppets. These bickering stars are just destroying our illusions about them. Why do they do it?

Fans do not pay much attention to the size of the player's name. It is the quality of their performances that count!

M. K. Clement,
San Francisco, Calif.

A Crawford Fan

I deeply resent that letter which appeared in the November Movie Mirror about alluring Joan Crawford being "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair." To me the person who said this must be completely ignorant of her fine qualities. Does she realize that Miss Crawford was classed as having a perfect symmetry of line? Does she realize Joan offers more poise and dignity to her millions of fans than countless other actresses? Does she realize this dazzling creature is full of understanding and sincerity, having had her share of hard luck? Does she realize Joan has transformed herself into an amazingly talented dramatic actress in the past year? And Miss Crawford has worked herself from obscurity up to the position she now holds as a great actress who will become THE greatest sensation the screen has ever known.

L. Allan Smith,
Lawrence, Mass.

Will *This* Cause Trouble?

There is one actress I can't tolerate and that is Greta Garbo. What people see in her is something that I cannot understand. Charm? I should say not. Pretty? Not a bit; she is too stern and mysterious to be called that. Style? Not in the least; why, she'll wear the same outfit all during the picture, and then what sort of pictures does she turn out? Deep, slow, full of mystery, very mushy, quite dull and very uninteresting. These are the sort of pictures for which she is given the title of "genius." Well, I don't think she is fit for that title. A real genius would feel quite insulted if he were classed with her. And then they call her pictures "artistic." I saw her first talkie, "Anna Christie." Would you call that artistic? Why, I never saw such a picture in all my life, for it didn't hold my interest once during the picture. I don't see anything artistic about a slow-moving, deep story without the least bit of action whatsoever.

Give me the magnificent Ruth Chatterton, the exquisite

(*Continued on page* 108)

Lil Dagover, the girl imported from Germany whose back is her fortune. First National, someone said, signed her up as a second Dietrich. Does that make her a third Garbo? She's beautiful and different. Her first American picture will be called "The Captain's Wife"

(Continued from page 106)

Norma Shearer and the wonderful Constance Bennett. They are what I call "actresses."

Delia Lombardi,
Milford, Mass.

Gable's No Carbon Copy

Well, all I know is just what I read in the movie magazines, but it seems that the critics have discovered another "Second Valentino" for us. Say, how many does this make? Right after Rudy's death they started looking for his double and have been going pretty strong ever since.

Is that their idea of the highest compliment they can pay to a man—simply to rate him as nothing more than a carbon copy for some one else to go by?

I had thought that Clark Gable, the most outstanding actor on the screen, at least would escape this, since he is so distinctly original and different from other great actors of the present and past.

The only points he has in common with Valentino are his good looks and popularity. His personality and the type or rôle he plays are as far removed and different from those of the famous "Valentino" as daylight is from dark.

As to my opinion, I think Clark Gable is really a knockout. He always seems to look as though he has just finished his morning bath. He makes one feel refreshed just by looking at him. Well, all I can say is that he can have my nickels any time and in any part of the country.

Here's hoping that I may have the pleasure of attending more of Clark's pictures.

"Pat" (P. G. L.),
Houston, Texas

Briefs

Phillips Holmes should be starred. He is marvelous. Who said he didn't act in "An American Tragedy"? Sylvia Sidney didn't do anything. Come on, Phil, and show them you are an actor. You're the best dramatic youth the screen possesses.

James George,
Birmingham, Ala.

I think as others do, there are only two stars in Movieland, Garbo and Gable.

Long live "the best." 'Nuff said!

Jewel Jones,
Okmulgee, Okla.

Keep your eye on Wynne Gibson and Judith Wood—formerly known as Helen Johnson. There are two girls who are going somewhere.

Virginia Thompson,
Carthage, N. Y.

I wish there had been eight instead of four Marx Brothers—but wait—at the rate I laugh at the four, maybe I'd die laughing at eight of them.

Starr Icyda,
Chicago, Ill.

More Sinned Against Than Sinning

Poor Tallulah!

First "Tarnished Lady" and now "My Sin"!

Is the darling of the London stage to be condemned to a series of screen-portraits in which the identical formula is used?

The lovely lady sins, repents, starts a new life, holds her head high again and in the end a gallant gentleman comes along, forgets her past in the beauty of the present, takes her in his arms, vows eternal devotion and there you are!

The same formula! Only the title and the locations are changed. The tarnished lady has sinned again!

We sincerely believe the pride of the Bankhead family to be worthy of better material than has been given her so far in her screen career.

Can't something be done about it?

Kay Yarborough,
Washington, D. C.

A Child Actress Grows Up

Infant prodigies and child actresses usually aren't successful at anything but being infant prodigies and child actresses. But I think Madge Evans is an exception to the rule.

Remember Madge when she was a little girl in curls, hair ribbons, sashes and socks? Well, I saw her recently in "Sporting Blood," and boy, oh boy, has that little girl grown up! Playing the feminine lead, she seemed as suave and poised as Norma Shearer herself, whom, incidentally, I think she resembles a great deal.

I'd like to see Madge play opposite Clark Gable again—she fitted into his arms so well. And that boy has arms! But that's an altogether different story. . . .

Letitia Rhodes,
Plainfield, New Jersey.

Star Temperaments

How do *most* of the stars get that way?

Imagine Barbara Stanwyck walking out on a picture because she thinks she's underpaid and Constance Bennett getting eight hundred dollars an hour and probably looking for more.

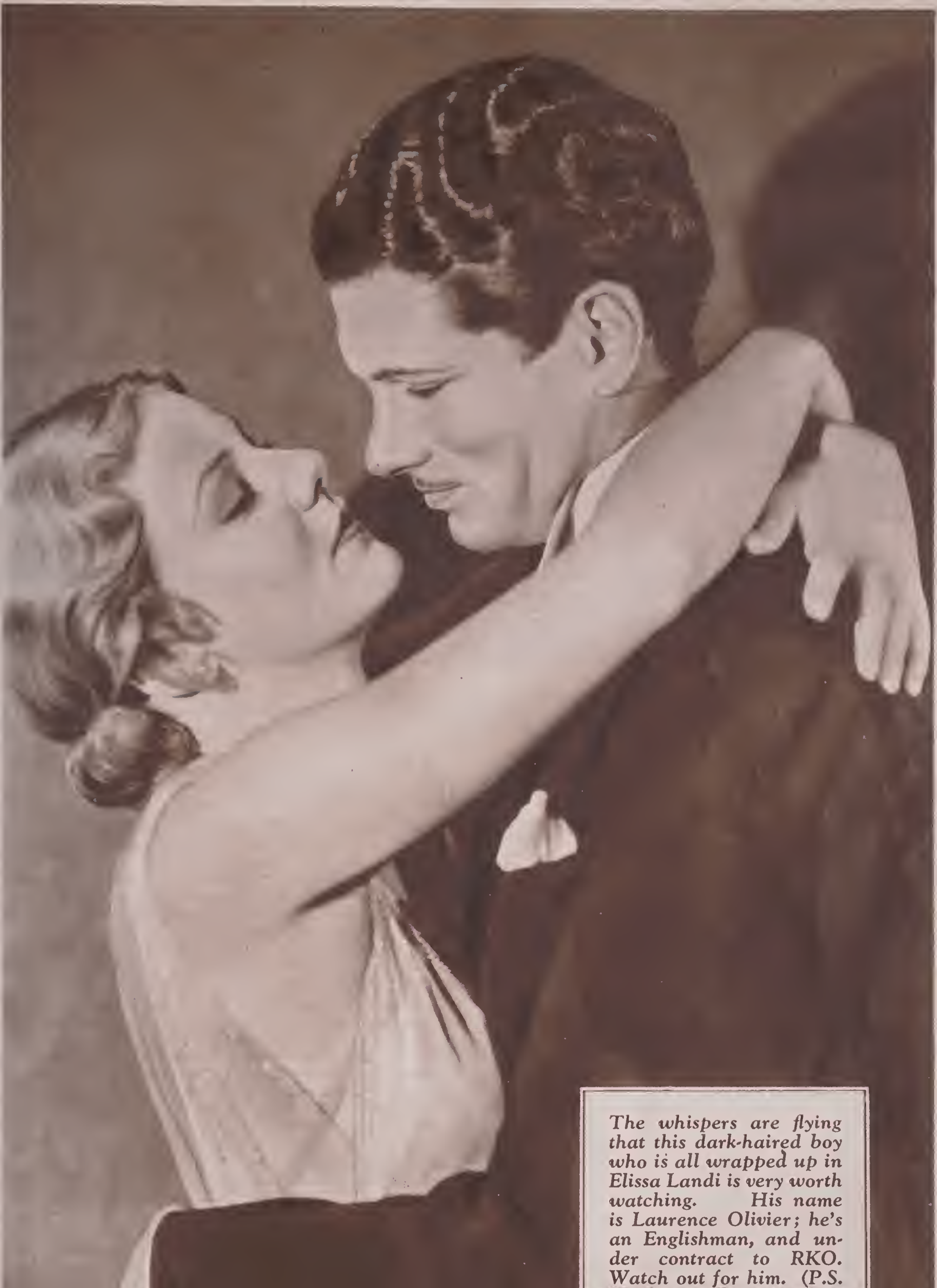
Don't they realize there are thousands of people starving all over the country?

They only get that for a few years, somebody will kindly inform me. What would you do with $800 every working hour for four or five years? Why, I know girls working for five dollars a week and considering themselves fortunate.

I'm not saying this because I dislike these stars. As a matter of fact Barbara Stanwyck is my favorite actress because she *is* an actress. I used to look forward to Connie Bennett's pictures, but now she is only a "typed" actress. Without going to see her pictures, you know just what they're going to be. A repetition of the last one.

It is the most unfair thing I ever heard of. Why not give the *others* a chance and pay them what they're really worth?

Maisie Clark,
Newport, R. I.



The whispers are flying that this dark-haired boy who is all wrapped up in Elissa Landi is very worth watching. His name is Laurence Olivier; he's an Englishman, and under contract to RKO. Watch out for him. (P.S. His being all wrapped up in Elissa is all on account of "The Yellow Ticket")

Here's the first picture in four years of Howard Hughes, the wonder-boy producer, ex-fiancé of Billie Dove, current interest of Dorothy Jordan, and millionaire extraordinary. He likes to get other people before the camera, but because he is so very tall, he hides away himself

Very Elegantly English

out. It will catch anything you do that is at all theatrical.

"On the screen you are under focus all the time. On the stage you are more a part of the scene.

"My excursion in the movies I am enjoying exceedingly. But I must make it very clear that I have not left the theatre. When I find a good play I shall go back. The theatre is too important to me. I have worked in it too long ever to say good-bye."

While he spoke I thought of him as a very young man touring in the English provinces.

I saw him passing over two suits of new underclothing to a landlady as security for board he couldn't meet, because his company had failed to pay any salaries.

I saw him, years ago, running into an empty theatre one afternoon to get out of a sudden shower. He found Florence Montgomery, another member of the company, also taking shelter on the dark, deserted stage—and proposed to her. He always had fancied her. She had such nice arms. Florence Montgomery has been Mrs. George Arliss for many years now.

I saw George Arliss at thirty, coming to America with Mrs. Patrick Campbell and immediately sought by such eminent producers as Charles Frohman and David Belasco.

Of course, he never will say good-bye to the theatre. I have a notion he is a great sentimentalist at heart.

(*Continued from page* 43)

I talked with Mr. Arliss, incongruously enough, in a private office of his company. But I know about his flat in the East Seventies, just a door or two from Madison Avenue. He has maintained a flat in New York for two years so he always will have a home when he is busy in the theatre. There are old things about. Hepplewhite, Sheraton, and Chippendale old things, if you know what I mean. Chintzes to pull across the wide windows at dusk. Lots of family photographs on the table and on the fire-mantel. Absolutely no sign of any smart decorator's hand. But far from lacking charm. With one or two atrocities about, no doubt, that some brother or cousin had brought back from Australia or India. English people always cherish such things. With a fire burning in a grate. And port and biscuits for refreshments.

HIS summer holidays he spends at his country place at St. Margaret's Bay on the Kentish coast. Except for a few weeks in London when he goes to the new plays and meets his friends. He likes both places equally well.

"Each has its own charm," he explains, crisply. "I should hate to make a contract with God to remain forever in either the city or the country."

He has no favorite rôle, he says. But he did talk mostly about "Old English." Which may mean nothing, come to think of it. For I announced that my favorite. And he's such a gentleman.

"I am certain," said Mr. Arliss, "that 'Old English' owes its popularity to the fact that it is human. People always are coming to me and telling me how much I reminded them of their father or their grandfather. Just before I left London a lady at a dinner party was amazed I never had met her great-uncle. 'But,' she protested, 'you were so like him!'

"People always will be entertained by a human quantity," he continued. "How else can the success I enjoy on the screen be explained? Heretofore screen personalities who have won public favor have had youth or beauty. I have neither!"

Before meeting Mr. Arliss, when I was being warned about the subjects that were taboo, I was reminded of a visit I made to a rich old uncle as a very little girl. It had been somewhat terrifying. There had been the same kind of warnings.

And now that my time was up, now while Mr. Arliss stood holding the door, bidding me good-bye with his courtly little bow, I was again reminded of that same visit. When it was over I actually had been reluctant to leave. Because I had found my uncle, like Mr. Arliss, with rigid enough notions on some things but almost always with a twinkle in his eyes.

Only my uncle was old at sixty-three. George Arliss isn't so old. But he is, as I said before, oh, so English.

Dressing Glamorous Garbo

ago. At the age of three he declared himself an artist and proceeded to prove it with pencil or chalk on every available blank surface. From his earliest years he declined to draw from life, preferring to give his "impressions" of what he saw around him, and his original and fanciful designs were startling and a little bewildering to his early instructors.

He studied in New York at the School of Applied and Fine Arts and later went to Paris to enroll in a branch of the same institution. During his first season there, a fellow student, a girl of some means, persuaded him to design a costume for her to wear at the annual Grand Prix Ball at the Paris Opera and it was that costume, a gorgeous, Persian affair, which attracted the attention of Irving Berlin and Hazard Short. They offered him a contract, then and there, to design for the Music Box Revue in New York.

Afterward Natacha Rambova became interested in him, with the result that he costumed a number of pictures for Valentino and accompanied him to Hollywood.

After Valentino's last picture, "Son of the Sheik," Adrian accepted a contract with Cecil B. DeMille and was with him for three years before he went to M-G-M—and met Garbo.

Of course, he designs for Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford and Marion Davies, as well as supervising all the costumes for M-G-M pictures. But the Swedish siren is his favorite among all his lovely subjects (although he is too much of a gentleman to say so) and his most successful creations have been for her.

JUST now both Garbo and Adrian are excited over the gorgeous costumes for "Mata Hari," which he has just completed. They are the most elaborate things he has ever designed for her and the cost of them ran close to ten thousand dollars in cash.

"Garbo is like a child in her delight over these clothes," Adrian told me. "She says that the workmanship on them is so exquisite that they should be placed in a museum when the picture is finished, and preserved for posterity.

"For another actress we could have made the costumes merely exotic and effective—at much less expense. But Garbo does not respond to anything tawdry or to imitation. In order that they should please her and that she should feel at her best in them, we have employed workmanship and technique which are almost medieval in their exquisite attention to detail. Girls have been doing hand-beading and embroidery on these things for weeks and weeks and they are as lovely, in their way, as Renaissance tapestries.

"They all have straight lines. I am dressing Garbo in nothing but straight, severe lines now. They are much more becoming to her than the flares and she is happier in them. And they are expressive of that tree-like strength of hers, which is her dominant quality.

"For the same reasons we are using a great deal of green. She seems to be more comfortable, somehow, in green; it is very becoming to her and is a restful color in which to work."

(*Continued from page* 27)

THE costumes *are* magnificent things. The loveliest, perhaps, is of antique silver, heavily embroidered with emeralds and crystals. Adrian could not find the exact *tone* of crystal bead that he wanted—so each individual shining droplet was patiently hand painted by experts before it was sewed onto the dress in gleaming, frost-crystal design!

Then there is an emerald, transparent velvet, sewn with grayish diamonds, with which she wears soft green suède boots. And a clinging fuchsia velvet affair, embroidered in dull silver threads and cut steel beads. Suède boots of a rich wine color accompany this.

Garbo dances in this picture for the first time in her screen career. And she wears an East Indian dancing dress which is not really a dress at all but an arrangement of jewels against her deeply sunburned body. With this she wears an enormous, fantastic Siamese headdress. Her feet are bare and jeweled.

And *such* a nightie as she wears in one scene! Layers and layers of trailing black souffle, showing faint patterns against her skin! My!

"You see, Mata Hari was one of the most noted and most exotically picturesque women of this age," Adrian explained. "A great courtesan, a famous spy, a woman of mystery, dynamic . . . superb! She had tremendous power by sheer force of personality. She would be exquisite—and magnificent!"

GARBO is always intensely interested in her costumes, although she has never had any which pleased her as much as these do. She revels in rich materials, heavy embroideries, glowing colors. She dislikes useless ornamentation; and dainty, fluffy, merely pretty feminine fripperies are not for her. She takes an artist's interest in line and color.

Nothing is too much trouble, if the thing can ultimately be made "right." She will stand for any number of hours for fittings, patiently and cheerfully. She never complains at being called to the studio at odd hours for costume conferences. She and Adrian will work together, study, discuss details for weeks, if necessary—and when the desired result is achieved, she is as triumphant as Adrian himself.

"You can do *anything* with Garbo," Adrian declares. "I mean by that that you do not have to suit your designs to her individuality because she sheds that when she assumes a rôle. She *becomes* the person she is to portray—and you dress the character. She responds to clothes instantly—assumes the gestures, the mannerisms, the very way of thinking of the woman who is to wear them."

IT must be a fascinating business, watching Garbo "try on" her characters, there in that little room, before the long mirrors. Experimenting with her walk, the lift of her chin, the lines of her dress. . . .

It is not true, Adrian declares, with vehemence, that she is careless of her appearance and uninterested in the clothes she wears off the screen. Her interest in her apparel is just as intense, just as feminine as that of any other woman.

"She has excellent taste and chooses those simple, tailored costumes of hers with as much care, as many pains, as any woman of fashion. She suits her dress to herself and to the sort of life she chooses to lead. That is a simple life, as everyone knows. So it is fitting that her clothes should be severe—should suggest out-of-door activities—should be consistent with her way of living. One of the first lessons in good taste is to learn to discern what is *suitable*.

"She achieves a casual effect in those slim, belted, mannish suits of hers. That casual effect is not achieved by accident, as any smart woman can tell you!"

SHE wears almost no bright colors off the screen. Black and navy blue wool and rough, mixed tweeds are her favorite materials. She wears soft, white, high-collared blouses with these suits—and men's ties. She never relieves their severity with bright scarfs, and her berets are always dark. Low-heeled, comfortable, practical walking shoes. Casual, pull-on gloves. Tailored top coats. Garbo, in private life, dresses for out-of-door comfort and casual simplicity.

She does not own any evening clothes or trailing, soft tea gowns or negligées.

IT is not true, Adrian says, that she is habitually morose and gloomily inarticulate. It is not true that she is "tempermental" or in any way hard to handle. She accepts advice and suggestions readily when she respects their source.

"Never was there a woman about whom more absurd stories were circulated! Her desire for privacy is not founded upon anything that it is necessary to hide. It is not because she is stupid or morbid or afraid of anything. She is one of the most intelligent women I have ever known and one of the most amiable ones. She has a grand sense of humor and a very real and characteristic wit.

"Her dislike of publicity is due to an extremely sensitive disposition, an innate dignity, genuine dislike of being stared at, discussed, of being public property. People may say anything they like of her and she will not protest—if only they will leave her, personally, in peace!"

Thus Adrian, who is Garbo's friend, who helped to create her, who costumes her, demolishes legends, refutes false reports, and defends his idol.

A friendship like that is rare in Hollywood. Founded on deep understanding, a consciousness of mutual benefits incurred, it has endured through years of working together intimately day after day. Both of them guard it. Neither would do anything to jeopardize it.

And—if you find yourself, after New Year's, shopping for clothes to make you look like Mata Hari, instead of the Empress Eugenie—don't say I didn't warn you! The most glamorous woman in the world is stepping into that character. And the costumes are by Adrian!

She Doesn't Dare Love

(*Continued from page* 63)

choose. She doesn't dare, because, well:

"I have never in my life been in love," she told me. "I have many friends. Friendships, deep and true. But none of this thing you call love. I wonder about it sometimes. It must be very lovely if two people love each other.

"Perhaps I have always been afraid of what love might do to me, if I ever let it happen.

"In the first place, my career has been all important to me. I have thought and dreamed of nothing else these years. I have learned to be self-reliant, to depend upon myself, to do things for myself. I do not think one can do two things well.

"If I loved someone I would want to devote my entire existence, my entire life to that person. To think his way, to live his way. And how could I continue with my career to which I have these past ten years given my all?

"Whom would I marry? Chinese or Caucasian? Chinese, naturally, for my blood, my training, my instincts demand it. But I have yet to meet the Chinese man I would marry and I have met many charming men of my country. I have yet to love.

"Long ago, I became a fatalist. What comes, comes. Never expect anything. And never be bitter. Hatred upsets you, hurts your lines, your performance. Let the other person take the hurt."

A WOMAN who has known Anna May many years told me that once it seemed as if a romance between the Chinese actress and a Chinese cameraman might blossom. Nothing, however, came of what appeared to be an ardent friendship.

Anna May told me that she had several proposals while in Europe. There were those who talked of marriage, and those who talked of "affairs." She did not listen. "I would not want to be more than friends to anyone, unless I loved deeply."

Anna May is a shy, sensitive person. I think perhaps she who has battled life too courageously is afraid of life.

I think, under her mask of grave, polite indifference, she is tremendously afraid of being hurt.

She must have been hurt, dreadfully, many times in her life, although she will not admit it or recognize it. How would you feel, if walking down the brilliantly lighted runway to a theatre, all dressed up in your best bib and tucker, your head high in the air, proud of your achievements and your friends, you heard a shout, "Hey. Chink! Go home and wash clothes!"

I HAVE an idea that you, too, would close the walls of reserve about you, about your private feelings, your private emotions, and you, too, would reach for quiet sincere friends who liked you and were yet never so terribly close that they might know how you really felt when things were shouted at you.

Of course, from Anna May's book of life, from the narrative of the long, uphill battle she has waged, many of us could take a "success" lesson.

As a little pig-tailed girl, scrubbed but ragged, she used to steal away from her lessons in the Chinese school down in the Plaza section of Los Angeles, to go to picture shows. Hers was not the usual desire for fun that activates so many hookey players. In the movies, she found color, glamour, her life's ambition. Her teacher beat her when she found out where Anna May went.

With characteristic indifference, Anna May took the beatings and, when next she had a few pennies, back to the picture show she went. Mae Murray in ermines and diamonds was her idol in those days.

One day Mae came into Chinatown on location. She was playing a part that called for rags and tatters. When Anna May saw her beloved heroine in such a garb, she stole away and wept.

When later, she herself was to make a few dollars acting bit parts, her first act was to buy herself a rabbit skin coat, the nearest approach to the Murray ermine she could imagine. The second day she wore it, it rained, the coat got wet and was ruined.

Today, she scorns ermine for lovely brocaded things. She has learned to be herself.

Of course, from the time she was six or seven years old, Anna May knew deep down in her heart she was going to be a movie star—just how or when or why, she could not tell.

She told no one of this ambition, but haunted the haunts of motion picture companies which occasionally ventured into Chinatown on location. One day, Marshall Neilan, seeing her hanging about furtively on the outskirts, gave her an atmosphere part.

And if you think the entrance into the movies of a well-brought up American girl would provoke a tempest in the family circle, you have no idea of the consternation Anna May's brief appearance in this film caused in the honorable Wong household. Anna May's father was gravely shocked. In China, women belong in the inner or women's courtyard. They have no place in the outside world and Father Wong saw no reason why his daughter should bring disgrace upon the family, throw Old World tradition to the winds.

Anna May, saying little, persisted.

Rôles did not come easily. And she fought the jibes and scorn of those who called her "Chink," the lackadaisical indifference of casting directors who saw in her excellent atmosphere, but little more. Who felt that an American girl could play Oriental rôles better than the real specimen.

Contracts were few and far between and Hollywood seemed to forget her when good rôles came along. There were long waits between pictures and when she did get something a little better than usual, her face usually decorated the cutting room floor.

True, for a time, she attained a measure of success as the Chinese flapper. But she was in demand as an oddity, not as one to whom could be entrusted a real rôle.

And so, she pulled herself together, and struck out for new fields. These were European. She went to Germany, appeared in "Tsong" and other film stories written for her by Dr. Karl Voelmeller. Her work in "Tsong" brought her a contract with British International.

WHEN she got to London, Basil Dean asked her to appear in a play, "The Circle of Chalk." It was a great sensation. Anna May Wong became the toast of the town.

Eventually, word of her success flickered back to Hollywood and America. And after she returned to this country to appear in "On the Spot" on the New York stage, the producers signed her to do "Daughter of the Dragon." Paramount is now planning other films for her. Her next picture is "Shanghai Express."

When a friend of mine first met Anna May Wong recently, she said effusively and very tactlessly, "It's a great pleasure to meet you. I have heard so much about the Chinese and I have never before had an opportunity to meet a really distinguished one. My acquaintanceship so far has been limited to laundrymen."

Anna May smiled and said, "But my father is a laundryman."

A star today, yes. But still Anna May Wong, who came out of Los Angeles' Chinatown, who has conquered many an obstacle, but who will meet many more.

And knowing this, and knowing of her, do you wonder she surrounds her inner self with walls and says simply, "I dare not love. I have never let myself be in love."

And this, children, is the girl Richard Dix married. Her name was Winifred Coe and her father is a wealthy retired grocer. (There's more about the wedding in "Inside Stuff.") Wonder what Lois Wilson, Alyce Mills, Marceline Day and several other little lasses are thinking about?

Warner Baxter is very popular with his co-workers on the Fox lot. Here he is lunching in the studio cafeteria with Minna Gombell and Helen Mack

He's Got Three Rules for Success

(*Continued from page* 101)

unprofitable, he went to Hartford, Conn., to attend an insurance school, and later was placed in charge of a branch insurance office in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

"I couldn't stand it, however," he says of this phase of his career. "Anyway, it was at this time that I met a girl who was moving to Oklahoma. I followed her there, married her and went into business with her brother who owned a garage. In three months we went broke and Mrs. Baxter and I were legally separated."

An accident gave him the chance that he had always wanted—to go on the stage. Dorothy Shoemaker's leading man (in the North Brothers Stock Company) was taken ill and Warner, who had earned a reputation as an amateur actor, was given the chance. Two years later he was made leading man at the magnificent salary of $30 a week.

Having saved a "grubstake," he came to California to break into the movies. Even gate crashing didn't succeed, so he gave it up and joined the Burbank California Stock Company. At the end of this period he was given the leading rôle in "Lombardy Ltd.," in Los Angeles and later on Broadway. He married Winifred Bryson on the day the show opened in Los Angeles. She too, was in the cast, and noticed him because of the dark circles and haggard look that weeks without food or rest had given him. He played in New York productions for some time, eventually returning to California to play leads in the Morosco Company. It was on his return to Los Angeles that he was offered the leading rôle opposite Ethel Clayton in Paramount's "Her Own Money." From that time on his future was assured. He has been under contract to Fox Studios for eight years, during which time he made the first outdoor all-talking picture, "In Old Arizona."

"In Old Arizona" not only trebled his salary overnight, but established for him a position as an actor that has never been shaken. His interpretation of "The Cisco Kid" has become one of the classics of talking pictures.

"The 'Cisco Kid' is a sort of brother to me," he said. "I realize that some day he may come in handy. When my career begins to wane—when I start on the downhill trend—the one that every actor has to take at one time or another—the 'Cisco Kid' and I can fix us up a vaudeville skit that will give us something to do, even if we have enough money to remain idle."

WARNER BAXTER looks exactly as an actor should look. It was easy to understand, as I studied him across the luncheon table, what it was that brings in the thousands of fan letters—the best judge of a player's popularity—what it was that had kept his wife in love with him the twelve years of their marriage. There is as much an air of romance, of glamour about him in real life as there is in the darkly handsome, mysterious, outlaw troubadour, "The Cisco Kid." He seems actually to live as this famous character. As he talked of commonplace things I found myself tensely waiting for him to pull a six shooter and snip off the buttons on the head waiter's coat. And yet there is no deliberate "playing to the grandstand" air about him.

He takes his career seriously, although he doesn't call it his "art."

HE has three rules which he believes will lead everyone to some measure of success if one adheres to them.

"The first is to believe 100 per cent in yourself. The first rule of a salesman is to sell himself. He couldn't do it unless he believed in himself. That's true of every other business as well."

His second rule is concentration. "Look ahead and tell yourself that a certain thing you want to happen *will* happen. Then if you want it bad enough you'll concentrate on it. The result will be—success."

His last rule is never to acknowledge bad luck. "Some people say there is no such thing as luck. Well, something mysteriously like it has played a part in my life. I never acknowledge bad luck because I know if I do, it will put me in a depressed frame of mind, and that, in turn, goes back to the other rules: believe in yourself; and concentration."

I asked him what sort of rôles he liked best. "If I had the chance," he said, "I would like to play very gruesome, bloodcurdling rôles that would give me a chance to overact all I wanted to. Things like Lon Chaney did. Next, I'd like sophisticated, character rôles."

"But what about the Cisco Kid?"

"That isn't work. That's play. I've done so much with that character that he seems a part of me."

He fell silent as we walked across the Fox lot. Suddenly—so suddenly, in fact, that I jumped—he turned to me. "Have you a conscience?" he asked. Then, without waiting for my answer, he went on, "If you have, stifle it at birth. Or I'll give you mine."

JUST then a prop boy ran up, "Mr. Baxter, they're paging you on stage three."

"Let them page," he returned. "It'll do them good." Then to me again. "What I really should have done was to tell them all to go to hell. But I can't do it. My conscience won't let me. If I hadn't been trying to make an impression on you, I would have run along like a little man.

"What I'd really like to do would be to get out behind the barn and yell No! No! No! for a whole morning just to assure myself that I still know how. But I don't. And I can't even make myself be late. Some day I'm going to be temperamental for a whole day, and I'm going to invite all my friends to come and watch." As we shook hands, "Would you like to come?"

I would. I've a hunch that the "Cisco Kid" gone temperamental would be worth the watching. It would be fun to see him shoot the cigar out of the director's mouth, upset the camera, pull down the scenery and make off with the leading woman. That's what the "Cisco Kid" would do if he wanted to. That's why I'd like to watch. Warner Baxter is the Cisco Kid—so much so that he probably doesn't realize it himself.

Stardom With Hunches

(*Continued from page* 70)

publisher and a decorator. He has been cowboy on an Arizona dude ranch. He also worked in the stables of the Arizona Biltmore.

On his mother's side of the house he is a descendant of the Haddons—you know, the Haddons of Haddon Hall. He is a cousin of Lady Diana Manners, and the Duke of Rutland is another relative. He was born to the deepest blue of English aristocracy, but he has taken out American citizenship papers. Moreover, he dislikes having his lineage displayed in print. He doesn't see how Lady Diana Manners, as a relative, bears the slightest importance in the United States.

OF course, really, he isn't David Manners at all. When he first saw the light of day in Halifax, Nova Scotia, he was christened Rauff Acklom, which sounds elegantly old English—if a bit unpronounceable. There were a lot of silver spoons around the Acklom house. The family was rich, and young Rauff could have a dozen silver spoons in his mouth if he'd cried hard enough. Then something happened to the fortune.

"We came to New York, lived in a little apartment and were very poor," he told me. "Mother taught school and father was bitterly unhappy because he could no longer give us the things we had once had. My sister and I went to the public schools, and I remember we came home and cried because we had to sit next to children of other races. We both got over that. I know that there were times when my mother would have wished for death during those days if it hadn't been for my sister and myself."

Dave had expected to become a writer. He was well on the way at one time with a position in one of the most important of New York's publishing houses. He wrote the "teasers" which appear on the inside covers of new books. You know the sort, extremely laudatory paragraphs which make you itch to own the book. Usually the "teasers" are better than the book, but that has nothing to do with this story.

"Then my uncle in England decided that a member of his family should not go through life without a college education. He sent the money for my schooling, stipulating only that I should attend a British school. I went to the University of Toronto. My finances were stopped when I began to take part in theatricals. I found a job at $18 a week, and with that and the courtesy of kind friends, I managed to go to school and act at the same time."

AFTER Dave returned to New York he continued on the stage. He gave it up later to go into the decorating business with the New York branch of one of London's swankiest establishments. There is an amazing story in that, too. The manager of the firm tested the new employee by taking him to the Metropolitan Museum. Knowing nothing of art at the time, Dave guessed with startling accuracy the valuation of paintings. Those hunches were working well even then.

What must seem to him the strangest period of his life came when a pneumonia attack sent him to Arizona for his health. There wasn't enough money to recuperate fashionably, so he got a job on a dude ranch. By day he did chambermaid duty to the horses and at night he slept on the hard floor of the harness room. Pretty severe treatment for an invalid, but he became strong and well again. Later he worked at the Arizona Biltmore. He donned those fancy cowboy suits and looked very "Western," to the complete delight of impressible young ladies from Philadelphia and Boston.

When he accompanied guests on riding expeditions he tried to keep silent. If a guest addressed a question to him he would be astounded by an accent which would do credit to an Oxford professor. Perhaps the Easterners were a bit disappointed at finding a cultured cowboy, but Dave was usually asked to the hotel for dinner and dancing. It was here that he met the girl who was to become his wife. He seldom speaks of that marriage, but it proved to be wrong and an unhappy experience for both of them. It ended shortly after Dave entered pictures.

Goofy Hollywood anecdote No. 30976. Virginia Bruce was an extra girl in Camera Town for two years without ever getting a look-in. Ziegfeld came to Hollywood for "Whoopee," saw Virginia and brought her back to New York for his chorus. And out of that chorus Virginia got signed for Hollywood! She'll be with M-G-M

HE likes pictures. Since "Journey's End" his rise has been unusually rapid. You saw him with George Arliss in "The Millionaire," with Richard Barthelmess in "The Last Flight," and with Barbara Stanwyck in "The Miracle Woman." Dave gave an extremely poignant portrayal as the blind war aviator in that exposé of religious racketeering.

I think perhaps he has found happiness for the first time in his life in Hollywood. He has said that his childhood was unhappy. You have only to look at his extremely sensitive face to know that life would leave a great many scars. He once told me that his youth was marred by a misunderstanding of many years with his father. Only when he had grown to manhood did the two iron out that long standing mistrust and learn to understand each other. He doesn't like to talk of that now, however.

There has always been the closest bond between Dave and his mother. This fall he has taken her home with him. The house isn't elaborate, but when I saw it under Dave's hands it was beginning to have a personality of its own. Before he leased the house he lived in a modest apartment, but it did have one of the best views in Hollywood. For a long time he drove a small, inexpensive car. The new motor is quite an impressive convertible coupé, but still a long way from the Rolls-Royce class. He isn't the type to splurge or make lavish gestures.

THERE is no pose about his wish to become a citizen of these United States. He has lived in America since he was a small boy. There have been frequent trips to England and schooling in Canada, but America is home to him.

Incidentally, one of those perplexing problems arose when he applied for citizenship papers. It seemed that there was no record of Rauff Acklom or David Manners ever entering this country. Hence, he didn't exist, and if he didn't exist, how could he become a citizen? It took a lot of explaining and considerable research to settle that problem. When simmered down it was discovered that young Rauff was brought into this country from Nova Scotia by a friend of his mother's. Just to save time and effort the lady had palmed off the boy as her own son. Dave was properly apologetic about causing Uncle Sam so much trouble, but anyway, he can vote for the next president.

So the Haddons, the Rutlands and the Manners of England are sprouting a brand new branch on the family tree in the United States. And in Hollywood at that.

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TINTS AND DYES

And now they're having second Gables! But isn't this boy a good double for Clark and isn't he young and handsome? He's Weldon Heyburn and he'll make his first appearance in "Disorderly Conduct" for Fox

Make Your Hair Express Your Personality

(*Continued from page 93*)

forehead and over the ears into a wide sweep of curls at the back. The wave in the hair is not fluffy but crisp and is brushed back from the face. Such a haircut gives an air of freedom and sparkle to the wearer.

These are only a few examples of the screen players who dress their hair according to their personalities. You will note that most of them are adopting, with modifications, the new long bob with curled ends.

Almost all these girls have permanent waves. They really are the best "basis" for smart hairdressing; but if you have one put in your hair, you must take care of it. You should shampoo your hair every week or ten days and a finger wave should be set in, unless you are wearing your hair in one of the styles which do not necessitate a finger wave.

With the shampoo there should be a hot oil treatment.

A special medicated oil has been perfected for these shampoos, but if this is not available a good grade of olive oil should be used.

Permanently waved hair should not be dried on the dryer, but should be hand dried, just like naturally curly hair.

You should never brush the hair after it has been waved; this brushing should be done before the waving process itself is begun.

With proper care and attention your wave will last eight months or longer, depending upon the growth of the hair. Be sure to keep it trimmed and orderly and you will have a head of hair to rival that of any girl born with natural curls.

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TINTS AND DYES

The Secret Life of Janet Gaynor

(*Continued from page* 40)

Today she bounds up the studio steps in her little low-heeled sneakers, her beret, and sport sweater. She pokes her head in the press room door.

"Hello," she calls brightly.

"Hi, there, Gaynor," they call back.

They adore her, these hard-boiled press room boys.

And, incidentally, hers is the only picture allowed to hang on the press room walls. Some one outside the office, thinking it a good advertising policy, nailed up various pictures of the Fox stars. Then one by one they were taken down by the men. Till only Janet's remained.

But to go down the hall with Janet. A dozen doors are opened. "Hello. How are you?" she cheerfully calls into each. Shouts and cries of pleasure greet her all along the way.

Now across the lot.

"Hello, Joe." A passing electrician. "How's the new baby?"

"Fred. Yoo-hoo. Got that set built for me?" This is to a stage carpenter.

Then to the director. She is suddenly all serious.

"Mr. Walsh or Mr. Borzage or Mr. Santell"—or whoever it may be—"I was watching that kitchen scene yesterday in the projection room (only five and a half hours of yesterday) and I was wondering if I may do that scene over. You see, I'm sure I could put more feeling into it. Especially"—and on and on it goes. The director listening intently. Nodding. For every director Janet has ever had recognizes the burning, feverish desire Janet Gaynor has to give and give and give to the little screen Janet.

EVERY night that brown head is poked into every door all along the way. "Good night," she calls. And she's off to that plain little two-storied house in Venice. The most unfashionable beach in California. Just an ordinary home like the one Janet started out from each morning as an extra. Just a rented house. And the bathroom door squeaks and the divan skids and Janet and Lydell threaten to throw the darned thing out every evening. But never get around to it.

And then there's the maid of all work who serves dinner, too. And if it's spaghetti, Janet howls with delight.

Over in Honolulu, where Janet goes to rest and play, she's bought herself a tiny beach shack. On another unfashionable beach. But it suits Janet.

Days she isn't working you'll find her out on the golf course. Smacking the ball with long, healthy smacks. Or flying about in airplanes.

While on location at Catalina, she flew over to Hollywood to get her hair combed in the proper style for the part.

And often you'll find her and Lydell sailing along on the Farrell yacht. Janet in white flannel trousers. And the everlasting sport sweater.

Janet Gaynor is conscientious about everything that pertains to her pictures. In "Delicious" she plays a little Scotch girl. So daily she has been studying with Jean Calderwood, whose ancestral address is West Lothian, Scotland, in order that she have a perfect little Scotch accent

And even oftener there she'll be, in a glistening white satin gown, swaying to the rhythm of the music, dancing divinely, at the fashionable Cocoanut Grove.

Or rushing about window shopping. Buying her beloved Lalique bottles.

Normal. Doing the things every girl loves to do.

No more a whimsical child of hidden sorrow than Aunt Em is Peggy Joyce.

Different, of course, from the little Janet of extra days. Because success has brought many things to Janet Gaynor.

IT hasn't brought, however, a gilded stucco mansion. With a patio like a nose bleed. Or purplish upholstered limousines or ornamented man servants or maid servants, or a world-wide reputation for heavy affairs.

It has, heaven be praised, brought deeper, finer things to Gaynor.

It has brought a broader, fuller outlook on life. A love and appreciation of simple things. An almost frantic realization of her responsibilities as a star admired by thousands.

And, too, it has brought her enormous patience.

We watched her on the set the other day. A girl playing a minor part became utterly flustered and blew up in her lines time after time. She was to speak directly across to Janet and each time the girl's nervousness increased.

The director was ready to explode.

Finally Janet laid her hand over the girl's. "Please don't be nervous because you're holding me back in the scene. If that's what's troubling you. I don't mind. Why, often I go up in my lines. It's nothing. Wait. We'll take it easy and the first thing you know it will come all right."

Tears gushed to the girl's eyes. "You're swell," she said in a low voice. And her chin trembled. "Just swell."

And the next take was perfect.

She is swell, this Janet. Off the screen. Regular. And swell.

IT takes an actress of ability, of power, of immense understanding, to project that heart-clutching little figure on the screen. For the Janet Gaynor on the screen and the Janet Gaynor off the screen are as far apart as the poles. Distinct persons.

Only today the real Janet no longer perches herself saucily on the edge of a newspaper woman's desk and demands her picture in the paper.

Today, with Janet Gaynor, it's God help me to do something worthy of my picture in the papers.

And so you have her. The real Janet Gaynor.

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 61*)

customary brownian yowl, and nevertheless or therefore stars in what many will call his best picture yet.

It's the old stage story of the bookworm who is revolutionized by love into the hero athlete. Mervyn Le Roy, ace director, has done wonders with that plot, and there are gags and lines enough to lift it out of the just-another-picture class into the unusual ranks.

Ruth Hall and Dorothy Lee are the feminine interest, and do it pulchritudinously enough. Eddie Woods and Eddie Nugent are the other names in the billing.

✓**The Yellow Ticket** (Fox). The Fox Studios have had a hard time finding just where Elissa Landi fitted in. First they tried her out as a woman of mystery in "Body and Soul." Then she was a woman of aristocratic poise and bearing who innocently became involved with a crook. This was in "Always Goodby." Afterwards Fox must have decided that she needed more drama, for they gave her an exceedingly melodramatic part in "Wicked." It turned out to be the one picture that was worst suited to her talents.

Now at last in "The Yellow Ticket" Fox seems to have found where Elissa fits in. It is her best picture so far, and far better suited to the sophisticated Elissa Landi than the naïve dramas she has had heretofore.

It concerns a Russian girl in the days of the Czar's régime. She hears that her father is dying in St. Petersburg, but cannot get a passport to go there. So she accepts instead a yellow ticket, which is really a license to practise woman's oldest profession. You can imagine the complications it gets her into.

Landi here seems to achieve a nice medium between the over-restraint she showed in her first few pictures and the hysterical acting of "Wicked."

For many fans Lionel Barrymore's acting will be the high spot of the picture. Cast as a villainous, inhuman Russian baron, he actually succeeds in making his performance enjoyable and even believable.

If you're going to be fussy about this picture, you might insist that it was over-melodramatic, but you'll like the excitement just the same.

The Beloved Bachelor (Paramount). Paul Lukas' first starring picture is just another version of the "Daddy Long Legs" plot—but oh, with how much less skill this picture has been directed than Janet Gaynor's "Daddy Long Legs," for instance. It is the story of an artist who falls in love with an orphan he is bringing up—but doesn't realize for a long time that he is in love with her. The story creeps and crawls along, until you feel like shouting out to the characters on the screen, "For heaven's sake, why don't you do something?" As a result, though Paul Lukas and Dorothy Jordan act capably, the picture is just fair.

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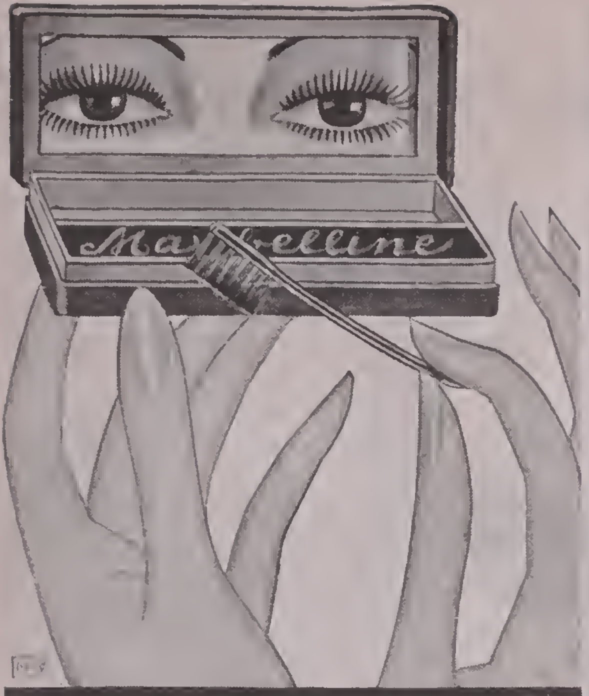

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When you see the picture, you see the heroine in bed, looking all soft and misty. But this is what the poor heroine sees, a wooden runway supporting the camera, the cameraman overhead and the director alongside. But Linda Watkins and Director Kenneth MacKenna do it all for "Good Sport"

Why Do Women Stars Last Longer Than Men?

(*Continued from page* 17)

Scarcely anyone knows anything about him. And when a few years ago he divorced Florence Oakley, hardly anything was said about *that*. When, shortly afterwards, he married a young charming girl, no one cornered and interviewed him about it. No one knows now whether his marriage is a happy one or not. And because he has escaped that sort of publicity, because he has never been cheapened in the eyes of women fans, he can go on forever playing the sympathetic older man, who always stands for romance.

Lewis Stone is the exception. On the whole, the men stars who have lasted longest are not the greatest lovers. Richard Barthelmess has lasted longer than any other star partly because he has almost always appeared in good pictures (he has a great deal of say about the pictures he makes), and partly because he has not had to depend entirely upon the romance cravings of women. The same thing is true of most other men stars who have lasted for a long time. Wallace Beery can continue indefinitely as a star because his appeal is not primarily romantic.

But if a man has to depend on his charming personality or on the fact that he sends shivers down women's spines for his stardom, that stardom will be short-lasting. Someone more charming or more thrilling or simply someone who seems more charming because he is newer will come along and women will begin to idolize *him*.

A year ago Jack Oakie pictures were going like a house on fire. Jack Oakie was the first genuine talkie-made star. And then what happened? Paramount gave him a few bad pictures, and Jack Oakie's name soon didn't mean a thing. At least, it didn't mean enough to draw crowds to the box-office. And so he was reduced to a featured player.

You can place lots of the blame on bad stories, of course. But Jack Oakie was also partly to blame because it never occurred to him that women might get tired of seeing him play the sap from someplace. He never stepped out of character.

LITTLE things change the loyalty of women. John Gilbert's voice was supposed to be pitched too high—and so exit the Great Lover. Gilbert's voice has since improved tremendously, but M-G-M has not yet dared place Gilbert opposite Garbo.

It is just such little things that affect women's loyalty in real life. The divorce court records are full of them. The woman who wants a divorce because her husband eats peanuts in bed. The woman who wants a divorce because her husband tells the same jokes every evening over the supper table and expects her to keep on laughing at them.

Men who play the same sort of part in the same sort of picture all the time will not be able to remain stars.

Men who trade on their personal charm will find that women respond dangerously to a new kind of charm.

Women stars last longer than men because men can love more than one woman at a time—and herd feeling is similar to individual emotion—and because they can love those women longer than women can love the same man, if he offers them nothing but a new thrill.

An Appreciation of Robert Williams

who died November fourth, 1931

By Ruth Waterbury

ROBERT WILLIAMS' sudden death was one of the most touching things that has happened in Hollywood for months.

He had so much to live for. He was on the threshold of such a brilliant career after a pretty darned long struggle. The public still didn't know much about him personally, but they were quick and positive in their admiration of him. His fan mail and his box-office popularity proved that. He had been in Hollywood only long enough to make four pictures and yet his immediate stardom seemed inevitable.

Death, the inevitable, stopped him.

He was a strange and amusing person to be an actor. For one thing he was entirely without conceit. For another, he had the most glorious sense of fun it has ever been my good luck to encounter. He was a genius at story-telling and he would spin long yarns—most of them quite unprintable—for hours on end, convulsing any company he was in and keeping every other person in the place gladly silent.

He was born on a farm just outside Morgantown, North Carolina, a town which he said "was held together by a post office, general store, and a town hall." He ran away from home when he was eleven and joined a tent show. He kept on trouping from then on and picked up his education whenever he couldn't dodge the school authorities any longer. By that unconventional method, he secured somehow a vast knowledge and the accents of a gentleman. The history of his travels until he made Broadway in 1924 was miraculous and hilarious.

His first Broadway show was with Louis Mann in "Milgrim's Progress," out of which he got principally a grand burlesque of the star. Then he appeared in "That French Lady" and later "The Trial of Mary Dugan."

It was in this latter play that he met Ann Harding and it was Ann who was more or less responsible for his coming to Hollywood. His admiration of Ann was one of the great enthusiasms of his life.

His first picture was "Rebound" and he made an immediate hit. He followed this up with "The Common Law" and "Devotion."

Pathé, to whom he was under contract, then loaned him to Columbia for "Platinum Blonde." The night he died I sat in a Broadway theater and listened to the crowd roaring with glee over his antics in that opus.

I'm pretty sure that if he could have chosen, that is the kind of good-bye to life he would have wanted—to exit on a laugh.

Bob died in the Hollywood Hospital of peritonitis which had set in after an appendicitis operation. The doctors said that his delay in having the operation had aggravated his condition and that the very hope of his recovery had been slight.

It was characteristic of Bob that he refused even to take his illness seriously.

And a charming, debonair memory survives, too, of a comedian who was a grand actor and a very grand, lovable person.

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Why Margaret Livingston Married

(*Continued from page* 94)

It's pretty indicative of Margaret's character that we didn't go out to lunch. We had it right there, and it was prepared after the blaze had been extinguished in the very same kitchen. It was a good lunch, too. Lamb chops, (Margaret's favorite fruit) and shoestring potatoes, fresh asparagus, raspberries and angel food cake.

Interviewing Margaret is never dull. In fact it was so hectic on this occasion that I almost forget where I was and what I wanted to ask. I really wanted to know why she married Paul Whiteman; how she made him over from the very rotund King of Jazz into the popular streamline figure approved by 1931; and what she thought of marriage, anyway. I said I knew what I wanted to ask but the holocaust upset me. I almost said—"Miss Pickford, when will you make another picture?" I caught myself in time, however, and said instead—"Spill the news about this here now wedding."

"I MARRIED Paul because he is one of the most glamorous people I have ever known," she told me. "I like exciting people, and people who live exciting lives. Paul does. I never married before because I always looked for perfection in a man. There's no such thing as perfection in anybody. Paul isn't perfect, thank heavens, but I think he is practically an ideal husband.

"When I first met him I liked him immediately. I didn't think of love or marriage. To be perfectly frank, Paul was a little bit stout to be a romantic figure. For another thing, he had been married three times. I felt that if he was unable to get along with three other women, he might not be able to get along with me. I wasn't afraid to risk that, however. I'm not a child. I've seen a good deal of life, and I think I've learned a few things. I think we have more than an even chance for happiness.

"I did insist that Paul do something about that excess weight. I don't like bulgy men. I made Paul promise that he would diet, and climb up on the water wagon and stay there. The dieting was pretty hard. He loves food. He loves to eat, and he likes to see much more food on the table than he can possibly eat. Well, he reduced from 257 pounds down to 200. You know he is six feet tall, and 200 pounds isn't such a lot for him now.

"He has lived around in hotels for years. When I went back to Chicago to stay with him for several weeks, I furnished him a seven-room apartment. He selected the things, and now he has a home—one of the few he has ever had."

IN any event Margaret is happier than I have ever seen her. She wouldn't trade her wedding ring for the crown jewels. Her eyes light up when she speaks of Paul's generosity. Knowing Margaret's own generous nature, I can understand how that quality in another would appeal to her.

"Paul will give a newsboy a dollar when he buys a paper," she smiled. "He will give a waiter five dollars as a tip. If you rebuke him for it, he merely replies—'It's worth it just to see the expression on their faces.'"

While Margaret's friends in Hollywood rejoiced in her marriage, quite a few Eastern newspaper writers were a bit dubious whether or not they should rejoice for Paul. There were rumors that Margaret was coming between Paul and his friends. There were some rather free hints that Margaret was marrying for "a good thing." The most amusing comment came from a peppery, free-speaking newspaper woman. She wrote, "occasional actress" after Margaret's name. That really caused a giggle in Hollywood.

THIS vital, red-headed Margaret Livingston has been up in the big money in Hollywood for more than ten years. For seven years she was under contract—and that contract called for a good round sum. In 1929, while she was free-lancing, she made nineteen pictures. Just last year (and she took time off for a long vacation) she earned $39,000. She has saved her money and invested it wisely. She owns one of the swankiest apartment houses in Hollywood, and the monthly income from that is over $5,000. Incidentally, she is landlady to Clark Gable, Mervyn Le Roy, Ernst Lubitsch, and other cinematic lights. Now Margaret is back in film town to make three pictures for Columbia. Her screen career is not ended and she isn't hard up. She has never been an "occasional actress"—at least not in my memory. That goes back over quite a few years in Hollywood.

No, Margaret wasn't looking for a soft spot to land when she married Paul Whiteman.

Having known Margaret for a long time, I recall a certain multi-millionaire—$15,000,000 I believe was the extent of it—who wanted nothing so much on this earth as to marry Margaret. If she was going to marry for money-bags there was the chance. With her own income, Margaret has been free to marry for love, when the right man came along.

MARQUIS BUSBY has written another of his delightful stories for next month's Movie Mirror. It's called "Doing Their Bit" and tells all about those interesting people you often see in stars' pictures yet who are never themselves stars.

Neither do I believe for a moment that she has come between Paul and the right kind of friends. Naturally, the bon vivants drift away to livelier quarters when a man fires the bootlegger and the French chef. At any rate, Paul is healthier and happier than he has been in years.

One of Margaret's "understandings" before the marriage was that she be allowed to continue her career in pictures. She has worked a long time for it, and while she is fascinated by Paul's work, she does not believe she could be completely happy without a career of her own.

"I can hardly coax Paul away from Chicago," she laughed. "He is playing at one of the big hotels there. And he has a long term contract with National Broadcasting, Radio and Television. You would be amazed to know what steps are being made in television. It isn't a dream of the future. It's here now. It's practical. There is another reason why I do not want to step out of the acting profession. I would like to act for television. Do you realize that soon it will be possible to sit in your own home and watch performances of the opera, or a popular stage play? There will be just a slight charge, added to your telephone bill. This is a wonderful age to be alive and to be doing things."

I DIDN'T know that the Livingston-Whiteman romance began several years ago when Margaret was playing the rôle of the city girl in F. W. Murnau's artistic production of "Sunrise." Whiteman visited the studio many times to study the sound effects in that picture. Sound was new at that time, and Whiteman is fascinated by any forward step in music. He saw Margaret numerous times during those days. He didn't meet her until much later, at a dinner for Maurice Chevalier in New York. They became good friends when he came to Universal City to make "The King of Jazz" revue. Margaret was working at Universal at the time. Before Paul left Hollywood he had a "promise." They were married in Denver at the home of Paul's father and mother. Whiteman, *père*, has been an instructor in music there for half a century.

Margaret, being very much in love and completely bride-like, produced all the write-ups in the Denver papers, and showed me innumerable snapshots of Paul and herself in the grounds of a Chicago hotel. She even beamed proudly on a picture of Paul and his small son by a previous marriage. When I left her apartment she gave me a slice of her wedding cake, very fashionably done up in a white satin box topped with waxed orange blossoms.

So Margaret has given up her reputation as being one of Hollywood's richest and most popular bachelor girls, and she has married one of the most colorful figures in America today. Hollywood thinks that Paul is mighty lucky. New York and Chicago think that Margaret was mighty lucky. Personally, I think they're both right.

The IT Girl Has Found Her Man

(Continued from page 13)

have been suspicions that they are married already—that there was somewhere, sometime, a secret ceremony. But if that's true, they've kept it quiet, and all efforts to trace such a marriage have failed. And the probabilities are that they aren't married—yet.

"Yes, we will marry," she says simply, again, "but not until Rex has made a name for himself." You realize that Rex—for he's a fine, decent chap—is the sort of fellow who'll want to be NOT Mister Clara Bow, but who'll want Clara to be Mrs. Rex Bell, or Mrs. George Beldam, to use his real name. At present, Rex is toward the bottom of the ladder, climbing up to screen fame. He hasn't made much money yet. Clara on the other hand is, or at least has been, at the top—and she has salted away plenty of money. If they married now, Rex and Clara know darned well that Hollywood would go cynical again and suggest that Rex had married her for her money, or her name, or publicity—or anything but love. And Clara and Rex aren't risking that. They've tasted too much of Hollywood's cold tongue, already.

So there you are. It looks as though Clara's in love, really, and at last, and yet. It looks as though it has a chance to last, too. And it has certainly made Clara over. It has made a woman of her, from the harum-scarum madcap kid she was. What it has done to her as an actress is still to be seen—but it wouldn't surprise me to see her return to the screen as a different actress, and a better one.

Yes, there have been whisperings of breaks between Clara and Rex. Hollywood mutters that about every married or engaged couple within its municipal limits. But the mutterings as far as overt acts may be concerned haven't come true, as this is written.

Rex—he says: "If it were to end now, I'd rather have had these months with Clara than my whole lifetime with any other girl."

And Clara—she still seems to mean what she wrote across that photo: "I have found my man."

And yet (just to show how this Hollywood cynicism gets under one's skin!), I wouldn't be one darned bit surprised if Clara should hop off the deep end by the time this sees print, and come up once more in the middle of a series of concentric rings of ja-da, sex, headlines, and Bow-Bow-de-oh! oh!

Ronald Colman Today

RONNIE COLMAN has just sailed abroad to get his divorce. What is this going to mean to him? What is today's Colman like, anyway? The answer is in the February MOVIE MIRROR. Watch for it on sale January fifth.

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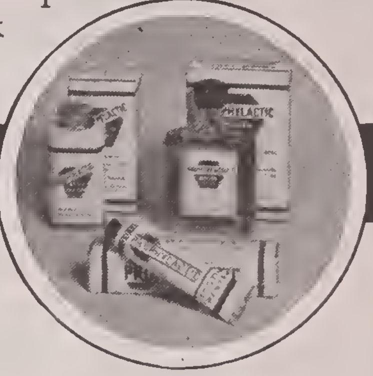

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Gary Cooper suddenly sailed to Europe and left Paramount gasping. Here's Gary in Naples, and is he meeting the right people? My my, read these names —left to right: Prince Rospigliosi, Major Arlotta, Countess Frasso, Barbara Hutton and Count Gaetani. That's Gary between the ladies

The Girl Whom Hollywood Misunderstood

(*Continued from page* 51)

FROM her success in the Garbo opus, she stepped into the leading rôle in "Never the Twain Shall Meet," which she handled capably. Next, she played an important rôle in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," with Helen Hayes, and then she was loaned to Caddo for "Scarface." She was assigned the leading rôle in "The Cuban Love Song," opposite Tibbett, and was forced to work in both pictures at once, as she was called back to Caddo for retakes soon after production started on "The Cuban Love Song."

Karen says she got a big kick out of working in "Scarface." She was cast as a gangster's moll and had to be plenty hard. She worked sixteen hours at a stretch in the dance sequences and enjoyed every minute of it.

But she says she isn't crazy about drama. She would much rather have a chance at sophisticated comedy parts. She insists that the comedy tests made of her far surpass her serious efforts.

She is athletic. Swims and rides expertly and owns to an ambition ultimately to direct plays.

She likes Ruth Chatterton's acting. And pickles.

She doesn't like the way folks try to take advantage of you, the moment you begin to rise above the mob. Especially in these "I Knew Her When" stories. She finds an article, now and then, by somebody whom she usually doesn't even remember. And she reads in amazement where they have been pals together in school or on the stage. And she sees her innermost thoughts and inhibitions dragged out in front of every one. Only, more than likely, they aren't hers at all, but are the ones that the author of the story thinks she should have.

Karen is frank enough to say that she doesn't care for this sort of thing at all.

"I suppose it's disgustingly ungrateful of me to say I don't," she supposes, "because it does give me a nice publicity break. But gratitude isn't one of my most prominent virtues. In fact, I'm not at all certain that I ought to be grateful to anyone for anything where my career is concerned. I feel that I am succeeding largely on my own merit. Sometimes, I wonder how I happen to be accredited with so many virtues.

"Do you know that I do lots of things that Conchita Montenegro, for example, would never dream of doing? Like running around town alone late at night and all that sort of thing. Conchita wouldn't stick her nose out of doors after dinner without her sister. Yet Hollywood makes something of a devil out of Conchita, and then labels me a stick. It's funny, isn't it?"

And it is. For Karen Morley isn't a prudish sort of person at all. In fact, I wouldn't even say that she is a nice girl in the ordinary sense of the word. She's got so much more to her in the way of courage and grit and determination, than just ordinarily nice girls have. And she hasn't even attempted to develop a social sense. She likes a person or she doesn't. And she doesn't beat around the bush about anything.

KAREN has a great deal of vitality and energy for her size. She is beautifully slim, but hard as nails, and is tanned a rich, nut-brown. Her hazel eyes have a poignant expression. In fact, they call her "The girl with the tragic eyes."

She is a typical modern American girl. Good-looking, capable, and just a trifle brittle on the surface. There isn't much about Hollywood that she doesn't understand. In fact, when you first meet her you get the impression that she knows everything and is slightly bored by it. And, of course, this air of boredom makes her seem years older than she really is.

Karen Morley is star material. She hasn't any illusions of grandeur and success. She already knows that work takes you farther than luck. She has a definite end in view, a clear eye on the road ahead, and she is the type of girl who ultimately gets what she goes after.

The Best Parties in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 49*)

Tuesday nights, you're practically a star yourself.

Some of the more conservative people in Hollywood prefer the Biltmore. For the faster steppers and younger ones there's the Hollywood Roosevelt Blossom Room and the Embassy, the private club of the picture people. Jack Johnson, the ex-champ, has just reopened the Apex, renaming it the Showboat Club, and is making a bid for the movie whoopee trade.

Many of the stars prefer to entertain with smaller dinner parties in their own homes.

NORMA SHEARER and Irving Thalberg usually give just small, informal dinners and parties. Only once in a while do they throw a large party at one of the hotels or clubs. They give plenty of family parties, including Norma Shearer's sister and her husband, and Mr. Thalberg's sister, the mothers of both and other relatives.

Another Hollywoodite who goes in only for small parties and intimate dinners is Ruth Chatterton. In fact, she started the rage for small dinner parties, with white lamps in the drawing-room, and white orchids, and a visiting lion somewhere in the room. Ten people was the limit for a dinner party and twenty for informal gatherings after dinner. The guests went in for charades, music and even conversation. The visiting lion was usually a playwright, a stage celebrity or someone else very highbrow.

Among the people whom Ruth has invited to these small dinner parties are Lois Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie Mcclintic (Katharine Cornell), Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March, Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Horton, Elsie Janis, Frances Starr, Mr. and Mrs. Clive Brook, the Schulbergs, the Bromfields, Fay Bainter, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Berlin, and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lukas.

Other people in Hollywood were annoyed. They thought Ruth Chatterton was being snooty. But little by little, they began to follow where she led. Until today small dinner parties are the rage.

CONNIE BENNETT could be a shining light in the social life of Hollywood if she chose. She doesn't choose. She practically doesn't entertain at all. Very rarely, she has a few friends in to dinner. Dick Mook is her best friend among the writing fraternity.

All those stories you hear of Connie Bennett's extravagance are as far-fetched as a Garbo rumor.

William Haines is one of the most popular hosts in Hollywood. Several times a year Bill throws a huge party and that party is always original and amusing. The rest of the time he gives small dinner and supper parties and invites a few friends. His most frequent guests are Joan Crawford and Doug, Jr., Polly Moran and Marion Davies.

WALLACE BEERY rarely entertains at his Beverly Hills home but he often takes a party of friends for week-end jaunts to his island camp at June Lake. The more adventuresome guests fly up with Wally in his plane. The others go by car or train and are met by Wally at his boat landing on the shore of the lake.

Wally's week-end parties are a regular paradise for guests who like to go hunting, fishing and roughing it. Lewis Stone and Leila Hyams and her husband, Phil Berg, are frequent guests.

AMONG the younger set Mary Brian and June Collyer are the most popular gals. Mary's name is on more guest lists than any other girl's in Hollywood.

Joan Crawford rarely entertains with large affairs. She enjoys inviting a few friends for dinner and an evening at the theatre or at bridge or just talking. Among her best friends are Bill Haines, Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster and Kay Hammond.

Hollywood is just full of little cliques which change constantly.

There's the intellectual, quiet, conservative clique which includes Clive Brook, Ernest Torrence, Bill Powell, Ronald Colman, Ivor Novello, Geoffrey Kerr, Basil Rathbone, Ralph Forbes and Ruth Chatterton, C. Aubrey Smith and Leslie Howard. You'll notice how many stage people there are in this group. Somehow they seem to congregate together.

Among the younger set, Buddy Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Erwin (June Collyer), Mary Brian, Arthur and Alice Lake all belong to the same clique. When Buddy entertains, he usually invites his guests to swimming-pool parties. Later there are cards, dancing and ping-pong at his home.

A lot of Hollywood's shindigs are thrown at Malibu and Santa Monica Beach. Billie Dove entertains at Malibu, Norma Talmadge at Santa Monica. And there are loads of others.

There isn't one, though, who can challenge the social supremacy of Marion Davies. Not Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, for all their popularity. Not even Richard Barthelmess, though it's considered a big honor in Hollywood to receive an invitation to his home. Nor Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe, for all their smart dinners at the Mayfair and the Embassy and their even smarter entertaining at their Malibu beach home.

TODAY Marion Davies is the unchallenged queen of Hollywood. What will happen next is in the lap of the social gods. Only one thing is sure. So long as Marion Davies remains the most amusing, the most interesting, the most challenging hostess in Hollywood; so long as people can have a much better time at her parties than anywhere else, she will remain the social leader of Hollywood. If anyone steps in who can consistently throw more amusing parties, and cares enough about social leadership to do it, Hollywood will place its crown on the water-waved hair of a new social leader.

For it isn't aristocracy that rules Hollywood society. It's beauty and brains.

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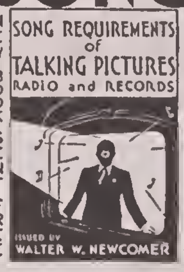

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BASTIAN BROS CO. 77 BASTIAN BLDG. ROCHESTER N.Y.

What About Joan and Young Doug?

(*Continued from page 46*)

Ambassador Hotel one day to check up, on reports they had had.

They had been informed that, the night before or so, Joan had appeared suddenly and alone and registered at the hotel, and moved in. Doug was not with her.

But later, the newspapers' tip had it, Doug arrived in seeming haste, and himself registered at the hotel.

SUBSEQUENTLY, together, they returned to their house-of-the-doves. And, to all inquiries about the Ambassador episode, this answer was repeated:

"Workmen were busy at the Fairbanks Junior house, redecorating and so on, and it was uncomfortable to live there. So Doug and Joan just moved to the hotel until the work was over."

And Hollywood giggled, remembering the strangely parallel case of Ina Claire and Jack Gilbert, who, when they first moved to separate ménages at the beginning of their domestic troubles that led to the divorce courts, also "explained" that they were not living together at home because the carpenters were making too much fuss there, or something like that.

Leon Errol is coming back to movies as a baron in "Her Majesty, Love," Marilyn Miller's latest picture for First National. Leon's rubber legs ought to be gur-rand in sound

HOLLYWOOD remembers its romances and its broken ones.

Of course, it is not reasonable to expect Joan and Doug to continue forever that same public passion that marked the beginning of their romance. They were both just kids then—married in June 1929, when Doug was only 22. Joan is a bit older than Doug.

Naturally, they're growing up. And where—where on earth is the married couple that can keep up that first mad pace of honeymoon love throughout the day-in-day-out months that follow? Are Joan and Doug to be different? Why expect the improbable from them?

Too much of anything is too much. Too much of one's spouse is too much. And so it's not extraordinary—or is it?—that there are eyebrow-lifted tales of Doug's having been seen with this girl or that, and without Joan.

And of course, from that it's only a typical Hollywood scandal-step to all the chatter that's undeniably being chattered in Hollywood about how very, very passionate and realistic are the love scenes between Joan Crawford and Clark Gable in "Possessed," for instance. Hollywood does so love to put two and two together and make seventeen, say, instead of four.

Isn't it likely that Joan and Doug are just growing up?—and whither that will lead, after it has inevitably led away from the first fierce love that marked their kid romance, is certainly a problematical matter. In some cases, it leads to a settling-down of matrimony; in some cases it leads to a tacit agreement whereby the parties to a marriage overlook and condone strayings in each other. And in other cases, it leads to the divorce courts. Whither it will lead, in the life of Joan and Doug, time alone will tell for certain.

THERE is, however, this to remember. They have an example to follow—Doug and Mary. Doug and Mary have been married ten years. Nobody imagines that there is the love there that existed a long time ago. But despite rumors, despite their months-out-of-the-year separations, Doug and Mary have not gone to the divorce courts. Nor probably ever will.

Doug Junior is a chip off the old block. He may follow dad's lead.

Joan is a modern maid. She may follow the lead of 1932.

Joan has grown more rapidly than Doug, those closest to them say. She has become overnight a deep, intense woman, an actress of rare dramatic depths and feeling, a worldly woman. There is something very fine and beautiful about Joan. She has developed into a great person. Doug has remained younger. He still likes to play like a kid.

It has ever been true that a girl becomes a woman much earlier than a boy becomes a man. When Doug and Joan married, they were a boy and a girl. Joan has become a woman now, while Doug has remained a boy.

Hot News

(*Continued from page* 10)

after Viv moved that she had to pay $7 to have them moved plus other damages stop. . . . Gary Cooper's hop back to Europe and projected trip to Africa put Paramount in a spot because they had everything ready for him to begin work in "The Miracle Man" stop . . . but Gary's health is very seriously affected stop . . . and there's even a possibility that he may never return to the screen stop. . . . Belle Bennett is another vaudevillian at $2,500 a week stop. . . .

Bessie Love admits that she's got a date with Old Man Stork within the next four months stop. . . . Joan Bennett hopes to be all over that limp by the time she returns to Hollywood from her boat trip through the canal stop. . . . Johnny Weissmuller, swimming champion, chosen to play the rôle of "Tarzan" but not until a plastic operation made his face okay for the camera stop . . . because thousands of them are to be used, Hollywood's extras have nicknamed "Union Depot," Doug Junior's current starring film, "Extras' Paradise" stop . . . one Hollywood actor has a dachshund which he has named "Dietrich" stop . . . but its legs are too short exclamation point stop.

Love gets a break and from Paramount too . . . the love being Claudette Colbert's and Norman Foster's. . . . Claudette, the beautiful transcontinental wife, had her trunks on the Eastbound train ready to do "Her Confession" in New York when Paramount suddenly announced they had postponed shooting, thus giving Claudette a longer vacation visit with Hubby Norman . . . stop. . . . Paramount in a funny spot as regards Charles Ex-Buddy Rogers' picture "Dance Palace" . . . shooting on that one must start on or before December tenth if Buddy is to be in it . . . explanation is that his contract expires on that date . . . if the picture goes into the work before then Buddy must see it through . . . if not he's free to toodle his own horn in his orchestra or what have you . . . stop.

Neil Miller is no longer Dorothy Mackaill's boy friend . . . he's her husband . . . the two of them rushed off to Hollywood's Gretna Green, Yuma, Arizona, and knotted the tie that binds. . . . Neil is a radio crooner now at the Embassy Club in Hollywood and making a real hit. . . . Lil Dagover, after all the Warner press work, is leaving for Germany with her American future in doubt . . . the excuse given is that old debbil immigration law but real reason is studio wants public reaction on her picture before signing her definitely . . . stop. . . . James Cagney, making a big hit in vaudeville, called back by Warners to go into "The Roar of the Crowd," an auto racing picture with Dorothy Mackaill and Joan Blondell.

Marian Marsh but recently back in Hollywood from her first trip to New York gets another traveling break and will journey about New Year's to London

(*Continued on page* 127)

Don't Suffer So . . . This Remedy will Help You

N*early* NERVOUS PROSTRATION

Do you know her . . . this poor woman who wakes up as tired as she went to bed?

Her head is still aching . . . her nerves are ragged . . . she's on the verge of tears as she faces another day of work.

"I can't go through it again . . . I can't. Oh, what is the matter? What shall I do?" she cries.

How many young women are fast approaching a nervous breakdown because they let suffering due to female weakness rob them of their strength and health.

In offices or in their homes, they drive themselves, working "on their nerve." Hoping against hope that tomorrow they will feel better . . . but instead they become more and more prostrated. It is a double tragedy because it is so unnecessary.

Nature did not mean women to suffer so cruelly. If they would only try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound! It has befriended women against their "peculiar" troubles for over 50 years.

It brings soothing, comforting relief . . . gently corrects through its strengthening tonic action the cause of the headaches and backaches that wear you out. Drives away the awful lassitude that kills ambition and makes life a burden.

Give it at least *one chance* to help you. Write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., 900 Cleveland Street, Lynn, Mass. We will gladly send you a trial bottle.

Royal Chefs of Hollywood

(*Continued from page 75*)

alluring café known as "Kismet Gardens."

It was here Ivan Lebedeff discovered that its proprietress, Mme. Brania, was the originator of a dessert known as "The Sultan's Desire," that he had enjoyed in Constantinople.

Mme. Brania, the one time Demoiselle Kakie Pervelee, graduated from the École de la Cuisine Francaise of Marseilles and accompanied her uncle to Constantinople where he was a French Consular Attaché. Her fame as an originator of delicious dishes reached the ears of Mme. Tilleron, then the manager-in-chief of the Gildiz Palace in Galata, on the Bosphorus near Constantinople, and home of the Sultan of Turkey.

THE Sultan Hamit Mahmut V was at that time preparing to entertain the immortal Sarah Bernhardt. The Sultan wished to honor the actress with his imperial compliments. It was for the magnificent banquet, part of the entertainment program, that Demoiselle Pervelee created the delicious cream that is now served to the Hollywood stars when they trek to "Kismet Gardens" for a Turkish dinner.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, after the banquet, asked permission to see and greet those responsible for the wonderful feast, and the entire personnel of the Gildiz Palace paraded before the scintillating Sarah who, from a throne of flowers, gave liberally handfuls of coins from a basket filled with Turkish gold. When the originator of the now famous dessert paused to receive her message of thanks, the divine Sarah gave her two handfuls of the precious coins.

MME BRANIA has prepared dishes for many of the noble Turkish families in Constantinople. "I was an honorary chef in those days," she laughed, "but now I use whatever talents I may have to serve the stars and their guests who come to partake of the dishes I made so often for my aristocratic friends abroad."

One of the most favored dishes in the Sultan's palace was Imam-Bah-Eldi (egg plant yahni). To make it you take two large-sized egg plants, cutting them in half-inch slices either round or oblong. Then fry these slices in olive oil to a golden brown. Slice six large onions and a half-head of garlic and fry them in olive oil. Use a large baking dish, placing one layer of the egg plant slices, one layer of onion and garlic. Then sprinkle chopped parsley, salt and pepper and add three to four slices of fresh tomatoes. Then place another layer of egg plant slices, onions and garlic, parsley and tomato. Add one cup of water. Place the baking dish in the oven and bake for half an hour.

Among the screen notables who always ask for this dish when they visit "Kismet Gardens" are Adolphe Menjou, Ina Claire, Bela Lugosi, Otto Matiesen, Lily Damita, Victor McLaglen, and many others who know their menus. McLaglen learned to eat Oriental food and like it when he was campaigning in Asia Minor under the British flag.

ON a quiet side street leading toward the hills from Hollywood Boulevard, with no sign or indication of what one might find within, stands a plain double-story frame residence. This is the home of a one-time Royal Russian chef, John Avdeeff, who for many years served the former Czar and Duchess Marie of Russia. It was in their service that Avdeeff prepared many royal banquets for the Russian aristocracy.

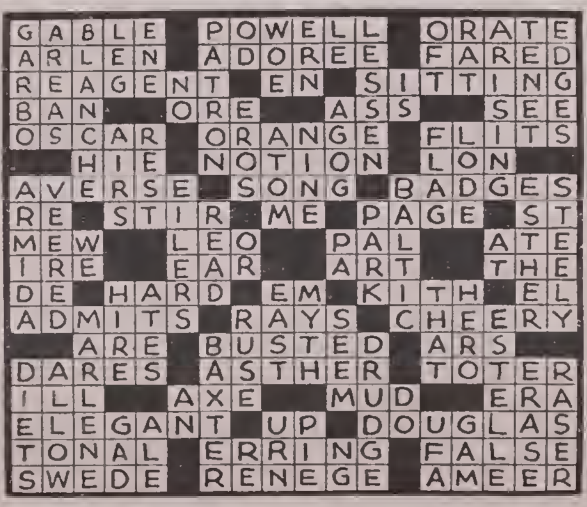
Now he is busy preparing delectable dishes for the movie great. Dozens of screen celebrities are found within his gardens, shielded from the street by the house and thick shrubbery, safe from the gaze of those who love to feast their eyes on any star who dares to appear in public. Here they enjoy their favorite Russian dishes in peace.

Norma Talmadge is a constant patron of this quiet retreat. Dolores Del Rio, too, visits the secluded garden. Ivan Lebedeff delights to treat his American friends to a taste of this real Russian cooking. Charlie Chaplin, when in town, is often in the circle. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford are also Avdeeff patrons.

Avdeeff is proud of his artistic clientele. "Sometimes," he says, "they are harder to please than royalty; but once satisfied, they come again and again. I modify my Russian recipes to suit Hollywood tastes," he smiled. "We Russians like our food literally swimming in oil. For instance, real Russian soup has all the fat left in.

"In Russia we would never think of sending a fish to the table cut in portions. It is served whole. The reason for this is because Russian epicures believe that to obtain the full flavor of the fish, it is necessary to cook it intact. The same with game and poultry. The carving knife is never used until they reach the table where they are placed, beautifully decorated with their own feathers and other elaborate garnishings, to please the eye as well as the palate.

Here is the answer to last month's Cross Word Puzzle. There will be another new puzzle for you to solve next month.



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S	W	E	D	E	■	R	E	N	E	G	E	■	A	M	E	E	R

"WHEN Lewis Milestone wished to represent a lavish European banquet scene, he asked me to superintend the preparations for it. You will see game served in its own feathers; a boar's head with all the elaborate trimmings; beef skewered with handsome gold and silver skewers; service trays of heavily chased silver.

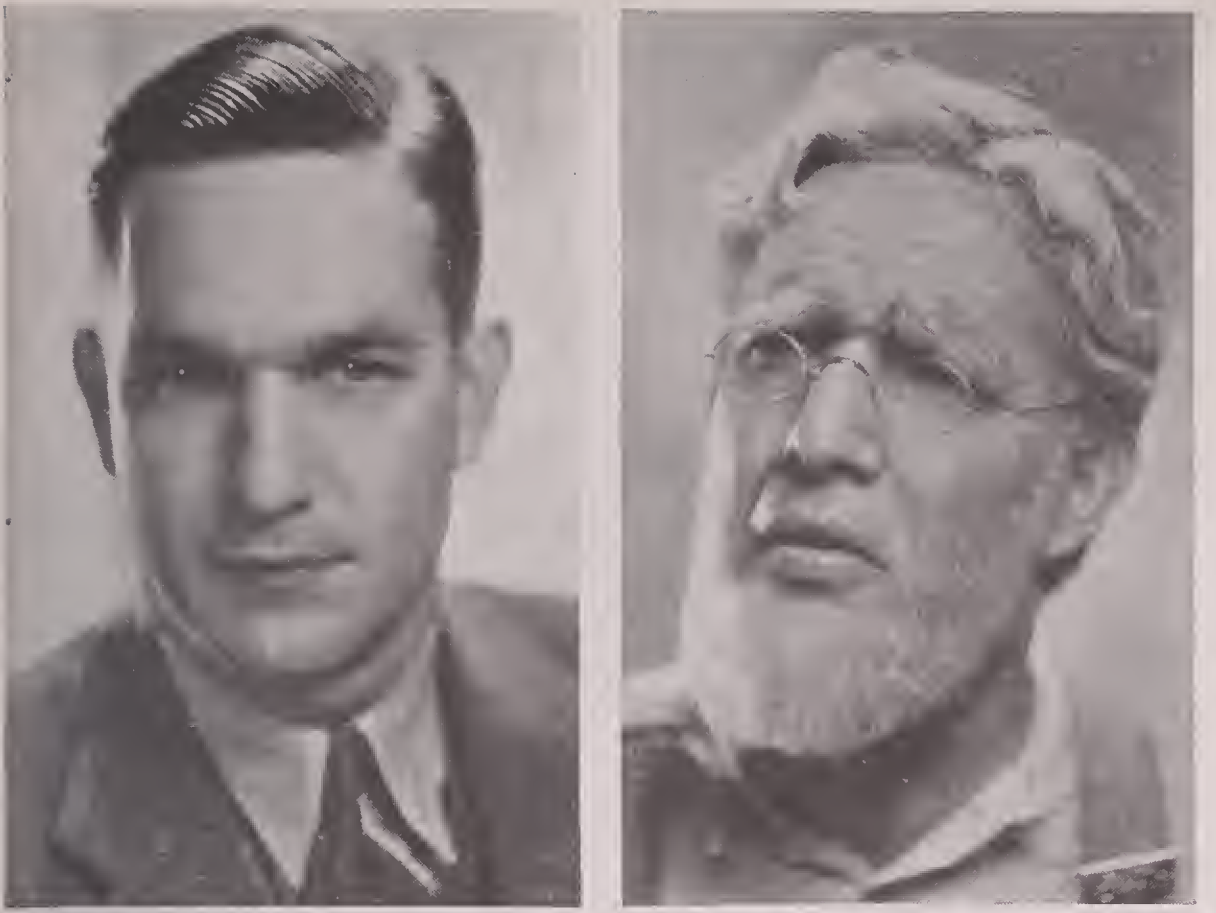
"In the olden days of Russia when the Grand Duchess Maria entertained, the silver services were worth a Czar's ransom. Dining was a matter of hours—always an event of great consequence. The eye was pleased as well as the stomach. There was wit to stir the brain, while music, laughter and gaiety made the dinner quite different from the average Hollywood affair. Here they come to dine as quickly as I am able to prepare the food; then they rush away for some other appointment."

Avdeeff cooks by inspiration. He has no set recipes, nor can he give you one. He tastes as he cooks and adds flavoring as it seems necessary.

ACCORDING to Avdeeff, the stars usually order borscht soup and shashlik and leave the rest of the dinner to his good judgment.

Shashlik is prepared from pieces of mutton soaked twenty-four hours in white wine and herbs, then placed on long skewers and broiled over a charcoal fire. The skewer is decorated with a broiled tomato at the tip, which is removed first and placed on the guest's plate, followed by the choice morsels of meat which possess a flavor that is indescribable. One of Hollywood's favorite Russian desserts is a cream resembling blanc mange flavored with mocha.

FATE deals the cards in devious ways. Men who served well their royal masters now live to see scions of those families struggling for a living. In Hollywood, many noble Russians, Germans, Austrians and others, unable to cope with the entirely different world in which they find themselves, their education and talents useless in present circumstances, have occupied humble positions in the kitchens and establishments of their erstwhile servants. Some are waiters, while not a few have had to wash dishes and prepare vegetables in the kitchens of men who formerly were cooks in their homeland.



The one on the left is Phillips Lord and the one on the right is Seth Parker and they are both the same young man whom you've heard over the radio in "An Evening at Seth Parker's" and whom you'll now see in the Radio picture, "Way Back Home." Clever make-up, isn't it?

Hot News

(*Continued from page* 125)

to make a picture there for Warner Bros.' English unit. . . . Thelma Todd and Austin (Ex-Miriam Hopkins) Parker go places together . . . say no romance just friends . . . stop. . . . Warners made a test of Mrs. Clark Gable's daughter just to see how she photographs . . . ain't that sumpin' . . . stop. . . . Paramount has postponed "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," reason, inability to get a Mrs. Wiggs . . . stop. . . . Tom Moore (Ex-Alice Joyce and also ex-Renee Adoree) has done it again . . . he and Eleanor Merry were wed in Tia Juana stop. . . . Mary Brian and Ken Murray are seen dancing a lot together . . . stop. . . . Annual Malibu blaze burns three homes in colony to ground including Barbara Stanwyck's and Frank Fay's house. . . . Frank lost all his wardrobe, too . . .

The mystery of Walter Huston (there's an item about it in "Inside Stuff") is solved. Divorced by his wife, Bayonne Whipple Huston, in Reno, he's remarrying. The new Mrs. Huston will be Ninetta Eugenia Sunderland, an actress. She's 33, fourteen years younger than Walter. . . . Mervyn Le Roy, the wonder-boy director, dancing with Irene Purcell in Hollywood's favorite night clubs . . . but that was before Ginger Rogers came home from New York, where she played in vaudeville stop.

Mitzi Green had one of those poisonous option contracts . . . $625 one year, $1,250 the next if her option was taken up by Paramount . . . only it wasn't. . . . Mitzi Green is finding consolation in the $2,500 a week salary RKO is paying her for vodevilling for ten weeks stop. . . . Wally Beery's home at Beverly Hills burned to the ground while Beery was flying to New York to attend première of his latest picture, "The Champ" . . . fortunately, no one was hurt stop. . . .

What's this—is Jack Dempsey really going to marry again . . . or is pretty La Von Vincent telling the truth when she says it isn't true . . . but then why is he staying at her father's estate at Salt Lake City, Utah?

Good news! Just as soon as Marie Dressler finishes "Emma" she and Polly Moran are going to appear together in "Prosperity." . . . Marian Marsh indignantly denying the rumor that she and Jack Oakie were that way . . . why, she hardly knows Jack Oakie . . . it was just a typical Hollywood mixup . . . the budding romance is between Joan Marsh and Oakie stop. . . . Marjorie White and Esther Ralston will a-vodevilling go stop. Mae Clarke and Cameraman Freulich off and on, with Mae Clarke being very friendly to John McCormick, to whom she was once engaged, whenever she and Freulich have a spat . . . but Hollywood is of the opinion that Freulich is her true love after all stop.

All Hollywood is discussing the recent RKO shakeup . . . everybody from big executives to minor office boys were fired . . . there is the usual chatter about Wall Street taking over the movies and what will Art do. . . . John Barrymore has signed with M-G-M to do one picture, "Arsene Lupin," and in that one he will play opposite his brother, Lionel. . . . Lawrence Gray, who scored in some of the first talkie-singies, is making his first musical comedy appearance in New York . . . he's in "The Laugh Parade."

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It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** use daily one ounce Powdered Saxolite dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. At all drug stores.

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ROLL YOUR OWN

SAVE MONEY—Makes better cigarettes quickly at one fourth the price. Use your favorite brand of tobacco. Neat, useful, handy, simple. Pocket size, weighs only ½ ounce. Made of metal, nickel plated. **PRICE 25c., 3 for 65c**

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The new easy way! A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords, 10c.

JUSTRITE PUSH CLIP

10 cents

At Your Store

FITS BACK OF BASEBOARD OR MOULDING

Sigh, girls, for here she is—Mrs. Clark Gable with the Great Gable himself at a movie opening. She's twice Mrs. Gable, for she and Clark married again last June at Santa Ana, Cal., after their original marriage in the East the year previous

Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 37)

Colman Puts One Over

When Ronald Colman slipped into New York recently on his way to Europe, United Artists threw a press party for him aboard the *Conte Grande.*

Colman was very formal and very dignified, and the newspaper people were very polite and asked only polite questions. How long would he be away? How did he like working on "Arrowsmith?"

And Colman said he would be away about two months and that he had enjoyed working on "Arrowsmith" and that he was going to visit some relatives.

Not till he had arrived in France did the news leak out that he was seeking a French divorce from his wife, Thelma Ray.

The Darn Fool!

Jimmy Durante says he's mortified because M-G-M gave the rôle of Tarzan to Johnny Weissmuller, the swimming champion. "I went and practised so much," says Jimmy, "I can now swim from limb to limb by my schnozzle. So what?"

More of Danny Cupid's Doings

The Eleanor Boardman-King Vidor rift isn't definite yet, but Hollywood won't be surprised when it breaks.

Though Ernst Lubitsch and Ona Munson are still on fire, the ex-Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch and Hans Kraly are not.

John M. Stahl, the director, and Roxana Wray were married recently.

Billie Dove's brother, Cameraman Charles Bohny, got married to Virginia Ashcraft.

Gag of the Month

Harrison Carroll tells this one.

An electrician strolled onto the set where Adolphe Menjou was working.

"Who in the blankety blank blank blank put that screen in front of that light?" he thundered.

"Shh! It was the director," shushed an assistant.

"Oh, yes," said the electrician. "Isn't it pretty?"

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Why Billy Haines Stayed At Metro

(*Continued from page* 24)

"And yet the real trouble," Bill said, "was that I had changed and that the characterization I was doing hadn't. I'd changed. Movies had changed to talkies. Audiences had changed and yet I kept making the same old picture, over and over again. I'm not blaming the studio. It was my own fault. I'm just a lazy Southern guy, as you know, and when they handed me a story, it was easier to take it than it was to fight and get a new one. But when I read the box-office reports on my pictures and saw them falling steadily, I was sick. For I loved my work, you see, and I loved being a success."

JUST about that time Bill began going through the particular hell that is reserved in Hollywood for those who have been on top and who are beginning to slip. For Hollywood worships success and hates failure like a plague. Bill, who had been everybody's pal, suddenly found he didn't know half as many people as he had thought. They were all so busy. They all had so many interests.

"Not Joan, or Eleanor, or Polly," says Bill. "Not that swell girl, Marion Davies, but the rest of the gang." Meanwhile he made "Way Out West," "Remote Control" and "A Tailor Made Man." "And what big juicy lemons those were," Bill says.

It was at this time that he opened his antique shop.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because," said Bill—and stopped. "Because—oh, well, think me an awful fool, but in all that mess, in all the tinsel shifting of Hollywood, I wanted something that was permanent and beautiful. I'd go down to my shop and look at a perfect piece of old furniture and the world wouldn't seem so lousy after that."

But Hollywood was still holding an uppercut for Bill's pride in reserve. The uppercut was "Just a Gigolo."

"I WAS to play a sophisticated Englishman," said Bill. "Me—with this flat American accent of mine. The studio came to me and said, 'Go see Ronald Colman. We'd like you to try and give a performance like his.' Well, I'd fallen pretty low, but I couldn't do that. I'd go around Hollywood and everywhere that I saw a Colman picture, I'd run, for fear I would go in and see it and come out and give a ham imitation of him. But that wasn't all. They called me up from the main office one day and said, 'Billy, we've got Leslie Howard, the English stage actor, under contract. We've been talking to Mr. Howard about 'Just a Gigolo' and he now has the script of it. We've asked him to read it for you and we want you to go up to his house and listen to it and then do an exact imitation of him.' "

Bill stopped and lit a cigarette. "Well," he said finally, "I wish you'd try to imagine how I felt. I thought about how I felt and I'd think about how Leslie Howard must feel. He was new on the lot and he wanted to keep in right. He necessarily had to do any favors they might ask him, but I knew he was a gentleman and must be just as embarrassed about the situation as I was. At first I thought I couldn't go through with it. But Heaven help me, I love acting. It's been my job. It's the only job I know. I couldn't just let it slide because I was humiliated. I thought if I balked at a single thing to make good, I had no excuse for failing. So I went to Howard's that night and listened to him read. It was the most awful few hours I have ever experienced. I felt like a worm. And, of course, when they started shooting the picture, that scene would all come back to me and I'd be more self-conscious and nervous than ever."

FINALLY came "The New Adventures of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford." It was Bill's last picture under his contract.

"The studio put out a lot of publicity at that time that they weren't renewing my contract because I was asking too much money," Bill said. "But don't let that fool you. That was a pleasant little lie for them to tell. It saved my face, only it wasn't true. I wasn't demanding any more money. I would have stayed on any terms and the studio knew it. After all, Metro is the only company I've ever been with. It's home to me. I've been there nearly ten years. I wanted to be with them on any basis whatsoever. But they made it perfectly clear that they didn't want me on any basis whatsoever and so 'Wallingford' went into the work.

"I expected 'Wallingford' to be rotten," Bill said. "So did everybody else. But I had a couple of breaks. Bernie Hyman was supervisor on it, and Sam Wood was the director. Bernie had been supervisor on 'Brown of Harvard.' It was his first big success as well as mine. So Bernie came to me and said, 'Bill, we're not going to give in without a fight. I'm going to do everything I can to make "Wallingford" a success!'

"It was all due to him that we got Charlie MacArthur to write the dialogue on it. MacArthur wasn't supposed to do it. He was working on another picture. But he was grand about it and nights, after he'd finished working on the other production, he'd bootleg us lines for our production. The lines used to arrive at my house about midnight and I'd sit up half the night to learn them for the next day.

"Meanwhile I closed up my house and put it on the market for rent. I looked over my bank account and I found I could, by living very simply, get along on the earnings of my shop. I hired a small apartment and I moved in. Nobody paid any attention to me. I wasn't anybody in Hollywood any longer. Everybody knew Metro wasn't going to re-sign me. But we kept on plugging along on Wallingford. I made up my mind to play him straight—not to do another wise guy. Besides, the comedy was all being taken care of by that beautiful performance of Jimmy Durante's.

"Night after night I stayed up all night, learning twenty or thirty pages of dialogue. Then we'd shoot all day. Toward the end I got so tired I couldn't remember the lines at all. But Bernie and Sam were marvelous. They'd let me recite two or three lines and then stop the camera while I went back and learned more.

"Finally it was finished. I didn't expect to go to the preview. I had put everything I had in that performance, but I didn't believe it would make any difference. But when I heard the picture was being shown down in Glendale I couldn't stay away. I sneaked down into the house. The picture was running at the time and the audience was howling with glee. They were laughing their heads off. They liked it! Well, I might as well confess I began to cry. Sheer nerves. It was all over, but they were liking the last thing I had done."

Billy paused again. "I sneaked out before the lights came up," he continued, "and I was just getting my car out of the parking station when the crowd began coming out. They were still laughing and I knew that meant the picture was a hit. Then, just at that moment, I heard two of the big boys at the studio talking. They were on the other side of my car and didn't see me.

" 'What are we going to do about Haines?' the one asked. 'He's no longer under contract to us.'

" 'We'll get in touch with him in the morning,' said the other one, and I sneaked off without being seen."

"So that's how it happened," I said.

"Yes," said Bill. "They sent for me next morning and I arrived. I didn't dictate any terms and I'm not now. I'm just so glad to be back. Thalberg asked me to make this personal appearance tour. I don't like it. I've never been on a stage before and I think I'm awful. But if Irving wants me to do it, that's that. He's been my friend in all this, too."

"And the house, Billy," I asked. "You opened it up again?"

"No," said Bill. "I'm staying in the apartment. What did I really have that house for? To impress myself. Well, I don't need to impress myself any more. I got down pretty much to the bottom of things in the last few months and I understand a lot more. You know, success is a bad thing for you because you lose your sensitiveness and you lose your tact. You are so sure of yourself that you forget how the other man feels. I think I'm being a little more tactful with people these days, a little decenter, because I've gone through the spell when I wanted the other fellow to be that way to me.

"What's ahead of me, I don't know. They tell me I may be put as a second lead in a Bob Montgomery picture when I get back. I don't care. I only hope I get an acting chance. The main thing is that I'm on the lot again going on with my job."

So there you have the inside story of why Billy Haines is back with Metro.

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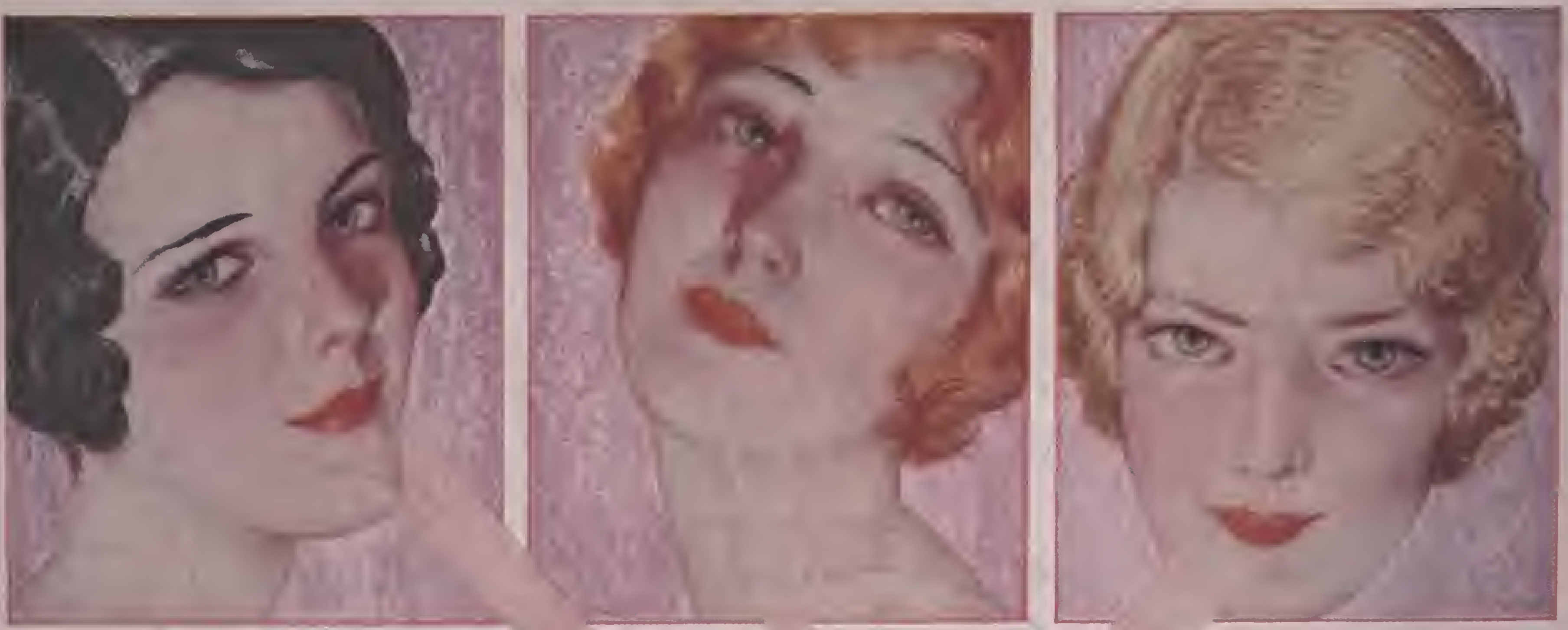

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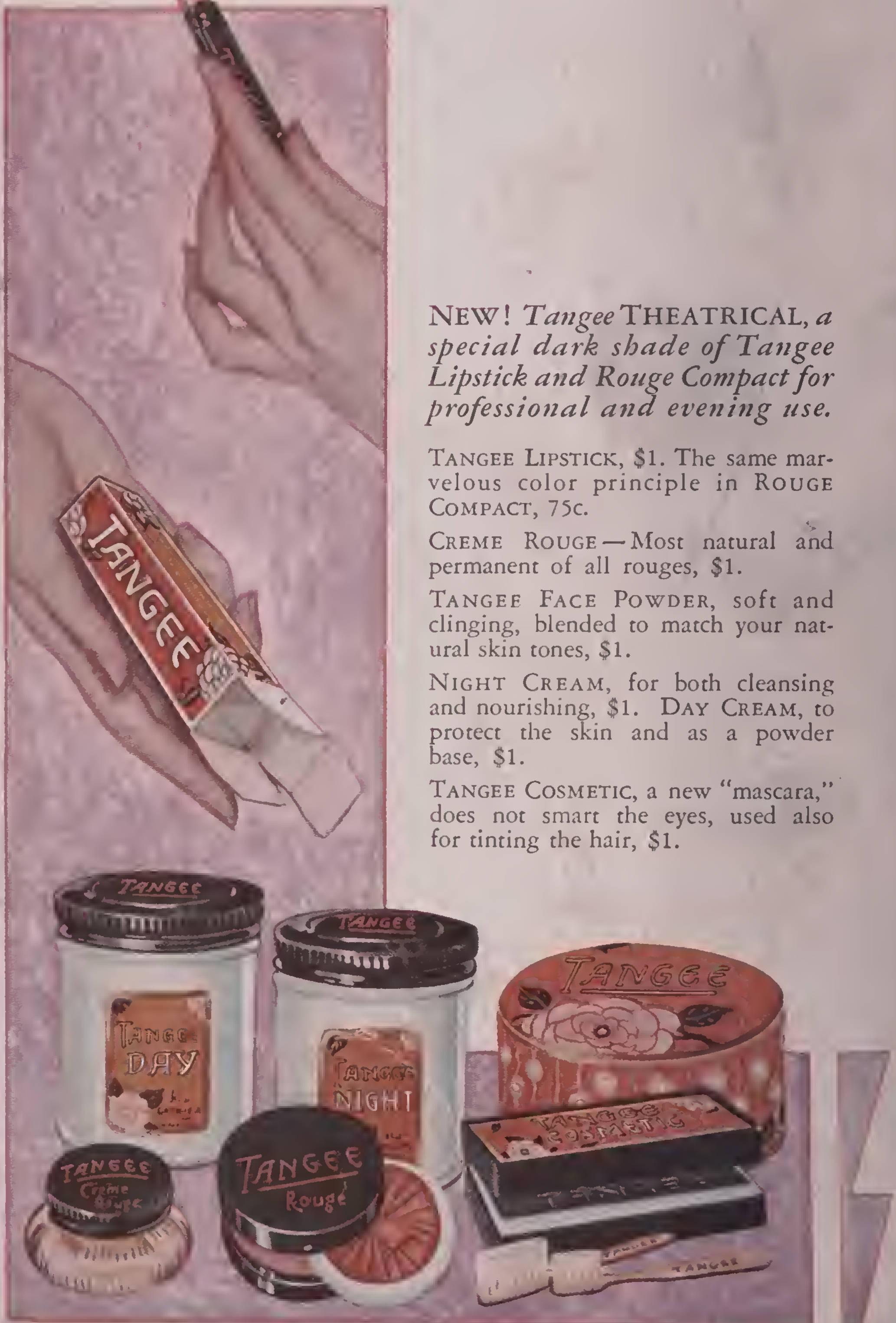

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Movie Mirror

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APRIL

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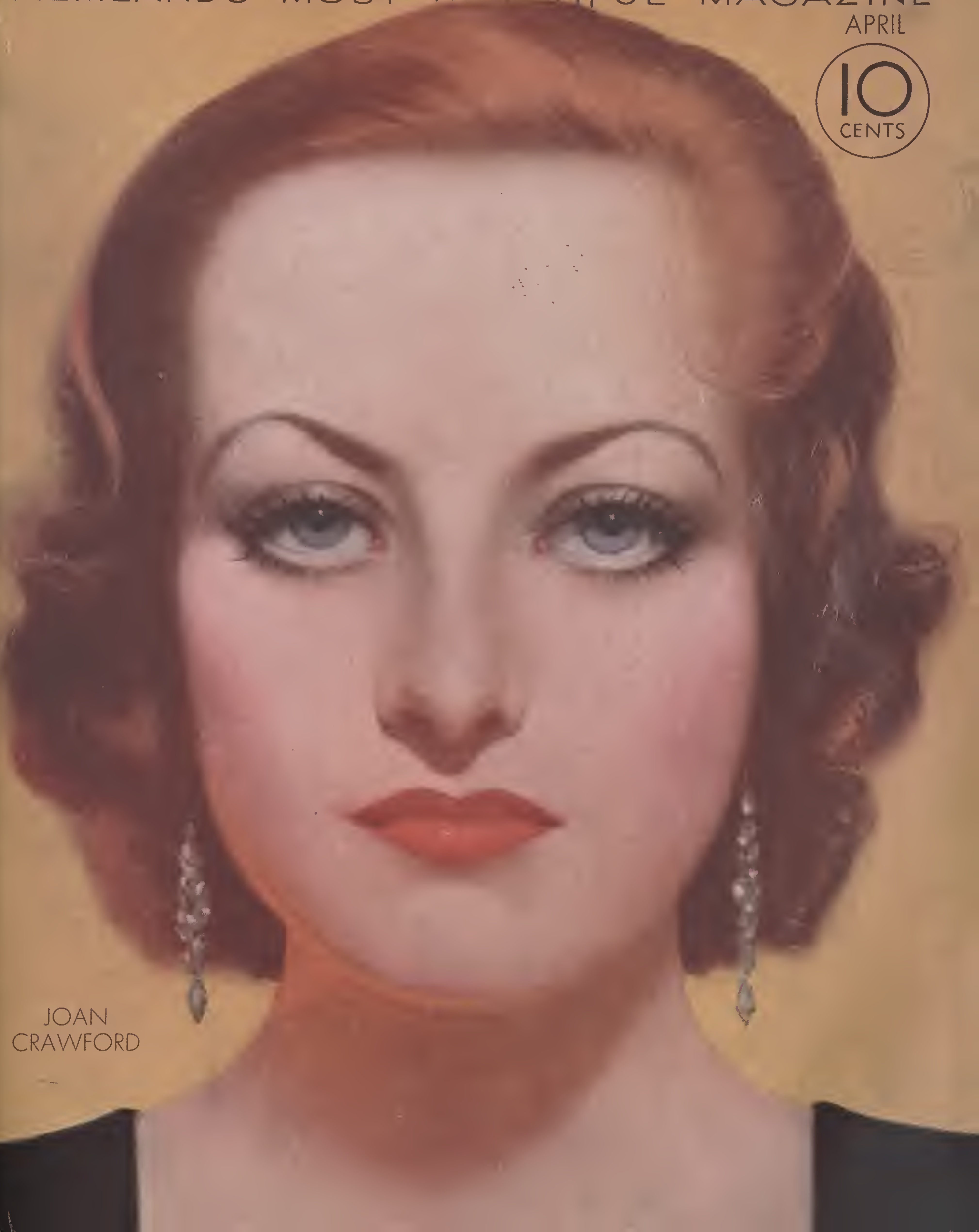

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Movie Mirror

FILMLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE

VOL. 1, No. 6

APRIL 1932

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Special Features

Up From the East Side........................*Harry Lang* 12
James Cagney Tells His Life Story

When Hollywood Goes On the Air............*Kenneth Burke* 15

A Hard-Boiled Gal Gets Soft Hearted.........*Arthur Williams* 18
It's Love That's Troubling Joan Blondell

The Untold Chapters In Marie Dressler's Life..*Muriel Babcock* 20

Her Mother Said "Yes, Yes"....................*John Arnold* 29
But Who Could Say "No" to Sylvia Sidney?

What Do You Mean—Hard Luck?............*Muriel Babcock* 31
Wallace Ford Made Everything Turn Out Grand

The Love Fever Chart of Hollywood...........*Marquis Busby* 32

Bill Boyd At Home.. 36

Can Idealism Win in Hollywood?....*Aileen St. John Brenon* 39
What's Ann Harding Going to Do?

What Becomes of Your Movie Money?............*Dora Albert* 54

No Woman Without a Past Is Interesting
By Norma Shearer as told to Gladys Hall 58

He Thought He Was Licked...............*Edward Churchill* 60
Robert Young Likes Success Now

She's Learned Her Lesson.......................*Allan Jordan* 72
Dolores Del Rio Is Smiling These Days

Love On a Budget...............*Fictionized by Louise Frazier* 78
A Story of Young Love Starring Loretta Young

Exclusive Portraits

Marion Davies........................ 24
Helen Twelvetrees.................... 25
Clark Gable............................ 26
Helen Hayes.......................... 27
Chester Morris........................ 40
Joan Crawford........................ 48
George Arliss.......................... 49
Dorothy Jordan....................... 50
Marian Marsh......................... 51
Marlene Dietrich...................... 52
Maurice Chevalier.................... 53
John Barrymore...................... 68
Olga Baclanova....................... 69
Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell........ 75

Cover Portrait of Joan Crawford by John Ralston Clarke.

Also

Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle.*Alma Talley* 6
Hot News.................*Harry Lang* 8
The Editor's Page..................... 11
Inside Stuff........................... 41
Movies of the Month.................. 62
Fashions from Hollywood..*Marjorie Grace* 70
Speak for Yourself.................... 74
The Movies' Beauty Secrets.*Evelyn Cassidy* 84
Tips on Talkies............*Dora Albert* 90

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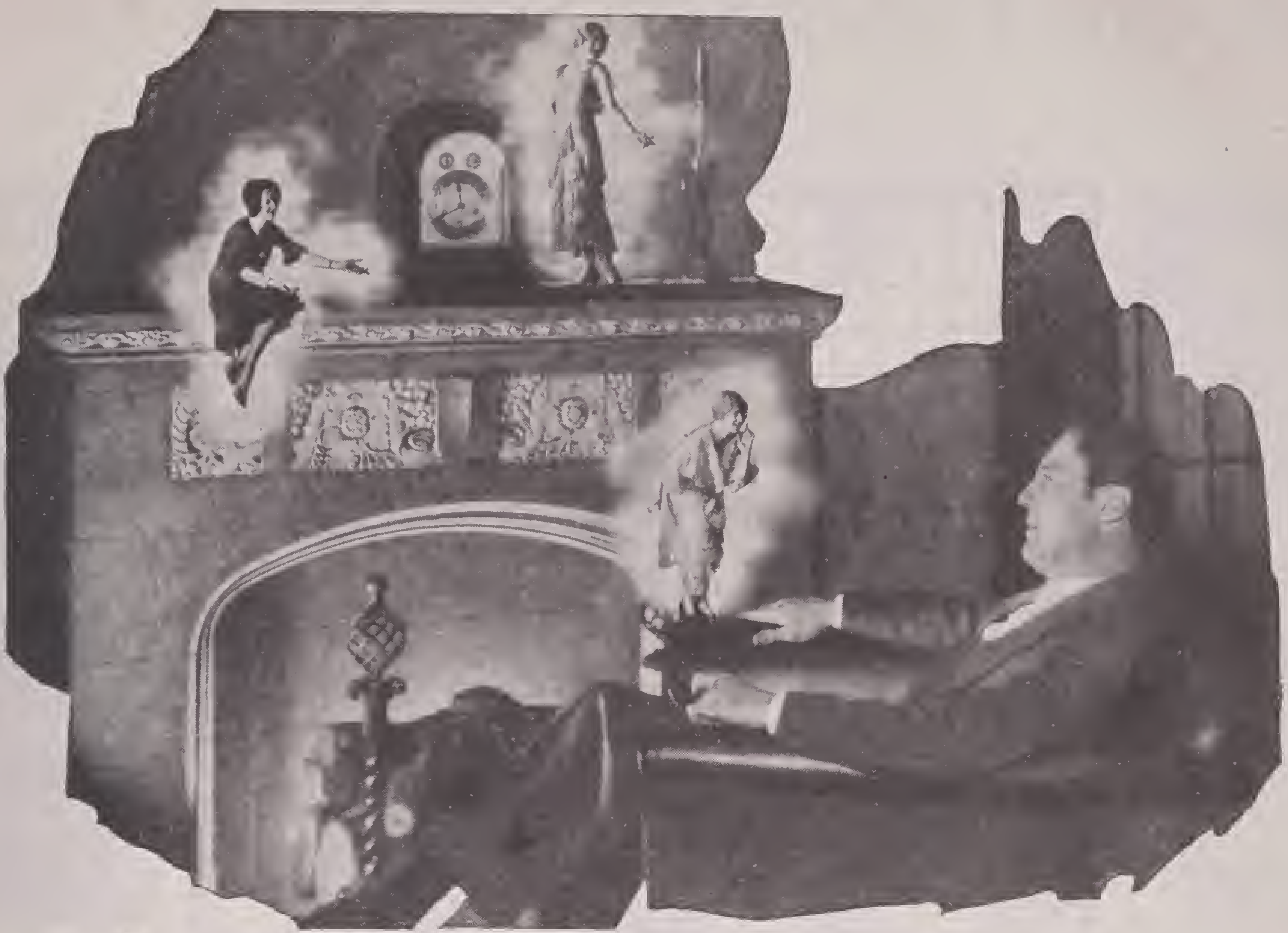

Hidden in the heart of EVERY MAN

Down deep in the heart of every man he cherishes his dream girl. Every sweetheart . . . every wife . . . is secretly compared to this phantom charmer. She is enchantingly sweet, delicately lovely and has an exquisite complexion.

Do you meet the requirements of your loved one's ideal? Have you the glow of radiant youth his heart desires? You can have. You must have to hold him. Otherwise he will fall under the captivating spell of the first woman that seems to measure up to his dreams.

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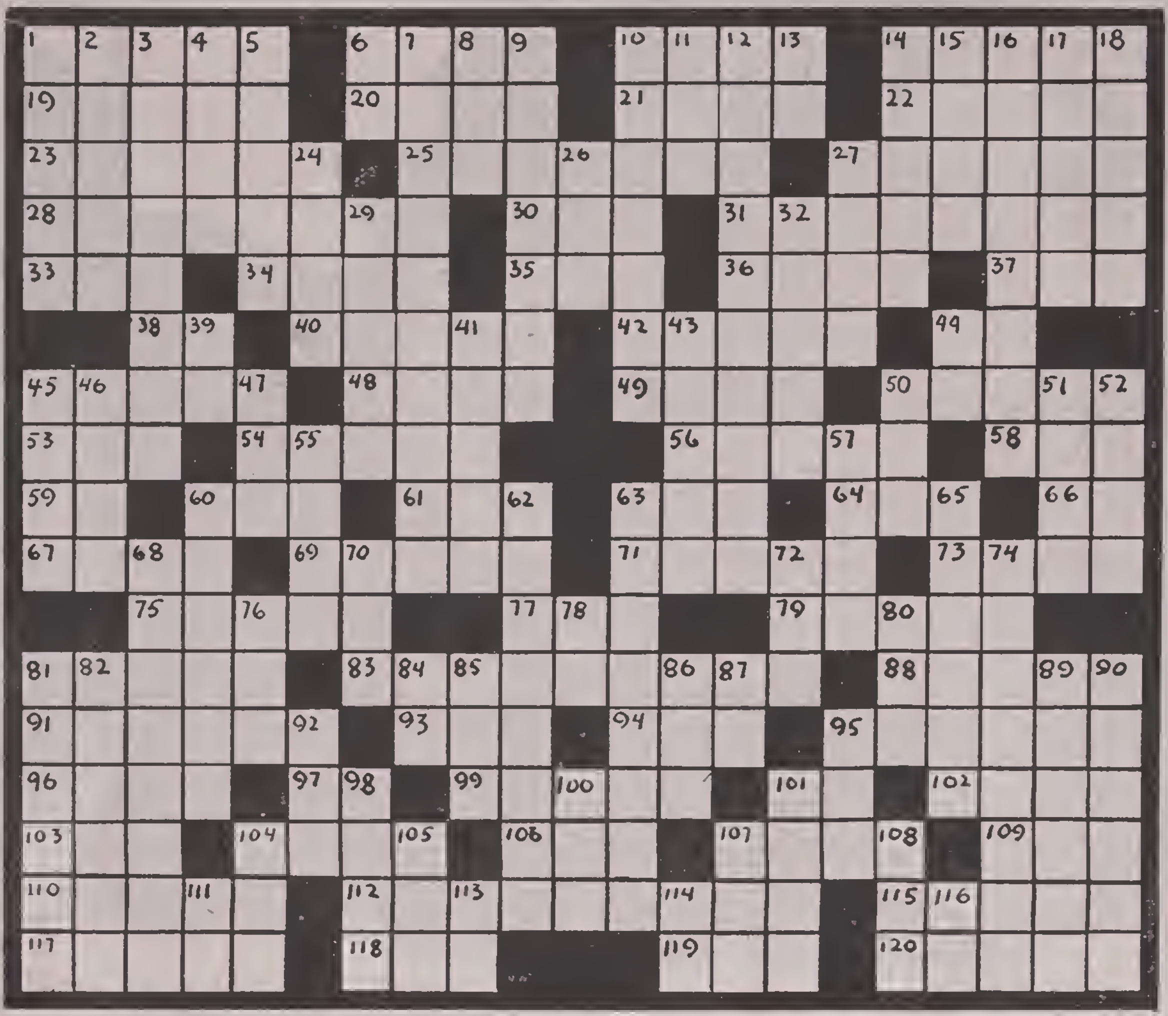
Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley

1 Down

18 Down



31 Across

75 Across

ACROSS

1 Warner's newest star (a Wampas Baby).
6 Measure of land.
10 Knocks.
14 Flare-up of temperaments.
19 Not asleep.
20 Stars diet to keep this way.
21 Blunders.
22 M-G-M's former French star who has been in a sanitarium.
23 Ranting.
25 Our country.
27 Lent.
28 A new moon.
30 Baby's drinking cup.
31 Mrs. Doug. Jr.
33 Female bird.
34 To spout forth.
35 A tavern.
36 Labels.
37 Uncle Sam.
38 Either.
40 Tombstone (classical).
42 Arabian princes.
44 One.
45 That Monday morning feeling.
48 Noteworthy periods.
49 You use these in shooting craps.
50 Famous English race course.
53 Goddess of dawn.
54 With gin and leisure, in Hollywood you have this.
56 A luring lady.
58 Topsy's pal.
59 Mammy's boy.
60 A pouch.
61 Over (contraction).
63 Bebe's husband.
64 Also.
66 Printer's measure (half an em).
67 Murnau's South Sea film.
69 Connie Bennett's bridegroom.
71 slang.
73 Tunes.
75 Star of "Touchdown."
77 Evergreen tree.
79 Employers.
81 Thick soup.
83 Not alike.
88 Loud breathing.
91 A camera must get these right.
93 This goes with feathers in a lynching.
94 Time past.
95 This is the Mrs. for Al Jolson.
96 Remain.
97 Exclamation of triumph.
99 Paramount jungle film.
101 Exist.
102 A grand lady.
103 Prefix meaning three.
104 You hear this in barkies.
106 Payment.
107 Utters.
109 English afternoon drink.
110 Unit of weight.
112 Teacher in a university.
115 An actor's manager.
117 Reposes.
118 Doug Jr. is this to Doug Sr.
119 The years make even stars get this way.
120 Whiskey and hot water.

DOWN

1 The screen's current "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."
2 Cognizant.
3 Excessively hungry.
4 You see these in newsreels of winter sports.
5 Therefore.
6 Near.
7 "The First Lady of the Screen."
8 Edge.
9 Foes.
10 Ruled.
11 Lamp used in film studios.
12 Rehearsing.
13 An ocean liner (abbrev.).
14 Black birds.
15 What grows on a tree.
16 Radio masters of ceremonies do this.
17 Prophets.
18 Her last name is Hopper.
24 Jewels.
26 Walk—don't do this—to the nearest exit.
27 Falls behind.
29 Saltpeter.
32 More uncommon.
39 Note of scale.
41 A stratum.
43 Man who hoards money.
44 Like.
45 Hearts do this faster when Gable appears.
46 Lew Ayres' bride.
47 Mineral spring.
50 Star of "Devotion."
51 Above.
52 A star does this at the beach.
55 Dull pain.
57 Dines.
60 Certainly.
62 Good-for-nothings, collectively.
63 Screens of shells—you see them in war films.
65 Mended stockings.
68 What you go to sales for.
70 The last word flashed on the screen.
72 Not in.
74 Set apart.
76 Wheeler and Woolsey's leading lady.
78 That is (abbrev.).
80 Compass point.
81 A minister.
82 False.
84 Impersonal pronoun.
85 Remote.
86 An actor sometimes has too much of this.
87 None.
89 Patch again.
90 Agreement between nations.
92 Feminine pronoun.
95 What you unlock a door with.
98 Those Swiss mountains.
100 Born.
101 Poet.
104 Yes man's favorite word.
105 For.
107 The sun.
108 Rested.
111 New England state (abbrev.).
113 Upon.
114 Thus.
116 Proceed.

The answer to this puzzle will appear next month. On page 87 you'll find the answer to last month's.

How Would You like to have some RUBBER DIMES?

COME, come, now—this is no April Fool joke! . . . Actually you can *stretch* your money—make it go farther and buy more—when you spend it in a chain store.

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Hot News!

By HARRY LANG

HOLLYWOOD: Last-minute news as Movie Mirror goes to press—

. . . Linda "Sob Sister" Watkins lohengrined it with Gabe Hess of the Will Hays office . . . they stopped off in Chicago between trains, enroute to New York, long enough for the "I-do" business . . . Dorothy "Midge" Lee hasn't her appendix any more . . . it started to cut up on her, therefore so did the surgeons . . . but she's all okay again by now . . . Polly (looks like Clara Bow) Walters' contract bought from Warners' by Radio who plan to feature her . . . so it looks like a hot summer stop . . .

AFTER getting one look at the red beard George Bancroft grew for his rôle in "Red Harvest," Paramount officials told him to go shave quick, and play the part straight stop . . . Morton (Mister Barbara Bennett) Downey's got bennett ideas . . . he asked $65,000 a picture from Radio . . . Radio said anyway it was a good ask stop . . . and wasn't a certain hi-hat blonde star peeved when her press-agent's story about the "tasty luncheon" party she gave came out in the paper as a "nasty luncheon" stop . . .

. . . and weren't producers surprised when Connie Bennett was laid up cutting a wisdom tooth . . . they thought she had at least a couple of dozen already exclamation point . . . title for her next picture to be "A Free Lady" stop . . . Ben Lyon is the latest to sign up for a vodevil tour stop . . . after several years as featured Paramount players, Clive Brook and Claudette Colbert are to be co-starred as a team for the first time . . . picture's title not yet set . . . Lon Chaney's son signs up for a moving picture career . . . but no "thousand faces" business . . . will play juvenile types instead . . .

WELL, if you've seen "The Woman From Monte Carlo," you've seen the last of Lil (*not* another Garbo) Dagover . . . at least, as far as Warners' are concerned . . . they didn't take up their option to have her come back for a second picture stop . . . Reginald (proud papa) Denny fell off a polo pony . . . it must have made the pony mad, because it stepped kerplunk on Reg's back . . . and Reg stayed in bed a couple of days and decided he'd leave polo-playing to his best friend, Bob Montgomery . . . Ann Harding wanted personally to buy and scrap "Prestige," her latest film, because she didn't like it . . . but when RKO-Pathé asked a half million for it, she decided she'd take vanilla stop . . . in his next, Wally Beery will play the rôle of a German wrestler stop . . .

. . . Buster Collier hospitalized to have a case of "pink-eye" operated on stop . . . comedy-ideas are suddenly turning to burlesques on western "hoss-operas" . . . that'll be the idea of both Joe E. Brown's and Buster Keaton's next haha-films, 'tis said stop . . . Loretta (still heart-free) Young and David (handsome) Manners will co-star in "Week-End Marriage" next stop . . .

WAR or no war, the Dick Barthelmesses have left on that vacation trip to China stop . . . Rudy Vallee's wife (Fay Webb, one-time Hollywood extra girl) is in California with her parents, leaving Rudy back east for the third time since their wedding last year . . . her parents own a radio, though . . . every time a new personality flares, every studio tries to find a double . . . that's why all the "another Garbo's" . . . and now it's said that George Brent is being groomed at Warners' to be a "second Gable" . . . oh, well . . .

. . . you'll probably see Monte (he-man) Blue making a talkie comeback within a very short time . . . Clive Brook is off for a vacation in deah ol' Lunnon stop . . .

. . . Tom Mix, fully recovered from hospital sequences, is at work on his first comeback movie stop . . . Mary Brian, away on a vodevil tour, got a movie film as her birthday present from Russ Gleason . . . it showed all of Mary's friends in gag costumes wishing her a happy birthday . . . that Russ-and-Mary business has Hollywood plenty guessing . . . just when everybody's convinced it'll be wedding bells any moment, why, either Russ or Mary or both start being seen with other people . . . Russ and Maureen O'Sullivan, for instance, and Mary and (of *all* people!) Jack Dempsey . . .

NO personal appearance tour, after all, for Jackie Cooper . . . had to give up the $7500-a-week route because M-G-M needed him for "Limpy" stop . . . Dorothy Burgess sorta admits she's going to become Mrs. Clarence (Director) Brown before long stop . . . Fanny Brice's brother took a film test, looked at the rushes, and gulped: "Oy, so I'm a Jewish Cagney!" . . .

. . . Sally (of the sisters) Blane going places with Laddy Sanford, the polo star . . . Janet Gaynor and Will Rogers have returned from their world-hopping to Holly-

Last Minute Review

✓✓ Shanghai Express (Paramount)

Whatever else they may say about Josef von Sternberg (and they say plenty!), they can never say after this that he's not one of the greatest of film directors. "Shanghai Express" is a masterpiece of screen story-telling! And pictorially, it's one of the sweetest pieces of camera-work that's ever come out of Hollywood. Marlene Dietrich has *never* been more fascinatingly beautiful—and the *only* glimpse you get of her—er—legs—is a fleeting shot of a silk-clad knee.

A great love's renaissance, enthrallingly picture-told against a brilliant background of color and thrills is the story of "Shanghai Express."

There's more color in this film than any dozen ordinary ones. Paramount must have spent money furiously to reproduce China so completely in California. As for the players—well, Marlene is again Marlene, only more so. Clive Brook has never turned in a finer performance than he does in this, as her lover. Oland, a Scandinavian who can be more Chinese than Confucius himself, does his stuff to perfection. To try to single out any of the others of the cast would be unfair—all work magnificently.

"Shanghai Express" is a rare bit of entertainment—"different" without going to freakishness; fascinating in its portrayals, thrilling in its wealth of incident, delightful in its scenic beauty. It's worth anybody's seeing.

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wood . . . but Gary Cooper's still banging away at lions and things in Africa stop . . .

UNIVERSAL'S gotten into the bring-'em-from-Europe racket with Tala Birell, described as "fascinating continental actress" . . . Tala won't be popular if she keeps on saying things like, "I cannot think of any male star who even approaches my conception of the ideal man!" . . . her first film will be "Marriage Interlude" . . . Carole Lombard's next starrer will be "Manhattan Model" which'll tell all about the private lives of the gals who pose for magazine covers stop . . . the "Bird of Paradise" company, headed by Dolores (she's different now) Del Rio and Joel (YMCA) McCrea, has sailed for Honolulu . . . they'll cast a native Hawaiian to play Dolores' father . . . with or without a ukulele stop . . . Harold Lloyd is still looking for a leading lady for his film about Hollywood . . . the race has narrowed down to Leila Hyams, Connie Cummings, Irene Purcell stop . . . what's this about Maureen (colleen) O'Sullivan and Hardie (ex-Fox) Albright goin' places together question mark stop . . . Barry Norton has returned from a half-year-layoff spent in Tahiti with a new head of red hair stop . . . Mitchell (menace) Lewis is out for the post of assemblyman from the 57th California district, which is Hollywood . . . he's running against Lawyer Milton Golden, who engineered Mexico's one-day divorce law stop . . . Lucile Brown ranks as Hollywood's new serial queen—the Pearl White of 1932—with Universal signing her for the lead in the "Great Airmail Mystery" stop . . . Universal it is, too, who have signed up one of Hollywood's best future-star bets—pretty blonde June Clyde (Mrs. Thornton "Director" Freeland, if you must know) stop . . .

. . . Marilyn (oh that smile!) Miller is through with pictures . . . anyway, for awhile . . . her Warners' contract is over and she's going back to the stage, she says stop . . . Leslie (wanderlust) Fenton is honing for the sea again . . . plans a trip across the Atlantic in a 40-foot boat stop . . .

IT won't be long before there's still another Barrymore in the world . . . Dolores is layette-conscious again . . . and talking of babies, that youngster of Harold Lloyd's had his first birthday a few weeks ago . . . the same "Junior" who spent a long time in an incubator after he weighed into the world at two pounds, fourteen ounces . . . his first anniversary weight: twenty pounds, even, stop . . . the mystery-drama vogue continues, so Radio will make "Lame Dog Inn" which is one of those things . . . Arline (Mrs. Wes Ruggles) Judge and Eric (he-cinderella) Linden, Radio's "kid stars," will play the leads . . . newest gag of Hollywood souvenir hounds is to attend polo matches and get the stars to sign polo balls . . . Radio hired many trained nurses, young doctors, to work as extras so the hospital scenes in "Symphony of Six Million" would look authentic stop . . .

. . . most recent Mayfair Party was ballyhooed as a "hard times" number and everybody was supposed to wear gingham dresses and things like that . . . so the stars spent hundreds having elaborate evening dresses made—of gingham stop . . . Hollywood hears that Barbara Weeks and George Meeker are that way stop . . . and Ann Dvorak and Charlie Butterworth question mark stop . . . Dickie Moore seems headed toward the jackiecooper altitudes . . . he's to be starred by Warners in "Rags to Riches" . . . Anita Page has signed up a new contract with Metro stop . . .

. . . Madge Bellamy, who has been roadshowing in stage plays since her silent stardom days, is back in Hollywood to make a talkie comeback stop . . . old-fashioned bangs are becoming popular as the latest hairdress fashion among Hollywood's style-setting beauties . . . Fay Wray and Miriam Hopkins are the latest West Coast converts and Helen Hayes is featuring them on Broadway stop . . . Duncan (Trader Horn) Renaldo was fined thirty dollars for speeding . . . he claimed he was so broke he had to pay his fine in two monthly installments of fifteen dollars each which the judge said was okay stop . . . Loretta (Ex-Mrs. Grant Withers) is being seen everywhere and often with Herb (Ex-Mister Gloria Swanson) Somborn these days . . . but Loretta says no more matrimony for her for at least five years stop. . . .

Billie Dove, after being in New York for five weeks to rest up from Hollywood, left for Palm Beach to rest up from New York . . . as though any gal as beautiful as Billie would be permitted to rest in Palm Beach during the height of the season two exclamation points stop.

ADD title changes: Bill Boyd's "Bad Timber" becomes "Carnival Boat"; Kay Francis's first starring picture for Warners' will be called "A Dangerous Brunette," instead of "The Hungry Wife," "Working Wives," or "Pleasure First," unless Warners' changes its mind again; Bancroft's next picture is no longer "On the Black Sea" but is "Red Harvest" now stop . . . there'll be a thousand Russians in it stop.

THOUGH Norma Shearer will make "Smilin' Through" one of these days, that picture is being postponed and postponed, while pictures like "Strange Interlude" are rushed into the work . . . and that isn't exactly a picture for the kids' Saturday matinees in Oshkosh, certainly not with Clark Gable playing opposite Norma exclamation point stop . . . Gary Cooper having shot some super-lions in Africa (what are super-lions, anyway?) says he'll be back in civilization by April anyway and won't Paramount please hold "A Farewell to Arms" for him . . . Gary smiled blithely when Paramount handed his other rôles to other players because he didn't care much for them anyway but this is the one picture he wants to make and how! . . . Bets are being offered and taken in Hollywood on whether Gary (he-man) Cooper and Lupe (can't make up her mind) Velez will reconcile when he gets back . . . odds are 6 to 5 that they'll be Garbo-Gableing before the summer wanes stop.

Last Minute Review

✓Fireman, Save My Child
(Warner-First Nat'l)

Joe E. Brown's mouth is functioning joebrownily again. They had him keep it fairly well shut in his previous picture, but in this, it opens up again. Besides that, the rest of the picture is great comedy.

Never mind the title; this is about a smalltown boob who becomes a baseball star, and how.

Joe's a boob again—a "nut" on fire extinguisher inventing. Because he's so coo-coo on the subject, he almost fails to take advantage of a natural genius for baseball. But after all, this is a movie comedy, and so all ends well.

In the baseball sequences, you'll find some startling camera-work adding to the thrills. The Messrs. Warners' gagmen, too, worked overtime and produced some new comedy touches that'll give you a stitch in the side. Add a dash of romance—and you've got something pleasant for your money.

Anita (no-longer-chaperoned) Page going places with a Hollywood doctor, Dr. Cyril B. Wright . . . and can this be the beginning of a new romance for Anita question mark stop . . . folks once thought that Crown Prince of Universal, Carl Laemmle, Jr., might be Anita's permanent escort, but that didn't work out, so all Hollywood is waiting to see when Anita's great romance will come stop.

IT'S hoped that by March 13 Renee Adoree will be able to leave the sanitarium where she's been making such a plucky fight for health and life . . . but there won't be any immediate comeback in pictures for her, for doctors say she'll have to live high up in the mountain air stop.

Anita Page and Wallace Ford will play the juvenile leads in M-G-M's next Dressler-Moran picture, "Prosperity" . . . and isn't it about time for another Dressler-Beery starring picture question mark stop.

THEY say that Greta Garbo will make "Black Oxen" after "Grand Hotel" . . . can you feature Ramon Novarro as a football player in "Huddle" question mark stop . . . Miami-bound are Jane Winton, one-time screen siren, and hubby Horace Gumble stop . . . Howard (Millionaire) Hughes may buy the dirigible Los Angeles from the U. S. Navy . . . Rear Admiral W. A. Moffett thinks $500,000 would be about the right price stop.

THE B. P. Schulbergs (he's West Coast production boss of Paramount) admit They No Longer Care . . . they'll take legal measures toward a separation . . . they quarreled just before Mrs. Schulberg left on a trip to Russia . . . Hollywood gossip says Mrs. Schulberg didn't like hubby's discoveries.

Marie Dressler's "Emma" is this month's big box-office wow . . . out-box-officing even "Possessed" and "Mata Hari" in some parts of the country stop . . . That romance between Marilyn Miller and Don Alvarado is still *hot;* but Jack Oakie, though he seems to be That Way about Joan Marsh, took Mary Collins, Miriam Hopkins' niece, to the Mayfair.

Movie Mirror
FILMLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE

The Editor's Page.

THE insiders call Hollywood "Heartbreak Town" and there are reasons.

There never was a more striking demonstration of it than occurred at the première of "Union Depot" out there, as MOVIE MIRROR's own Harry Lang reports it.

Of course, all the stars attended. Much hullabaloo had been made in advance over the fact that Doug Fairbanks, Senior, would attend the opening of his son's starring picture, and that Mary Pickford would be with him.

They did attend, Mary and Doug, for a long, long time the most popular stars of the screen.

But at "Union Depot" hardly a ripple of applause greeted them as they showed up; not more than a handful of autograph hunters approached. But when Clark Gable appeared . . . . ! ! There was a resounding roar. The police couldn't hold back the rush. Gable was half torn to pieces by autograph hounds, women, men, admirers. Mary and Doug were pushed aside, deserted.

They must have done some interesting thinking. So must Gable. A year ago, except for a few casting agents who refused him work, nobody would have known Clark if they had fallen over him.

Of course you can say that Gable is young and Pickford and Fairbanks are no longer young. But what about Marie Dressler? That grand old gal is breaking box-office records everywhere in the country with "Emma", not only breaking them but usually doubling the theatre's average business.

Or if you are looking for excuses, you can talk about the Garbo mystery. The greatest opening on the Coast recently was "Mata Hari." Sid Grauman, who was staging it, suggested to the Swedish Sphinx that if she would attend, the theatre's record business would be shattered for all time. So did she attend? She did not.

Then there is Janet Gaynor. We talk about this as an age of sophistication, jazz, speakeasies. And little Janet, who is just about as sophisticated as a field of clover, appears in simple little films like "Delicious" and "Sunny Side Up." She is an unaffected little girl and she plays an unaffected little girl. But her name in front of any theatre anywhere means a crowd inside.

Gable, Dressler, Garbo, Gaynor. Four personalities as unlike each other as the seasons. But each and every one of them giving us, the public, something that we want.

Do you, MOVIE MIRROR readers, know what you want? I'd like to know. I'd like to know so much that I'm willing to pay to know. I think you do, but I wish you'd write me about it. Who is your favorite star? Do you prefer men to women stars? What kind of pictures do you like to see them in? Would you rather see a good movie without a star in the cast, or see a star regardless of the story? If all the other stars in the business were killed off and only one remained, which one would you choose?

For the best letter, I'll pay fifteen dollars; for the second best, ten dollars; and for the five next runners-up, one dollar each. And I promise to print parts of them on this page so that the producers will know what you are really after.

Ruth Waterbury.
Editor

Here is where Jimmy Cagney was born, in the heart of New York's East Side, Avenue D and Eighth Street, where the streets are crowded and hearts are hard as the pavements

Jimmy looking the camera straight in the eye at the age of one whole year

Up From the East Side

The True Life Story of JAMES CAGNEY *as told by Jimmy himself* to Harry Lang

THERE aren't any airs about Jimmy Cagney. The night I went to his house in the Hollywood hills to start getting this life-story of his, he answered the doorbell himself. He was in his shirtsleeves and suspenders.

He'd been working hard all that day at the studio, making process shots for "The Crowd Roars." Now that he was home, he was going to be comfortable—and Jimmy's not the sort of fellow who'll put on a lot of fancy clothes to make an impression on an interviewer. Take him as he is, that's his attitude.

He'd been playing the piano—I heard it plinking and plunking as I walked up the steps and rang the bell. I heard him get up and come to the door. He opened it, looked at me.

"H'lo. You're Lang, aren't you? C'mon in. Siddown—" He pointed to a comfortable chair. He pulled out another for himself. A nearly-finished hooked-rug lay all over it. Mrs. Jimmy came in—a pleasant, sweet, pretty little girl. "Wait a minute, Jimmy; I'll take it." She swept up the rug, folded it.

"Y'know," muttered Cagney, "I get so damsick and tired of seeing her make those things—hearing that thtsh-thtsh-thtsh of the needle allatime, that sometimes I . . ."

"Honestly, Jimmy?" asked his wife, instantly worried.

Jimmy's mother sent Movie Mirror this picture with a note that said it showed "Dr. Edward, 5, (left); Dr. Harry, 8, (on top) and Jim, 7." In other words, our hero and his brothers

"Aw no—I'm only kidding, honey," he shot back at her, a funny little-boy smile on his Irish face; "*you* know that." She smiled and hurried out. Jimmy took the chair. He didn't sit in it—just sprawled.

"Well, what'll it be?" he asked.

"About yourself. All about yourself. Your life story—from as far back as you can remember . . ."

Jimmy scratched his red head. . . .

Y'KNOW, (he began, after a few moments' thought) I've read a lot of biographies. I read a lot. In just about all of them, there seem to be a lot of important things to tell about. But when it comes to telling about myself—well, it's funny, but nothing worth the telling seems to come.

For instance, there doesn't seem to be any point to it at all, but just starting at random, the memory that seems to pop into my mind is about the mad crush I had when I was five years old on a girl of fifteen. She lived over a pawnshop, and she had long blond pigtails down her back and her name was Annie. I guess she was German; I don't know. I don't even remember her last name; 'sfunny. But I still get a pleasant glow when I think about her. Yet as a matter of fact, the whole business didn't amount to that . . .

(Jimmy flipped his hand in a short, quick arc; grinned deprecatingly; slumped a bit in his chair.)

That was in Yorkville—79th Street—New York.

But maybe it'd be better to begin down at Eighth an' Avenue D. That's where I was born, you see. And I wasn't born in any saloon back-room, either. That's what I read about myself not so long ago—but it isn't so. When I was born my father had some kind of accounting or bookkeeping job; he didn't go into the saloon business until later.

His name was James, too. My mother's name was Carolyn. She lives back in Long Island now. My father died—in 1918. That's when I really had to get down to work so the family'd eat.

Another thing—they say I was born in "Hell's Kitchen." Now "Hell's Kitchen" is 'way over on the West Side, in New York—not on the East Side on Avenue D, where I was born.

Back in a recent copy of Movie Mirror, I read Clark Gable's life story—he told about one of his first memories being sitting in a farmhouse kitchen, with the spicy aroma of a boiling kettle of tomato ketchup in his nostrils, and hearing his grandmother saying something about, "You can be as big as you think you are, Clark . . ."

Well, my earliest olfactory and auditory memories are different . . .

Jim at fourteen when engaged in gang battles, crap battles and general boy nuisance value

(Yes, Jimmy Cagney, the "tough egg" of the screen, can and does use words like that. Jimmy worked his way in college, after high school. His English, his diction, his choice of words, are excellent.)

You see, Avenue D and Eighth Street didn't smell of farmhouse cooking. There were plenty of other smells, but nothing as sweet as that. And while Gable remembers his grandma's homely advice, about the first words I remember hearing often were: "Hey, d'y'wanna fight?" from some other kid on the street.

"Y'wanna fight?" was more or less the standard greeting among the kids in the street. You'd answer "Sure!" and you'd fight. Far back as I can remember, I'd average a fight or two a week. Oh, there were weeks in between when there wouldn't be any fight at all, but a week like

Did he play baseball? Sure, he did, even if the family had to move to Long Island to make it possible

Jim at seventeen, a working man, just getting girl conscious. Above, he and brother Bill knocking the femmes for a loop on the beach

that was certainly considered a total loss in those days!

When I was born, I was the second oldest. Harry had come before me; he's a doctor, now. But even though he was older than I, I used to do his fighting for him. When Harry'd get into an argument, he'd always end his part of it with: "I got a brother can lick you!" Then he'd come and get me to prove it. I usually managed to. Now I've got two other brothers, and a sister. She's finishing high school, back east.

When I was still a little kid, we moved uptown, to Yorkville—up to 79th Street. My father had gotten a job there, and there's where he later went into the saloon business.

IT was there I got this first crush I was telling you about—on pigtailed Annie, who lived over the pawnshop on First Avenue, between 79th and 80th Streets.

Whenever I'd see her coming down the street—I guess she was on her way to or from school—I'd pull out a popgun I'd gotten for a present—one of those popguns with the cork in it. I'd point it at my head and pull the trigger. The cork'd fly out with a pop, but that wasn't loud enough or impressive enough, so I'd yell "BANG!" as loud as I could, to make a big impression on Annie. Then I'd fall down, as though I was dead. Guess that was the ham instinct in me, asserting itself early!

Annie? Oh, she never paid much attention. Except one day when she was walking by and saw my shoelace untied. She called me over and tied the lace.

That's all I remember about her. She must have moved away, because the memory grows hazy there. Silly, isn't it, that I should remember her at all?

When I was about eight, we moved again. This time to 96th Street. That always sticks in my memory as a street of stark tragedy, somehow.

It seems, as I look back, that there was always crepe hanging on a door or two somewhere on the block. We lived between Third and Lexington Avenues. There was always the clanging of an ambulance bell. Patrol wagons came often . . .

Kids were always falling off roofs while they were flying pigeons, and they'd break their necks, or a leg or so.

There was always a mess of furniture—rickety, pathetic stuff—standing out on the sidewalk, where some poor family was being evicted because they couldn't pay the rent. It was the usual thing to (*Continued on page* 102)

A general view of the personnel of the "broadcast party." Up in the upper left is Band-maestro Jimmy Grier. Below him, left to right, Radiocrooner Don Novis; Radiogals Margaret Lawrence and Loyce Whiteman; movie stars Bert Wheeler, Maureen O'Sullivan; Helen Twelvetrees, looking a bit distressed at the hot-cha-cha pose of Thelma Todd and Russell Gleason

When Hollywood Goes On the Air

The Radio Broadcast Party Is Its Latest and Newest Diversion

By KENNETH BURKE

AT last there's a new "kick" in Hollywood's social life!

They call it a "radio broadcast party," and it affords a brand-new form of whoopee and hey-hey for the stars. But that's not all—for at the same time, it affords a "kick" for you, too. Because these "broadcast parties" are the ones you can hear over your radio, broadcast from the famous Cocoanut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel.

And if you don't think it thrills the stars to talk to ten million fans over the air in one of these Lucky Strike programs—well, here's the story of the broadcast party that featured blonde Helen Twelvetrees, clownish Bert Wheeler, gorgeous Thelma Todd, fascinating Maureen O'Sullivan just a few weeks ago. . . .

It all depends on where you were listening in, at what hour you heard them. But in Hollywood, it was 6:30 in the evening when the fun was due to begin.

That's before things are really going hot in the Grove, so the broadcasting is done from a special broadcasting room, right in back of the Grove itself. And don't for one instant believe that you're not hearing the stars themselves and Jimmy Grier's orchestra—because they're all there, in person, and *not* on phonograph records.

Well, there was chubby Jimmy Grier and his band, all set to start whooping it up when the red light flashed to show that Hollywood had been "cut in" on the air.

And over there, nervous as a kitten on a mirror, was lovely Helen Twelvetrees. And *is* that girl lovely! Her

Lowell Sherman and Evelyn Brent enjoyed some of the delicious dishes for which you'll find the recipes in this article

sympathizing with her, was actually grinning at her discomfiture!

Over in a corner, trying to hide because he hadn't had time to get into his dinner clothes, was Bert Wheeler, in the brown suit he'd worn in his dash from the Radio studio to get to the broadcast party in time.

"LISSEN," he wept, "I gotta dinner jacket. Honest I have. Wait till I get done with this broadcast—I'll go home an' put it on an' show yuh I gotta dinner jacket!"

Bert's wife wasn't there. Bert's wife is getting a divorce. "Just wait till she hears me tonight if she's listening in," grinned Bert. "When it comes time for me to say I'm gonna reach for a Lucky, I'm gonna say, instead, 'Guess I'll reach for a blonde.' And won't *that* burn up my wife . . . ! ! !"

And what's more (do you remember that?) he actually *did* say that! Wonder if Mrs. Bert heard it?—and burned up?

The "younger set" always appears at the broadcast parties. In this group you'll find Norman Foster, Jimmy Starr, the boy with the broad smile, Florine McKinney, newly discovered by Paramount—she's the girl in the center—Virginia Bruce, at the extreme right. The gentleman revealing only his ear is Robert Young, who goes places with Virginia

patrician beauty was effectively accentuated by the black crêpe dinner frock she wore. Typical of the latest style was the not-so-fitted bodice, the high waistline with its narrow belt of the same black crêpe. The yoke was of white crêpe. Snugly molded to the hips, the skirt swept to the floor in bias-cut flares, achieving a strikingly graceful effect. Fitting snugly into the waist was a tiny coat of the black crêpe, with cap sleeves edged with soft white fox, adding a note of distinct youthful charm. Helen's wrap was a long, flared transparent velvet affair, with a snug new-oldfashioned capelet of sable. Black crêpe sandals trimmed in silver kid; new slipon evening gloves in eggshell, and a black crêpe bag with diamond clasp completed a striking ensemble.

But Helen wasn't thinking of clothes just then. Self-possessed as she is in front of movie camera and mike, she was scared to death at the prospect of talking to ten million radio fans. Her hubby, Frank Woody, far from

Bert's "shadow" was there with him. That's what they're calling the youngster named Kelly whom Bert has halfway adopted. His real name isn't Kelly; it's something complicated and mideuropean with a lot of syllables. So they call him Kelly because it's easier. He used to be doorboy at the Brown Derby. Bert took a fancy to him, made him his "secretary." Really, sort of general factotum. When Bert goes to the Orient this year, on that trip with the Bob Woolseys, Kelly will go along.

WELL, the red light flashed. Down came Jimmy Grier's baton. And that amazing Cocoanut Grove band broke into "California, Here I Come. . . ."

With the opening bars, two people came rushing in, breathless. Maureen O'Sullivan of the dancing Irish eyes, and Russell Gleason. Yep, the same Russell who's supposed to be that way over Mary Brian! Maureen had him tonight!

"Are we late?"

"Nope."

"Good—it was *my* fault, not Maureen's," gasped Russ. "I had to work late, hurry home, get into these things—"

"I didn't," piped Bert Wheeler, "but honest, I gotta dinner jacket, too."

WE were listening to the Lucky broadcast over the radio in Russ's car, as we hurried here," said Maureen, who was to speak over the mike. She's a clever minx, that one—wore a startling formal gown in the new King's blue, knowing full well what that color would do to those blue Irish eyes. Are *your* eyes blue?—try wearing this new color. It'll quadruple the old S-A in your eyes.

Most striking feature of Maureen's gown was the back—or where the back should have been, anyway. High neckline in front, there was *nothing* in back save two straps that crossed in front, were drawn over the shoulders, to cross again at the center of the very low-cut back, like a pair of suspenders (hope you don't mind the comparison, Maureen!), fastened to the gown at the waistline with dainty rhinestone clasps. Maureen is playing now in "Tarzan" and she's getting her ideas of comfortable garb from Tarzan himself, apparently. Very apparently. But lovely.

Dick and Jobyna Ralston Arlen entertain Dorothy Manners, the writer, and another girl friend

Grier's band stopped. An announcer stepped to the mike, told whomever was listening that here was Helen Twelvetrees. And Helen spoke her little piece—hesitating just a moment to light a Lucky.

SHE got through her lines beautifully, but with relief. It's different than talking in a movie scene, somehow.

"And I was glad to discover that I could be nonchalant with a Lucky," she smiled, when it was over. Hubby Woody conceded that she'd done all right—"except that she stumbled a bit over a word or two." A husband *would* notice a little thing like that. . . .

More commotion at the door. In swept Thelma Todd, and if there's a luscious-er blonde in Hollywood, where is she? And with Thelma came Mister Miriam Hopkins—well, his name is Austin Parker, and he's a writer, and he is Miriam Hopkins' husband. But they're not living together. And Hollywood is quite interested in the apparent romance between Parker and Thelma. Certain it is that this Parker is a picker.

THELMA's costume was striking—but so was Parker's. One there said he looked like Dracula. Evening clothes, with a long black coat flung over his shoulders, and an opera hat—plus his unusual face—well, in these days of mystery pictures, he looked ready for a rôle. As for Thelma—she apparently knows that black transparent velvet must have been especially invented for blondes. When she threw off her long black velvet wrap with the collar, cuffs and border of black fox, her exquisite shoulders gleamed their contrast to her black transparent evening gown. It was one of those "simple" things, depending on line alone for its beauty. The bodice was cut high in front; in back to the waist. The difference in visibility between Thelma's back and Maureen's was that Maureen had these straps.

(*Continued on page* 105)

Cecilia Parker and George O'Brien. This is the quiet way George dresses off-screen

A Hard Boiled Gal Gets Soft Hearted

Yup, it's LOVE *that's upsetting Joan Blondell*

By ARTHUR WILLIAMS

GOSH, I like this kid, Joan Blondell.

Here's why.

For the first time in her life (so she says), Joan Blondell is in love.

She's in love with a man who's been married three times—George Barnes, ace cameraman—and just as soon as his current interlocutory decree becomes final, Joan is going to become Mrs. George Barnes the Fourth. That'il be in a month or two.

And in the meantime, what love has done to that hardest-boiled, wisest-cracking, blonde dame that you ever saw or heard in pictures is just one of those ripley-believe-it-or-nots! Because Joan, who in her screen loves treats 'em rough and makes 'em like it, turns out in her real-life first romance to be about as hard-boiled as a one-minute egg, as wisecracking as a bowl of mush.

Instead, all she's looking forward to is a little apartment where she can do all the housework and cooking herself; to going to as few parties and social affairs as possible, because she and George are going to spend their every spare moment together, alone; and to the baby that she wants to have—oh, not right away, but before very long, anyway . . . !

"I cultivated a hard-boiled exterior from sheer necessity," says Joan Blondell

And there, dear reader, is the metal-plated mama whom, in your deluded moments, you may have pictured as spending her offscreen hours making hey-hey at big parties, talking through her adenoids, guzzling gin by the bathtubful, and pushing jimmycagneys in the face, to a running patter of smart cracks, as she does on the screen.

As a matter of fact—and here goes an illusion!—Joan Blondell isn't like that at all. On the contrary, she's a nice-voiced, comfortable-to-talk-to girl, who seems a bit bewildered to find that all of a sudden her dreams have come true. And that she's happy.

"Uh huh, happy," she says. "I am! I've got a job in pictures, some money in the bank, my picture in the fan magazines, some new clothes —and I'm in love. That makes me so happy that I'm worried because I haven't got anything to worry about!"

About her life, to date, there's nothing new to be told. You must have read it; it's been told often enough —how she was born "in a trunk" in the theatrical profession, how all her life has been spent on the stage, how a year or two ago she came to Hollywood, and how she made good in her first series of hard-boiled-gal rôles, until now she's one of the biggest bets on the Warners-First National roster.

And you've read, too, how she's "just a pal" to all the fellows. . . .

"I'm so sick of that," she says; "so sick of being the wisecracking, hail-fellow-well-met, slap-me-on-the-back sort of baby!

"As a matter of fact, I did cultivate that exterior, from sheer necessity. No girl goes through life without having most men go on the make as soon as she meets them. Especially in my life. Not that they're pushing each other around to get *me*, particularly; I'm not pretty. But every girl knows what I mean.

"I found, early, that the best defense was to beat them to it. Wisecrack at them first, and get them thinking, 'Here's a pal!' Then they forget what they started to think about, and they slap you on the back and call you 'pal,' and that's better. And so I've gotten the reputation of (*Continued on page* 96)

Joan Blondell is sitting on top of the world these days and no foolin'. She's going to be starred. She's going to be married, and oh gosh, oh golly, how much in love she is!

The Untold Chapters in Marie Dressler's Life

Above you see Marie in—believe it or not—1890; at the right when she was selling Liberty Bonds in 1917

Revealing a Hitherto Unknown Side of the Movies' Grand Old Lady

By MURIEL BABCOCK

MARIE DRESSLER'S philosophy of life is service to others. Every year of the sixty-one packed into the life of this grand old firehorse of the movies has been cram full of good deeds.

Marie numbers her friends by the hundreds. Friends who are tried and true, who love her and would do anything in the world to make her happy. That's because Marie Dressler never thinks of herself. She is always thinking of the other fellow.

Here's an example of it. A few days ago, discussing her new picture with Frances Marion, the writer, who is preparing it for her, Marie said, "Now, look here, Frances, don't give me so much to do in this yarn. I had too much in 'Emma.' Write up some other characters. Build 'em up. It helps, makes the story more interesting."

And Frances, who has known Marie for a little less than twenty-five years, answered, "Ye-es? How many friends have you that you want to give jobs to in this picture? Working up parts for them, aren't you?"

Marie snorted at the thought. She was only building up a Dressler picture, she said.

But anybody who knows Marie at all knows that wasn't true. She probably had a score of jobs in mind for old friends. As a matter of fact, things have come to such a pass that the studio doesn't let Marie see her mail any more. Begging letters, appeals for help come in to her by the thousands, because the world, which has known Marie Dressler only by name for years, has learned recently what her friends have always known. She will give away everything she's got if someone doesn't stop her.

Marie Dressler has faced tragedy and not become embittered. She has known poverty and not been licked by it. At the age when most women hate life, she loves it most. There's a reason that you will find in this amazing story

MAY McKENZIE
WILLIAM MORRIS
AUBREY BOUCCICAULT
ANNA HELD

Marie thirty years ago! She was a star even then, in an all-star company in the days when Broadway was hot stuff. The show was "Higgelty Piggelty," and your grand-dad ought to remember the other old timers shown here

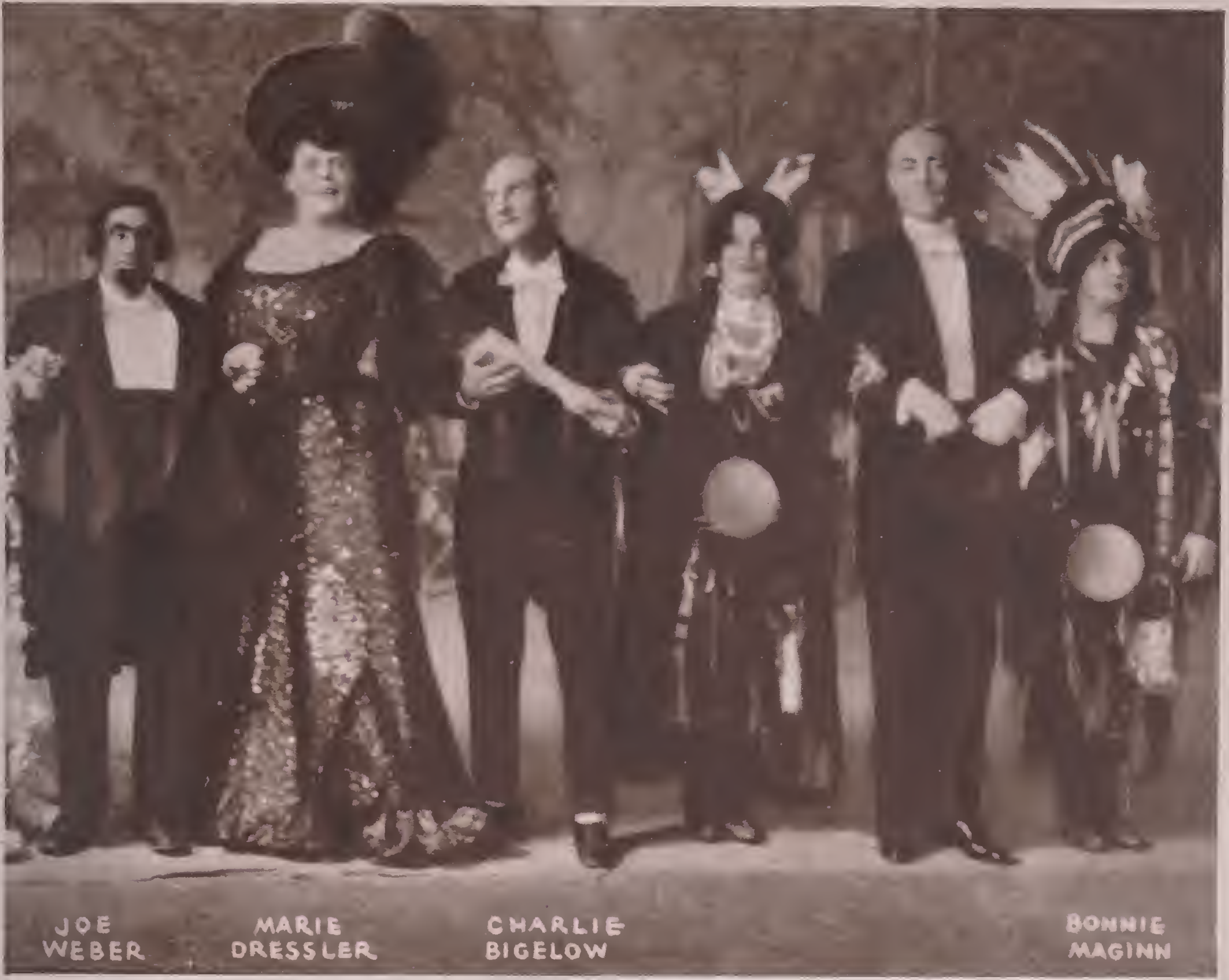
Now people don't get that way just by accident. Such grandeur and unselfishness don't just "happen." Because of her refusal to talk about herself—not because of any Garbo reticence but just because she can't be interested in herself—nobody really knows much about Marie. Even among her closest friends, only one or two of them know the things in her life that turned her from just another actress into a really great woman, a really noble soul. Only a few of them know of the really great romance in her life; only a few know the suffering she has endured, lived through and learned to laugh at.

But let me go back for a moment.

MARIE was born in Cobourg, Canada, the second daughter of a handsome, life-loving, care-free musician and an intense, loving, self-sacrificing little mother. Her father was German. A Von Koerber from Berlin. He fought in the Crimean War. Was the last surviving officer when he died.

He was tall, good-looking, a strapping figure. Marie takes after him in build, perhaps in temperament. For despite his military record, he was an artist. He was passionately fond of music. He wrote all of the tunes played by his regimental band. At Princeton, where he taught for some time, he wrote the famous Princeton March still played and sung by undergraduates. In due time, he migrated to Canada and there married a little

Is this a rare shot? It was taken during the War. Marie Charlie are Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, next to clothes at Marie's left is Franklin D.



kneels in the foreground with Charlie Chaplin. Behind Mary, her beloved mother. The tall smiling man in civilian Roosevelt, now Governor of New York

English girl, Anne Henderson, daughter of a fine and fairly well-to-do family.

Marie was their second daughter. At the time of her birth, the Von Koerber family fortunes had sunk to a low ebb. They were desperately poor. I don't know, but I gather from what Marie has said that her father went through what money her mother had. When Marie came into this world, he was earning a precarious living as a church organist and by giving music lessons. They moved from town to town as he tired of his surroundings.

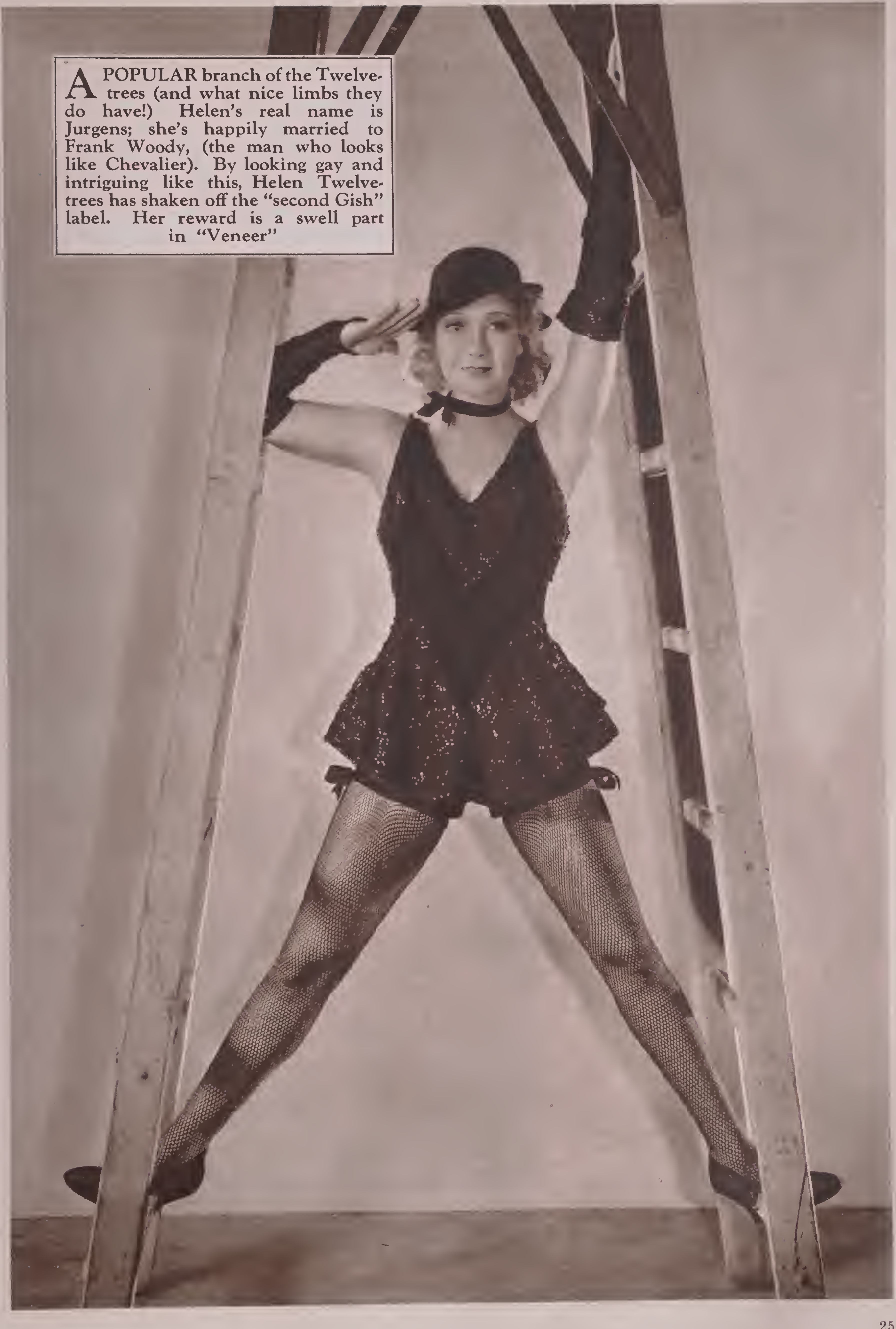
MARIE doesn't remember Cobourg. Her first recollection is of Toronto, where they made their home when she was small.

"We lived near a medical college and my mother added to what family income there was from the music lessons by taking two medical students into the house to room and board," she told me. "I don't remember their names or what they looked like.

"I just remember how very hard my mother worked and how badly it made me feel that she had to deny herself so many things. I wanted to help her. I wanted to do things for her. Make her happy, make her comfortable. Lay beautiful things at her feet. I had a great desire to go out into the world and make money so that I could do these things for her."

And here, I presume, was born the desire to do for others that has followed Marie through life. The sight of her mother's worn hands. The vision of her mother—anxious, worried, harassed—working to keep two little girls warm, happy, comfortable. (*Continued on page* 110)

YOU'VE seen Marion Davies as a comedienne; you've seen her as a Floradora girl; you've seen her as a modern girl; but have you ever seen her look more enchanting than as a trapeze girl? Marion has freckles and is proud of them, is Irish and is proud of it, adores raising orchids but is no hothouse flower herself. All of which means that Marion Davies is a very real personality, and with a leading man like Clark Gable, how can her next picture, "Polly of the Circus," fail to be grand entertainment?



A POPULAR branch of the Twelvetrees (and what nice limbs they do have!) Helen's real name is Jurgens; she's happily married to Frank Woody, (the man who looks like Chevalier). By looking gay and intriguing like this, Helen Twelvetrees has shaken off the "second Gish" label. Her reward is a swell part in "Veneer"

YOU'VE seen pictures of Clark Gable in this magazine before, and you'll see them again; for he sends thrills down an editor's spine just as he does down yours and yours and yours. Clark Gable is married and is a step-papa, but if you think that's going to make any difference to the bewitched young women of the nation, you're cr-r-ah-zy. You've gone to see him as a gangster, a lover and a politician; and now in "Polly of the Circus," you're going to see him as a minister and like it!

Ever since Sylvia Sidney went into the movies, no one asks any more, "Who is Sylvia? What is she?" They know! You know! Everybody knows that Sylvia is the girl who stole our hearts in "An American Tragedy" and "Ladies of the Big House." But the story across the page will tell you many things about Sylvia that you never knew before

Her Mother Said, "Yes, Yes"

That's Why Sylvia Sidney Is a Star Today

By JOHN ARNOLD

"THE reason why so many girls don't 'get somewhere,'" says Sylvia Sidney, that impish pixie face of hers gone suddenly serious for a change, "is that there are still so many parents who throw a lot of 'no's' and 'don'ts' in their way. . . !"

And Sylvia Sidney, whose uncanny ease at twisting your emotions into whatever form she wills, has landed her just out of her teens in the front rank of screen stardom, ought to know what she's talking about.

You see, Sylvia was born with every likelihood of being another typist or salesgirl. Or maybe a good, respectable, solid Bronx *hausfrau*. Or, even, maybe, a dentist's assistant . . . because her father was a dentist—a New York dentist by the name of Sigmund Sidney, from Roumania. He's still fixing teeth in New York. Sylvia's mama was just Mrs. Sidney—a Russian woman who wanted to paint pictures when she was younger, but who had to give up that sort of foolishness when she married. In short, Sylvia Sidney's parents appeared to be just another papa and mama. But there *was* a difference—

Sylvia Sidney, the little star with the great big emotions. Only five feet four and just out of her teens, little Sylvia has that something that wins your tears and breaks your heart

It showed when Sylvia was about ten years old. She had been a very bashful little girl—the kind that runs into corners and won't say a word when company comes. In the hope of snapping her out of it, papa and mama Sidney were having her take elocution lessons. Sylvia hated them. Then, one day, her elocution teacher took her to see Ruth Draper, that amazing artiste who, on the stage, can be ten persons. Ten-year-old Sylvia was entranced, fired. She returned home and without further ado, made her announcement:

"I want to be an actress!" she said.

Well, there's nothing strange about that. Probably at some time or other in childhood, every girl has decided to be another Bernhardt. And out of a thousand sets of parents, 999 of them would have said:

"Child, don't be silly. Don't let us ever again hear such nonsense from you. You better get busy now and study your arithmetic!"

But it is at this point that Sylvia Sidney's parents manifested their wisdom. They said:

"All right, Sylvia. If you want to be an actress, and think you have what it takes, then all right. We will help you." And they did. And today, Sylvia Sidney is rapidly leaping to the head of the list of Hollywood's younger stars—with all the tremendous advantages of living, of income, of experience, of fun, of position which that sort of success carries with it.

And—

"I'd never have done it if it hadn't been for my parents," she says. Which is an awful lot better than sitting behind a typewriter, or a ribbon counter, and looking at the pictures of the stars in the fan magazines, and saying: "I might have been there, too, if it hadn't been for my parents . . ."

Now, don't get Sylvia wrong. She doesn't want this attitude of hers to induce a lot of schoolgirls to call their parents all sorts of ninnies! She doesn't want a lot of girls with good jobs to quit them, go home and tell ma and pa that they're off to stardom, and hop the next train for Hollywood.

She doesn't mean that all a girl needs is her parents' help to make the grade in movieland—or whatever other field of endeavor she might have wanted to follow. All she means is this:

"There is, in many a girl who has never had the chance to find it out, that spark that leads to bigger things. She'll never find it out if she doesn't try. The time to try is when she's young, when she's a child.

"That's the time her parents can help her—and should instead of saying 'No'! Later, it will be too late. And if she finds she hasn't what it takes—well, one can always be a clerk."

Sylvia can chatter by the hour about her parents. Her mother—Hollywood calls her (*Continued on page* 98)

After years of tramping, riding the rods, sleeping in pool halls, living in orphanages, palling with hoboes, making a precarious living, Wallace Ford, who knocked you for a goal as Joan Crawford's home-town sweetheart in "Possessed," is on top of the world. He has a fat contract with M-G-M. He's being given the best parts. He never had a name of his own. He took his name from a boyhood pal of his who was killed, and now he's making that name famous

What Do You Mean—Hard Luck?

Wallace Ford's Amazing Life Proves Tough Breaks Can Make a Man a Hero

By MURIEL BABCOCK

Wallace Ford has the lead in "Freaks," M-G-M's new picture, in which he plays opposite Leila Hyams

HE never knew his father or his mother.

For Wallace Ford, the new white hope of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, was an English orphan.

He thinks his mother was an English street singer. He has no idea who his father was. For years he didn't know his right name.

There's a Dickens flavor to the tale of Wally Ford's life. A flavor of the tale of "Oliver Twist" or "Nicholas Nickleby," sturdy bedraggled little English lads of whom the novelist wrote so many years ago.

Did you see Wallace Ford in "Possessed"? A square-jawed, squarely built, breezy young man who played the rôle of the home-town sweetheart of Joan Crawford? Did you see him as the newshound in "X Marks the Spot"? If not, look for him pretty soon in "Freaks," the Tod Browning circus story, and in other M-G-M releases. For Ford, put under contract only four months ago, is very much in demand and positively leaping from rôle to rôle.

Perhaps I am wrong when I say that there's a Dickens flavor to this story. Perhaps it's more Horatio Alger—"Survive or Perish," "From Rags to Riches" or "Sink or Swim." For Ford has achieved. Really achieved with practically nothing from which to start.

English by birth, he lived the latter and more impressionable days of his life in this country, in the wheatfields of middlewestern Canada, in the sprawling, rugged city of Winnipeg.

HIS life story is one of the most amazing, most colorful that I have heard from a film actor in many a day. None of these synthetic adventures for him, none of these romantic, glamorous interludes which many of our best actors have enjoyed or liked to pretend they have enjoyed. Ford has really lived. And he has done that for which you and I might be very proud, pulling himself up by his bootstraps.

"The first thing I remember," he told me, "was riding in the baggage car of a train going into Toronto. I was called Sammy Jones then, which was as good a name as any other. There were a lot of other kids of my age in the car and we were scrapping about some apples in a barrel. I suppose that was our 'box lunch' for the day.

"THE next thing I remember was arriving at this orphanage in Toronto. I know now it was a branch of the Dr. Bernardo's home of Stepney Causeway, England, where fatherless children and waifs were taken. Once a year they shipped boys to America and on this occasion, I was part of a carload.

"Life at the orphanage? Oh, things weren't so bad there. The food was pretty awful, as I remember it, and we got cuffed and licked occasionally, but I suppose we deserved it. There wasn't any affection or sweetness around the place.

"When people came in looking for boys to adopt—they were mostly old people who wanted help doing chores around the farm—we'd be lined up and looked over. It never seemed to me I saw people who wanted to adopt a boy just because he was a boy they wanted to love—they were just folks looking for cheap chore hands.

"I guess I was sent out for adoption four or five times. None of them stuck. Sometimes people died and I automatically went back to the home. Other times they decided they didn't like me. I was a scrawny runt and I don't suppose I was any too charming to have around.

"There was a Mrs. Sherwood who died. They made me sit by her coffin in the parlor all one night while the family sat out in the kitchen and got stiff on applejack. I've never been so scared in my life.

"There was an old couple who sent me back after the summer harvest was in, and a lot I can't remember. At the last place, there was a Mrs. Newton, an old lady, bed-ridden with dropsy. She used to make me go out and cut willow-switches and bring them to her. When I didn't move fast enough to (*Continued on page* 112)

The Love Fever Chart of Hollywood

It's Always Heart Trouble Time in Movietown, 120° in the Shade and no Shade to Speak of

By MARQUIS BUSBY

Howard Hughes' engagement ring, which Billie Dove wears, is one of the biggest diamonds ever seen, but it seems to be just so much ice as far as the romance is concerned

ALMOST everything is charted at some time or other from the baby's diet to Wall Street reports. Most of it is pretty dull to everyone except Baby's fond ma, and the Wall Street brokers. There's been an awful lot of chat about Hollywood love affairs, but no one has ever taken time or effort to actually chart these palpitations of the heart.

Will Rogers says that what this country needs is more rain, but while Will is watching the Japanese-Chinese fireworks in Manchuria, I'll advance my own theory. What this country needs is a good Hollywood love chart. Something to stick in the corner of your dressing table mirror, on top of the piano, or over the kitchen sink. Oh, go ahead, put it any place. If I begin it, will you keep it up? Of course, it will probably need a lot of revising before it ever gets in print. Hollywood love is that way. You've just got to make up your mind to it, and not be fussy about little things like changing horses in midstream. Or maybe that is a political phrase.

The chart is 'way below par with Lupe Velez and John Gilbert. Those two are mercurial as the weather, and you naturally expect such a romance to go from one extreme to another. Time was when it was 120° in the shade, and no shade to speak of. Now Lupe's love chart is showing a sudden and decidedly upward trend over Randolph Scott, a young actor, new to pictures, and ver-ry good looking. Lupe usually has good taste, you know.

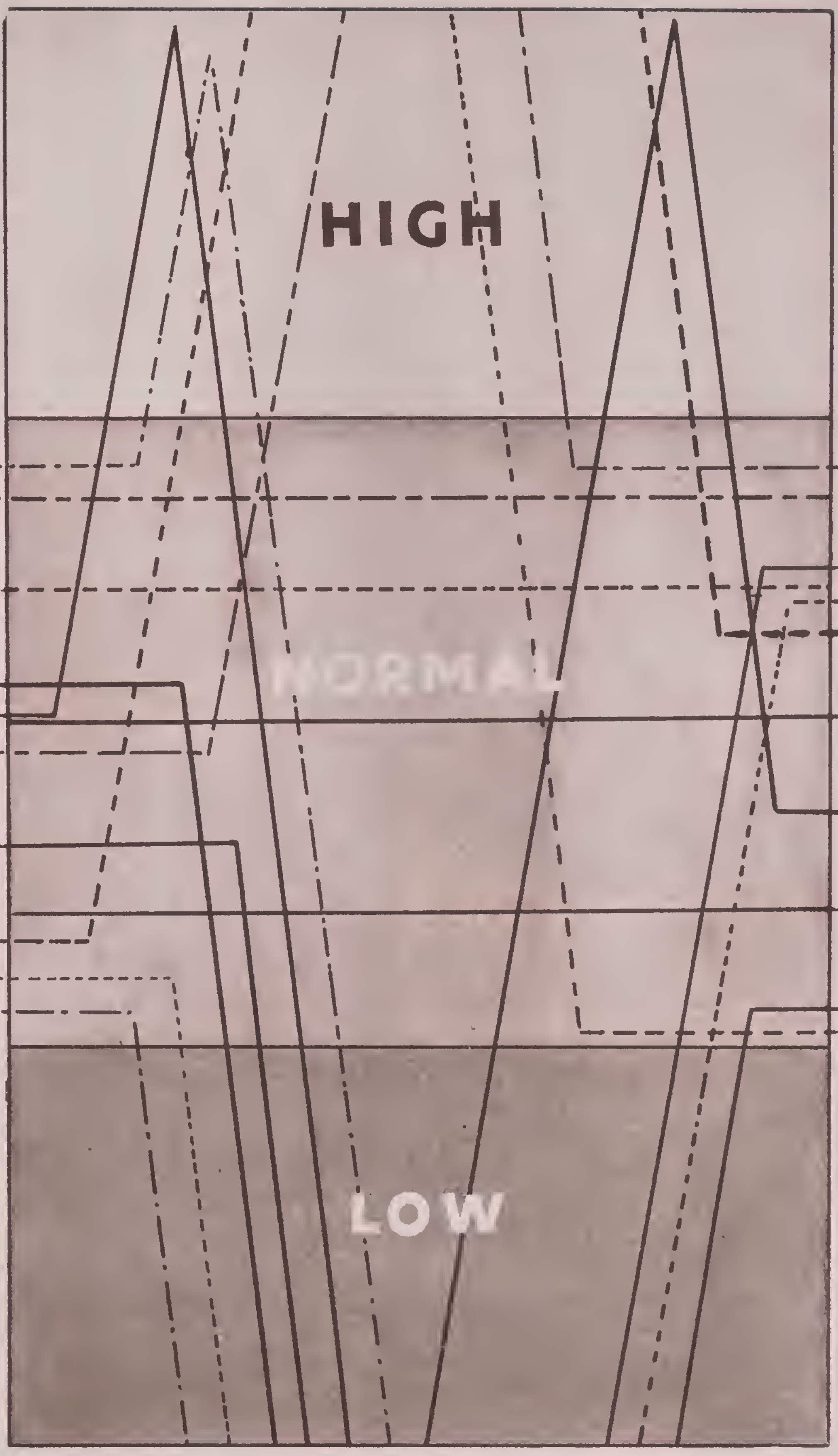
The Mexican hot-cha-cha girl's chart would take four or five sheets of paper. People had just about decided what they were going to give Lupe and Gary for a wedding present. Then what happened? Lupe, being a woman after all, changed her mind. Gary went to New York and was seen places with Tallulah Bankhead. Now he is shooting lions, crocodiles, or kazoo birds in darkest Africa. The black continent may be safer than the sultry Tallulah at that. Lupe didn't care a bit. In the meantime she had met John Gilbert.

From a Molly O'Day to a June Knight is the course of Jimmy Dunn's true love. The mere mention of June's name makes Jimmy's pulse flutter

Love must have come up like thunder out of Catalina across the bay. Lupe was on her way to a yachting party

GARY COOPER

JOAN BENNETT



GRETA GARBO

DOUG FAIRBANKS, Jr.

Here's the love fever chart of Hollywood as we go to press. It may all be different next month, Hollywood being that way. Can you find your favorite chill or fever?

on Howard Hughes' luxurious boat when she suddenly disappeared. When next heard from she was some place on the Santa Fe line. So was John.

That romance dropped back to zero by the time they returned to Hollywood. It reached the sub-zero mark in a week or two, with Lupe preferring the company of Ramon Novarro, who also acts. And then Ramon met Garbo in "Mata Hari," and his pulse began to zig-zag to a new high, as the stock market so gracefully explains it.

Clara Bow's love chart is up in summer temperature over Rex Bell, which is the way a bride should feel about it, after all. Here's another girl whose love chart looks like a relief map of the Rocky Mountains. It has zig-zagged all the way from Broadway actors to Texas doctors. Now everyone believes that Rex is the ideal boy for Clara. He has been her friend first, and lover, second. Clara and Gilbert Roland were too young when they fell in love to understand the true meaning of heart trouble. Clara and Gary Cooper were unsuited for the very reason that Gary and Lupe were unsuited. There was entirely too much publicity in the Harry Richman affair. Their romance was about as private as the polar bear's bath in the zoo.

That Garbo love chart hasn't even started to jell, if you don't mind a mixed metaphor. The romances that coupled her name with those of John Gilbert and Nils Asther, among others, have faded like the flowers of yesteryear. As mentioned before, Ramon Novarro had heart palpitations for the Swedish star during the making of "Mata Hari," but it never got beyond the yearning look stage as far as Ramon was concerned. Ramon was honest enough to admit his infatuation, but Garbo, like Old Man River, "don't say nothin', just keeps rollin' along."

There was a time when people rather expected to hear wedding bells for Joan Bennett and John Considine, young director-producer. But that is as much in the

Many are called upon but few are chosen by handsome Joel McCrea. What a superman! He's looked into the eyes of Connie Bennett, Ina Claire, and many another and yet remains heart whole

past now as Theda Bara vampires. The engagement of Carmen Pantages, Los Angeles society girl, was announced to John Considine during the fading days of 1931. That has been one of those off and on romances for some time. Now it is right at the boiling point. Joan has announced her engagement to Gene Markey, good looking, likeable, and a novelist and scenarist.

Joan, in the past, was seldom seen in Hollywood's whoopee places, but since Gene has appeared on the horizon, they are together almost every night at the theatre or night clubs. Incidentally, Gene was rumored at one time to be Gloria Swanson's next husband, but Michael Farmer took the call.

STRANGE, you might say, how Gloria's boy friends have gone so enthusiastically over to the Bennett camp.

Howard Hughes gave Billie Dove one of the most beautiful engagement rings any girl has ever received. Surely, Hollywood decided, there would be a wedding. Billie is beautiful, and as charming as she is lovely, and Howard is young and rich. Then there was a misunderstanding which grew into mountainous proportions after the gossip got started. Billie was seen with other young men. She is too attractive to be long without an escort. Howard was seen with Lillian Bond, Ann Dvorak, Dorothy Jordan and Frances Dee. His engagement, at one time or another, was rumored with all of these girls.

Which reminds me what one of them said when a reporter broached the question—"Oh, wouldn't it be lovely if it were true."

Then Billie and Howard met again at a house party. It seems that the romance isn't dead after all. Anyway, Billie wears the ring, and if it isn't one of those top of the chart, boiling on the thermometer things, it does deserve a place in the chart, just the same.

Some of the Hollywood writers have announced with a great deal of misplaced enthusiasm that wedding bells would ring out for Pola Negri and John Loder, the English actor. Pola and John did seem to get along nicely, but I can't very well couple those names in my love chart. In the first place John is already married, and in the second place—come to think of it, I don't need a second place. This country still only tolerates one wife at a time. You can sidestep prohibition but you can't get away with bigamy. It may seem silly to some folks but it's true.

STRANGELY enough, the one romance which seemed the most certain to have the conventional happy ending with lilies of the valley and bridesmaids has ended definitely. The chart did a nosedive from high to a new low which made the Wall

Lupe Velez, the hot-cha-cha girl of Mexico, calls it a dull day when she doesn't discover at least one new big moment

Street slump look like a prosperity year. Lila Lee and John Farrow are no longer engaged. There is no secret that John's attention made Lila's long illness more endurable than it could otherwise have been. Lila was equally in love, and the "understanding" still existed when she was able to return to Hollywood from the remote Arizona sanitorium. Both of them were guests on a house party in Tahiti last fall. Something happened there. They ended the engagement. Lila returned alone, and John is on an extended trip around the world.

The Junior- and Senior-Fairbanks seem to have recovered from the recent rumors that all was not well in their two households. And this beautiful Joan Crawford Fairbanks just goes right on becoming a finer and finer actress

DOROTHY MACKAILL has reached a high place on the love chart with her marriage to Neil Miller, youthful singer. Dorothy kept the chart all cluttered up with marks for months. Her name was linked with John McCormick, Colleen Moore's ex, Walter Byron, and numerous other swains. In fact Dorothy cried "wolf, wolf" so often that no one believed she was serious about Miller until she produced the wedding ring. McCormick has kept the town mystified, too. What with all the rumors of his engagement to wed Mae Clarke, he turned right around and married a Beverly Hills society woman. That marriage didn't last long enough to get charted. Recently he has been seeing Mae again. Mae, however, has admitted that she might marry one of Hollywood's leading photographers.

Pulse very normal, heart very steady, head very, very clear, little Janet Gaynor refused to live up to the romantic notion that she's suffering from a broken heart

It's just too confusing, and you go ahead and chart it yourself. Maybe you can make some pretty design—a rhomboid or an isosceles triangle.

JOEL McCREA will have to be uncharted at the present time. The ladies he beaued around last season don't fit in this year. Constance Bennett has married. Joan Bennett is engaged, and Ina Claire is in New York. Phil Holmes is still the mystery man as far as romances are concerned. If he is in the throes of a grand passion, he meets the girl friend someplace beside Hollywood. You know these are bad times, there isn't even a Mary Brian engagement rumor. Mary and Buddy Rogers were seen constantly together before Buddy came to New York. People sort of thought—but Cupid didn't finish his work here. David Manners and Elsie Janis were a great deal together last winter, but Elsie now has married another.

Dorothy Lee has the heart jitters over Marshall Duffield, a former football star of the University of Southern California. Lois Moran, who never seemed to figure in any hot and heavy romances in the film city, and Kent Douglass, who also passed unscathed through a year in the movie town, are seeing a lot of each other in New York. "Just good friends," they say. But everybody says that at first. It might be safer to put them in the chart—about half way up in the temperate zone. Brody took a chance.

When June Knight, the dancer, arrived in New York, James Dunn was right on hand (*Continued on page* 99)

Bill Boyd and Dorothy Sebastian in their living room. After a hard day at the studio Bill doesn't have anything to do but curl up on the living room couch like this and have a beautiful young woman like Dorothy play to him. And she's married to him, too! Wotta life! Wotta wife!

Bill Boyd at Home

DID you ever stop to think that your home is a reflection of your own personality?

Garbo's home is as secluded, as mysterious as she.

Kay Francis' home is as sophisticated as Kay herself.

And then there are the hundreds and hundreds of stars, whose names we shall pass over, whose homes are as gawdy, as pretentious, as affected as they.

You'd expect Bill Boyd to have a simple, unpretentious, livable home. He has.

He and Dorothy Sebastian (the missus, of course) own a beautiful home in Beverly Hills and a beach bungalow at Malibu. Incidentally, Bill built the beach bungalow himself from cellar to roof.

On this page and the one opposite it are some pictures which give you an idea of how Bill, in his Beverly Hills home, achieves comfort through simplicity.

Bill rarely goes out to social functions, and can you blame him? With a home like this, who wouldn't keep the home fires burning?

Both Bill and Dorothy have been married before—Bill Boyd to Elinor Faire and Dorothy Sebastian to Al Stafford. For a long time, too, Dorothy was engaged to Clarence Brown. But Bill Boyd came along—and woof!

They were married in December, 1930. And they have been happy together, at work, at play and at home ever since.

Virginia Woolf once said that every woman ought to have a room of her own. Dorothy has. No matter how much or how happily married you are, it's nice to have a place of your very own, where you can retire when the outside world begins to jar on your nerves

If you're just a plain, honest-to-goodness human being, you ought to be able to apply a lot of the plain, simple devices Bill Boyd has for comfort to your own home, and make it a place where the family will want to stay!

For instance, there's that plain, simple couch in the

Bill Boyd outside the entrance of his home, in his new high-powered car, which he almost always drives himself. Sometimes "Mose," his colored valet and general handy-man, takes the wheel

living-room, instead of those hard, spiffy chairs that look so elegant and are so awful to live with! There are soft, shaded lamps that give just the right amount of light and aren't hard on the eyes or the disposition. There's a luxurious Chinese rug on the floor, lovely to look at, yet easy for the maid to pick up and clean around. The hangings at the windows are velvet, hung straight without valances, so that they may be easily closed for privacy or pushed back to let the famed California sun flood in through the very large window, which runs from ceiling to floor.

The same curtain treatment is used upstairs in Bill's room. This room has four perfectly huge windows and much floor space, giving it what so many bedrooms lack, peace and quiet. All the furnishings are very simple and intended for comfort, from the specially long and wide bed to the solid tone carpet which covers the floor to the baseboards.

BESIDES this house and the little seashore cottage at Malibu, Dorothy and Bill have a yacht, "The Minx", on which they spend a lot of time together. They both adore deep sea fishing and long cruises.

If all this sounds pretty swell, remember Bill and Dorothy have earned every bit of it for themselves. Dotty is just a little girl from Alabama who worked her way from the chorus to Hollywood. She's one of the best liked girls in the whole cinema village.

Bill, as you doubtless know, was born in Cambridge, Ohio, and worked as an oil driller, automobile salesman and grocery clerk before he saved enough money to crash the movie town. After seven years as an extra, C. B. DeMille took notice of him and gave him a bit to play. He did a lot of bathroom dramas for DeMille, but his greatest success has come in his western pictures on the Pathé program.

Some cynical people say home is just a place to go when there is no other place left, which is all right for cynical people whose homes probably aren't any fun anyway.

Bill and Dorothy don't feel that way. They are naturally domestic. Leisure to them is very pleasant after a hard day at the studio. Their home to them is pretty darned sweet and they like it.

Bill's bedroom and the stairway entrance to the upstairs rooms—showing how beauty and comfort may be combined with simplicity. Everything here is in good taste

Thoroughly modern, a great artist, Ann Harding yet believes that motherhood is the greatest rôle she has played and that her little daughter Jane is by far her greatest accomplishment

Can Idealism Win in Hollywood?

The strange case of Ann Harding raises that question

By AILEEN ST. JOHN BRENON

Ann Harding would sacrifice anything rather than do that which is cheap or unworthy. She is an idealist who believes in "the good life." Yet after two years her career hangs in the balance. What is she going to do about it?

WHAT about Ann Harding?

Unquestionably one of the most beautiful, accomplished and most interesting stars that the talking screen has yet produced, where does her future lie?

With her tremendous success in "Holiday," as the self-reliant, modern young woman, a year and a half ago, Ann Harding was at the top of the cinema tree.

But what has happened since?

"East Lynne," pictorially beautiful though it was—and Miss Harding to be sure was an exquisite and alluring figure always—failed to add either to her histrionic laurels or to register forcibly at the box-office.

"Devotion" proved to be no great shakes, just another one of those pictures that are nothing to write home about. Ann was lovely, but she couldn't survive an awful story. "Prestige," her newest picture, is even worse.

So Ann Harding, talented and popular, is facing a crisis in her picture career.

She's facing as great a crisis now as she faced on the stage some years ago in New York during the rehearsals of the play which made her name, "Tarnish." Rehearsals had been in progress for some time. The management was dissatisfied with that blond newcomer, Harding, and wanted to fire her. "Rotten" was their comment when they viewed her early performances from the wings. Since it seemed impossible to find a substitute leading lady, Miss Harding was reluctantly permitted to continue rehearsals, but the atmosphere was chilly with reluctance and distrust. Ann threw back her blond head defiantly, but kept stubbornly on. And while the management crossed its fingers, the curtain went up, giving Broadway its first glimpse of the blond loveliness of Ann Harding. In the language of the theatre, "she ran away with the play," and she was made.

But it had taken character and grit, lots of it, to cling on in the face of the opposition of knowing she wasn't wanted.

It had taken character, too, a few years previously to brave the traditional parental ire and enter the forbidden portals of the theatre as a means of livelihood.

The daughter of an army officer, Ann Harding had left home to earn her own living. She was working for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company for $12.50 a week as a typist, in the evening reading books for Paramount to augment her salary. As she was paid for her work for Paramount by the book, she read one each evening, typed her report and synopsis after office hours, and delivered her manuscripts at her lunch hour.

SHE was financially independent, as she wanted to be, but socially warped, no time to call her own or anybody else's. Something had to be done about it. An advertisement appeared in a newspaper, stating that an inexperienced young woman was needed at the Provincetown theatre. She spent one precious lunch hour investigating the job and got it. She was engaged as the leading lady of a play about to go into rehearsal, "Inheritors." Her father disowned her on the spot, but she remained with the famous little theatre on Macdougal Street for months to come.

Offers were made from uptown managers. Miss Harding sifted them all carefully and finally settled on a play. It was a complete flop, and sledding was pretty hard, financially and otherwise. But Ann had cast her lot definitely with the theatre and she clung stubbornly on, blond head thrown back, chin out. She finally got work in stock, but it was some time before she got to Broadway. With "Tarnish" came success on Broadway; "The Trial of Mary Dugan," "Woman Disputed," and Ann Harding had established (*Continued on page* 100)

CHESTER MORRIS is beaming all over and why shouldn't he? Hasn't he got everything that any man could wish for? A devoted wife, Sue Kilborn, a son and daughter, a lovely home. Chester, incidentally, loves to putter about the garden. You'll see him next in Tommy Meighan's old rôle in "The Miracle Man" for Paramount

Inside Stuff

Gag of the Month

It was a Los Angeles newspaper colyumist who pulled it, just after Clara Bow's name had been plastered once again across the front pages because Hubby Rex Bell had been held up and robbed of $800 by a couple of Nevada bandits.

"Clara Bow reminds us," wrote the wisecracker, "of grapefruit juice. Always in the public eye."

—Warner Baxter is going to put away his caballero suit in moth balls for a while. His next rôle will be modern, up-to-date, sophisticated big-city stuff called "Man About Town"—without accent or guitar.

"Does your wife like roses?"
Asked Warner Baxter;
"I dunno," said the boob;
"I never axter . . . !"

Grand Hotel's Grand Cast

After great muchnesses of hemming and hawing, the cast for M-G-M's "Grand Hotel" has finally been set—including Garbo, Crawford, Beery, both Barrymores, Hersholt, Stone.

Wonder why they overlooked Mickey Mouse?

Another "How It's Done"

When you see Eddie Robinson's uncanny marksmanship with a flung hatchet in "The Hatchet Man," you're really watching the work of one of those Hollywood wizards who make their living by some strange expertness.

This one's name is Steve Clemento. He's a Mexican Indian knife-thrower. When you see a knife whizzing into a wall within an inch or so of an actor's head, you can bet Steve threw it. He has zipped stilettos past the heads of many stars. And only once did he cut anyone—that was when a nervous actor jumped as Steve threw. He jumped into the blade's path. Even then, it was only a superficial nick—by luck.

Lupe's Love-Life Again

Li'l Danny Cupid must keep an entire department reserved for keeping track of Lupe alone . . . !

Latest report on the state of her heart was that it was all a-patter-pat about Randolph Scott, of Paramount.

Kidding, Lupe told questioners who asked her about Scott that "oh, Lupe tired; maybe Lupe marry thees boy, eh?" A paragrapher took it seriously; printed that Lupe plans matrimony. Lupe read it, hit the ceiling!

"Better the electric chair, better even the hangman's noose," she shrilled, "than marriage for Lupe!"

And two nights later, Randolph Scott and Arthur Lake's pretty sister, Florence, were gazing into each other's eyes across a secluded café table. And Lupe—well, there's still Jack (ex-Ina's) Gilbert.

Count that day lost,
Whose low-descending sun,
Sees no red-hot romance
By Lupe fresh begun!

—and didn't Hollywood funsters have a good time chattering about that "Dorothy Mackaill's love affair is finished!" And then explaining that it wasn't a bustup with Hubby Neil Miller, but merely that her picture, "Love Affair," was done shooting.

—add to the list of Hollywood's winter casualties William Powell's sprained finger. He sat on it. Suddenly. While ice-skating at Yosemite.

Einstein Learns About a Star

Professor Albert (Relativity) Einstein, on his second visit to California, was week-ending at Palm Springs, Hollywood's favorite desert resort, at the same time Pola Negri, his countrywoman, was recuperating there from her operation.

The day they met, a Los Angeles reporter who was present wired in:

"Said Pola Negri to Albert Einstein, when she heard about the distant nebulae and the expanding universe: 'How long has this been going on?'

"Said Herr Professor, raising his eyebrows on hearing that Pola's income runs into the hundred-thousands: 'Ach, so! Undt how long has THIS been going on . . . ?' "

—Jack Holt, who likes nothing better than riding the range in his vacation days, can indulge his hobby to the limit now. He has just bought a half-interest in a 20,000-acre cattle ranch in California.

Cine-Mad Verse No. 48,779:

How extremely sil-LEE:
If Marie Dressler would be
As avoirdupois-less
As Mister George Arliss!

Phony Business

Hollywood is still cackling at Dorothy ("Midge") Lee's quick recovery from a tough spot. The story goes:

Dot didn't like her rôle in "Girl Crazy." She called up the studio bosses, said: "I don't like my rôle, and won't play it!"

"Okeh," came the unexpected answer; "that automatically cancels your contract. You're out of a job!"

Aha! Clark (Thrill) Gable's gotta be good. For he's playing of all things—a minister in "Polly of the Circus" opposite Marion Davies. Here he is with Marion and Director Al Santell on the set

Dot grew panicky. After all, a job is a job, poor rôle notwithstanding. So she considered, and the next day, was on the set bright and early, ready for work. Consternation struck, executives asked her:

"What you doing here? Thought you'd quit?"

"What do you mean?" innocented Dot.

"You phoned us yesterday that you didn't like this rôle and wouldn't play it."

"That must have been somebody else, playing a joke on you—or me," said Dorothy. "Of course I like this rôle. I LOVE it."

And that settled that.

Anyway, it's a good story.

—and you people who don't like to see a picture twice, consider the poor film editors in Hollywood. They have to see a picture an average of twenty times during the editing and cutting process!

Foxiness at Fox

Whoopee, Gaynor-Farrell fans, whoopee! Because you showed you wanted it by your box-office response, Janet and Charlie will be teamed again, right away. Fox officials have switched plans, and instead of putting Jimmy Dunn opposite Janet in "Have A Heart," (her first after her return from Europe) Charlie Farrell will again have the co-starring rôle!

Inside Stuff

Cine-Mad Verse No. 2970:

Team Gaynor and Farrell;
That's cash by the barrell!
Split Charlie and Janet;
Fans hardly can stan' it!!

—if you get any mail from abroad you might tear off the foreign stamps and send 'em to Director Wes Ruggles at Radio Studios. He's saving them for a little crippled girl in a hospital near Hollywood.

How to Settle Gossip

Hollywood never has stopped tongue-waggling over the three-year-old baby in Connie Bennett's household. When she came back from Europe, a few years ago, the baby came with her. "Whose is it?" the gossipers asked, with inferences. Connie, Connie-like, never bothered to explain. But now, married to the Marquis, she appeared in Los Angeles court, made application to formally adopt the child. Explanation: The baby is the son of distant relatives of the Bennett's, who were killed in an automobile accident in England.

—Edna May (Sniff!) Oliver watched Mitzi Green imitate her the other day. "Lots of people have tried," said Edna afterward, "but Mitzi is the first person who ever got my sniff correctly!"

—Tom Mix is 51 years old! He celebrated his birthday this year by having lunch outside his home for the first time since his operation, which nearly cost his life.

Here's News for Riccy!

Ricardo Cortez has been proudly displaying a 50-cent piece and a note, scrawled on wrapping paper, that came to him through the mails the other day. It was signed "J. Gomez" and thanked the actor "for helping me" and told Cortez what a very, very fine actor J. Gomez considered him.

"I was in traffic court," Cortez explained, "and a poor Mexican ahead of me was fined $3 or three days in jail. He didn't have the money and would have gone to jail, but I paid his fine for him. He promised to pay me back 50 cents a week—and here's the first half-dollar!"

But what Riccy Cortez didn't know is this: That the half-dollar and the note were sent NOT by the Mexican he had befriended, but by a bunch of newspapermen who couldn't think of anything else funny to do.

—it probably doesn't matter at all, but Una Merkel's marriage took place just two days after she'd finished working in "Impatient Maiden."

—Alberta Vaughn, star of the silent days, will be seen as a taxi-dancer in Paramount's "Dancers in the Dark."

As a Prophet, Lloyd Flops!

Maybe you've noticed, if you're one of those observant people, that several fingers are missing from one of Harold Lloyd's hands.

It happened 'way back in 1916. Harold was having some publicity pictures taken in a Los Angeles photo-

Inside Stuff

grapher's studio. Flashlight powder was being used. Somehow, it happened—a flash-gun went off unexpectedly with an overcharge; two of Lloyd's fingers were torn off in the explosion.

With the smoke still billowing around him, Lloyd stood there, gazing at the mangled hand he held before him.

"Well—there goes my film career!" he said. And without another word, he walked out of the place, to go to a hospital.

And there are probably any number of people who'd pay two fingers to have their careers "ruined" like Harold's!

—Ernst Lubitsch gets his exercise while working. He covers several miles a day with his habitual incessant pacing the floor between scenes of pictures he directs.

—Clara Bow and Rex Bell turned down an offer of $8,000 a week to make personal appearances with Ringling Brothers' circus.

Well, If Lupe Doesn't Want Him—

Gary Cooper, when he gets back to Hollywood, will find a leap year proposal of marriage, done in poetry, from a girl in the mid-west. It says:

"If you think me fine and dandy,
Please send me a box of candy;
If for me there is no hope,
Please to send a long, strong rope;
So I close, with love and kisses,
From one who'd like to be your Mrs."

And besides that, he'll also find a picture of a baby, and a note from a Mr. and Mrs. Baxter, saying they've named the baby Gary Cooper Baxter.

Oh, well. . . .

Why Not a New Degree?

From the University of Kansas to Hollywood comes a lad by the name of James Force. The alumni of the college have subscribed to a fund to back Force for three years in his effort to crash the movies as a successor to Lon Chaney.

So maybe, after a while, "M.D." won't mean a college degree called Doctor of Medicine, but maybe "Doctor of Movies."

—and now that Sylvia Sidney has that new multi-cylindered auto her mama gave her for Christmas, she's worrying about how much it costs to keep it in gas.

These Funny Title Writers!

Una Merkel's honeymoon with New-Hubby Ronald Burla was cut short after less than a week of bliss. She was peremptorily called to work in a picture.

And Burla couldn't see any humor in it at all when he learned the title was: "Working Wives" . . . ! ! !

And then they changed the title. And Burla got madder than ever. The new title:

"Pleasure First."

The new Big Moment in Lupe Velez's love life. He's Randolph Scott, blond and handsome; he works for Paramount and, as many have pointed out, he looks much like Garee Cooper. He's Paramount's newest discovery, as well as Lupe's

3,000 Miles for a Smile

Phillips Holmes was called back from his New York vacation to Hollywood, for retakes on "The Man I Killed."

Because the film was scheduled for an early Broadway opening, Phil had to fly from New York to the west coast. And when he got there, it was just for one scene he was called back—a closeup of Phil playing a violin (the last scene of the picture.)

In the original shot, Phil's face was lugubrious.

For the retake, they had him smile.

That was the only difference.

—the stage version of "Grand Hotel" played in Los Angeles while the picture version was being shot at M-G-M. Cast members often visited the theater; studied the piece. More than once, Greta Garbo in her now-famous "Gussie Berger" disguise, saw the stage play. Never once was she recognized by those who sat next her in the audience!

The public makes Greta
So terribly fussy,
She thinks it's much betta
To travel as "Gussie."

Hollywood Is Like That!

Up to now, Charles Bickford has been just what he looks like on the screen—a big, hefty, red-headed he-man! As side-businesses, he owns a whaling ship, gas-station and garage, a couple of ranches and a fishing schooner.

Here's a fan dream come true. Little Grandma Baker of Oak Park, Ill., wrote Ramon Novarro, because he looked so like the grandson she lost several years ago. Ramon was so touched by her letter he answered inviting her to visit him in Hollywood. And is Grandma happy?

BUT Now. . . . !

Well, there's a new ladies' lingerie shop on Sunset Boulevard, in Hollywood.

Bickford is its owner!

Well, Anyway

They tell this one about an old darkie who used to do odd jobs around the Pathé studio lot. On the day of Constance Bennett's marriage, he overheard two of the studio workers talking, heard one of them say:

"Well, today's the day Connie marries the marquis."

The old fellow puzzled about it for several hours. Finally, his curiosity led him to an assistant director he knew. "Boss," he asked, timidly, "what's a marquee?"

In a hurry, the other explained that a markee is "one of those awning arrangements in front of a theater."

Consternation distorted the old darkie's face.

"Good Lohd," he finally muttered, "now what fo' is Mis' Bennett marryin' one ob DEM fo' . . . ?!"

—and just because Kay Francis gave a farewell *tea* party on her last day at Paramount, was that any reason for one of the guests to bid her good-bye with: "Well, OOLONG, Kay . . . !"

—weird, but the very last lines Tyrone Power spoke into the microphone while working on "The Miracle Man" just before his death from heart failure, were: "I have not long to live."

—Claudia Dell has spent much of her life in England. Maybe that accounts for what she called a state labor commissioner when she appeared at a recent hearing over a salary check. She addressed him constantly as: "Your Highness." And was he pleased. . . . !

—Wallace Beery and Hollywood Restauranteur Herb Somborn call each other "brother-in-law" whenever they meet. Each is an ex-hubby of Gloria Swanson.

—and it was only a few years ago that Marie Dressler couldn't get a vaudeville job because she demanded $250 a week, and they'd only pay $200. And a week or so ago, Marie turned down a bid of $10,000 a week for a short tour!

"From the Mouths of Babes"

Out of a little town in the midwest, came a fan letter to lovely June Collyer. It was from a mere child—an 11-year-old girl. She said she'd love to have a picture of June and her still-new hubby, Stuart Erwin. But the kick in the letter was the postscript.

"P.S.," it read: "don't get divorced!"

Which proves something or other—certainly that nowadays, even 11-year-olds know their Hollywood.

And as for June and Stu—"just to please the little girl," they say, "we'll not get divorced."

—Not even Howard Hughes' millions or stubbornness could get some of the original shots in "Cock of the Air" past the censors. Among things cut out: a sequence showing Billie Dove in a suit of armor and Chester Morris grabbing for a can-opener.

—Joel McCrea got a seven-dollar check from Uncle Sam. It was a refund on his overpayment of income tax a year ago.

What, Marie—No Hope?

Pestiest pests in Hollywood are the autograph hunters who besiege the stars for their signatures at every public place, event. No lengths are too far for them . . .

Connie Bennett, at a recent première, could hardly get away from a persistent tuxedo-clad chap who begged her to autograph his shirt-front. She didn't. Clark Gable, to get away from a girl, finally had to scribble his name across her white leather purse. Another implored him to sign a dollar bill.

Inside Stuff

In front of the Brown Derby where many stars lunch, the crowd of autographers got so thick a few weeks ago that a policeman is now stationed there every noon to shoo the crowds away, so the actors can get in and out!

Says Marie Dressler: "There ought to be a law against autograph hunters. But, viewing what prohibition laws have done, it'd probably just make matters worse."

Jackie Cooper Department:

Item I—Jackie's mother had a "clubhouse" built in their back yard for Jackie and his little friends. Outside, it was painted green and white. "What color do you want inside?" mama asked Jackie. Replied Jackie: "Brown, 'cause that won't show the dirt."

Item II—Jackie's Christmas present from Joan Crawford wasn't delivered until mid-January. It had to come all the way from Europe—an extraordinary "army" of toy soldiers, complete with airplanes and tanks and cannons and all the other appurtenances of modern warfare.

Item III—Jackie was invited to Joan-and-Doug's house to see "Sooky," for one of Doug's presents was a complete sound projection outfit. But Jackie got the dates mixed, and came the night the Fairbanks Juniors were screening "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." Jackie fell asleep in the middle of the fourth reel.

And Other Things

—because her picture work took all day and much of the night, Marie Dressler had to rehearse after midnight for the radio programs she was heard in recently. But at $3,000 per program, who wouldn't?

—remember "Cimarron" and how Dix and Dunne and Ates and Oliver grew old as the picture progressed? Well, Makeupman Ern Westmore, who did that magic, will repeat in "March of a Nation," in the course of which Dix, Dunne and Oliver again age from the mid-20's to the 80's.

—ZaSu Pitts sees a lot of humor in 'most everything in life. Except one thing. She had a birthday party the other day. But she won't tell her age any more.

—star salaries usually come out in court, when they get sued for agents' commissions. So it happened that, in Los Angeles courtrooms within the past week the pay-checks of two players were publicized: Mary Astor's $2,000 a week, Jimmy Cagney's $1,400.

—Sari Maritza, Paramount's new imported actress, laughs at Hollywood rumors that she had quite an affair with Charlie Chaplin in Europe. "We danced, yes," she says, "but we talked of everything BUT love."

—that automobile accident that happened to Estelle Taylor during the Christmas holidays was more serious than suspected. Declared "okay" after emergency treatment, ex-Mrs. Dempsey was ready for a stage tour when, because of pain, she had X-ray pictures made. They discovered a broken vertebra, put her in a plaster cast in which she had to remain for nearly two months!

—Sylvia Sidney, who never before in her life took a stitch in anything but her side, has just finished her tenth piece of petit-point work, which she learned to do while waiting between scenes on the set.

The Marquise swings a wicked racket. It's Connie Bennett as you seldom see her. Doesn't she look, away from the camera, more like a little girl than a titled lady of great wealth?

—although he plays the title rôle in his most recent picture, you probably don't know who Tom Douglas is. Well, he's the man who was killed in "The Man I Killed." He's on the screen in only one short sequence.

So This Is Fame!

It's more or less traditional that many movie stars, when they first entered pictures, had to overcome parental objections. No exception is the case of Miriam Hopkins' mother. Ma was scandalized when Miriam went in for a screen career; was positively flabbergasted when she read some of the interviews about her daughter. As you read in MOVIE MIRROR, she once tore an interview out, sent it to Miriam with this note: "Dear Miriam: I think this is disgraceful! Love, Mother."

But now . . . ! ! ! Well, now Miriam's mother is with her in Hollywood, thrilled to death at being a screen star's mother.

And she admits her viewpoint changed when the grocery delivery boy, the milkman, the iceman, the butcher back home used to ask her, enviously: "Isn't it wonderful about Miriam's success in Hollywood?"

Just Imagine

—in Paris, Gary Cooper went to see himself on the screen. Heard himself chattering right along in French. And in real life, he doesn't know a word of parlez voos!

Inside Stuff

Dickie Moore was making "Old Man Minick" when one of those pesky first teeth came out. But did that stop Dickie's art? Gracious, no. A special dentist made some special bridge work, Dickie's career went on and he got a big kick out of all that gold inlay

Maurice Changes His Mind

During the filming of "The Smiling Lieutenant," part of Maurice Chevalier's job was kissing Claudette Colbert. With rehearsals, retakes, and all that, M. Chevalier enjoyed osculation with the piquant Claudette more than a hundred times.

"Dees moving peekshure beezness—she iss not so bad, hein?" grinned Chevalier.

Then came "One Hour With You." The script calls for Jeanette MacDonald to slap M. Chevalier across the face. With rehearsals, takes, retakes, she slapped him more than thirty times. And when she slapped, she SLAPPED.

"H'm," reconsidered M. Chevalier, "dees moving peekshure beezness—she iss not so GOOD, hein?"

Depression Gag No. 72,399,803:

You can blame Helen Twelvetrees' husband for this; he's the one who's telling it around Hollywood.

"Yeah," he says, "this depression sure has hit the movie industry. They're cutting EVERYthing. Why, my wife was scheduled for a certain picture. But an executive cancelled the order. 'Twelvetrees?' he said; 'no, we gotta cut down. Substitute Mae *Busch.'* "

Family Life

—when June Collyer entrained for New York with Hubby Stu Erwin, she was in tears. "Why are you crying?" asked a friend. "My children," wept June. "Good Lord—you've only been married a half year!" gasped the friend. "Oh, silly—I mean my kitty-cat and my dog," wept June. She had to leave them behind. Stu's mother took care of them.

All Play

—It may be okay for Doug Fairbanks, but Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey aren't going to shoot a travelogue on their tour of the Orient. They flatly turned down two big producer-companies' offers to send cameramen and sound apparatus along. "We're going on a *vacation,*" chorused the two BW's.

Ritz Stuff

—Tallulah Bankhead walks about five miles a day, for exercise. And her locomotion the rest of the time is a huge Rolls-Royce limousine, initialled TB on the doors.

Swell Gal, This Miriam

It happened one lunchtime in the café on the Paramount lot. Florence Britton, who played opposite Ronald Colman a year ago, but who was now playing just an extra part in a Paramount picture, was lunching there. In walked Miriam Hopkins, star. Miriam and Florence had never met. But Miriam recognized her, walked direct to her table.

"Miss Britton," she said, "I'm proud to shake your hand. I saw you in the Colman picture—and I want to tell you I think you're a wonderful actress!"

Coming as it did just when Florence was nearly broken-hearted over the bad breaks Hollywood sometimes gives, it hit her so that she just sat there and bawled . . . !

Realism

—Hollywood actors better hire somebody to teach them how to duck. Two of them have sore jaws because they didn't. One is John Wray, who didn't dodge a wallop from Chester Morris in "The Miracle Man." The other is Noel Madison, who went "out" for a long count when he didn't duck Norman Foster's right in a picture at Universal.

But both "accidents" made great stuff for the cameras.

This and That and What—

. . . Doug (Traveler) Fairbanks paid 43 percent of his income between 1920 and 1926 to Uncle Sam in income taxes . . . since she fainted on the set a few weeks ago, Lupe (who's next?) Velez has had a doctor and nurse in constant attendance while working . . . Gene Markey gave Joan (Mrs. Gene to be) Bennett a solid gold set—cigarette lighter, case, vanity, all hand-etched and diamond-monogrammed . . . since "Delicious," Janet (cute) Gaynor's fan mail has gone to an average of 1,100 letters daily . . . no, she doesn't read them all . . . Antonio Moreno has just finished directing the first all-talkie made in Mexico . . . Lupita Tovar and Ernesto Guillen, Hollywood stars, were its leads . . .

. . . Tom (monograms) Mix is 51 . . . he celebrated the birthday by having lunch away from home for the first time since he almost died in the hospital last fall . . . ho, hum, but Mae Murray's been sued again . . . and ordered to pay a few hundred dollars to the tax advisor who helped her fill out Uncle Sam's income tax puzzle blanks . . . recalling that Mix hospitalization, it's a fact that Tom got mad because the hospital wouldn't let him have his horse Tony brought into the sickroom for a visit . . .

Movie Mirror's credit department: Congratulations to the four in this picture, Minna Gombell, Dialogue Writer Edwin Burke, Sally Eilers and Jimmy Dunn. They are the four who made "Bad Girl" such swell entertainment, only to turn around and make "Dance Team," which is another dandy

Love, Et All Sorts of Cetera—

. . . what good is an absent husband? reasons ZaSu Pitts, and files suit for divorce from Tom Gallery, Hollywood fight promoter . . . she married him in 1920 . . . but they haven't lived together in five years, she says . . . she wants the custody of Daughter Ann, 9, and 9-year-old Don Mike, whom she adopted after the death of his own mother, Barbara La Marr. . . .

. . . Sharon Lynn flies into matrimony (uh huh, at Yuma!) with Benjamin Glazer, movie executive . . . and then they flew back to a reception at the home of Cedric Gibbons and his wife (Dolores Del Rio, in case you didn't know). Sharon and Ben have been THISWAY for months! . . .

. . . Elsie (over forty!) Janis marries Gilbert (in his 20's) Wilson . . . and beats the "wonder-why's" to it by announcing that she'd never had either a husband or a child, so she thought she'd combine the two in one . . .

. . . and didn't demure Mary Brian make 'em sit up and take notice when she walked into the Brown Derby the other night with Jack (ex-Estelle's) Dempsey!!! . . . say, just *whose* is this Mary Brian, anyway? . . . Russ Gleason's or Jack Oakie's or Ken Murray's or Dempsey's . . . ??? . . .

. . . seen out here and there together: Ginger (Red) Rogers and Mervyn (Tiny) Leroy . . . Maureen (Erin Go Bragh) O'Sullivan and John (way daown saouth) Arledge . . . Maureen (what, again? Yep!) O'Sullivan and Russell Gleason . . . Ivan (Monocler) Lebedeff and Doris (lovely) Kenyon . . . Jack (clown) Oakie and Joan (blondie) Marsh . . . Frances (upward bound) Dee and Charles (from Paree) Boyer . . .

. . . there's a new love affair in Joan Crawford's life . . . now, now, Doug and Joan, don't get all hot! . . . it's only that romance between Joan's Scottie "Woggles" and the new lady-Scottie Joan has, named "Typhoon" . . .

. . . Mae Marsh's sister, Mildred Forster, gets a divorce . . .

. . . and as persistently as they keep on denying it, just so persistently does the rumor persist that Madge (comeback) Evans and Tom (being-divorced-by-ZaSu) Gallery are THISWAY . . .

. . . don't be surprised if Jeanette MacDonald's concert tour of the Orient and Europe this summer and fall turns out to be a honeymoon, too . . . she's been going to marry Robert Ritchie for so-long, now, and may do it any minute . . .

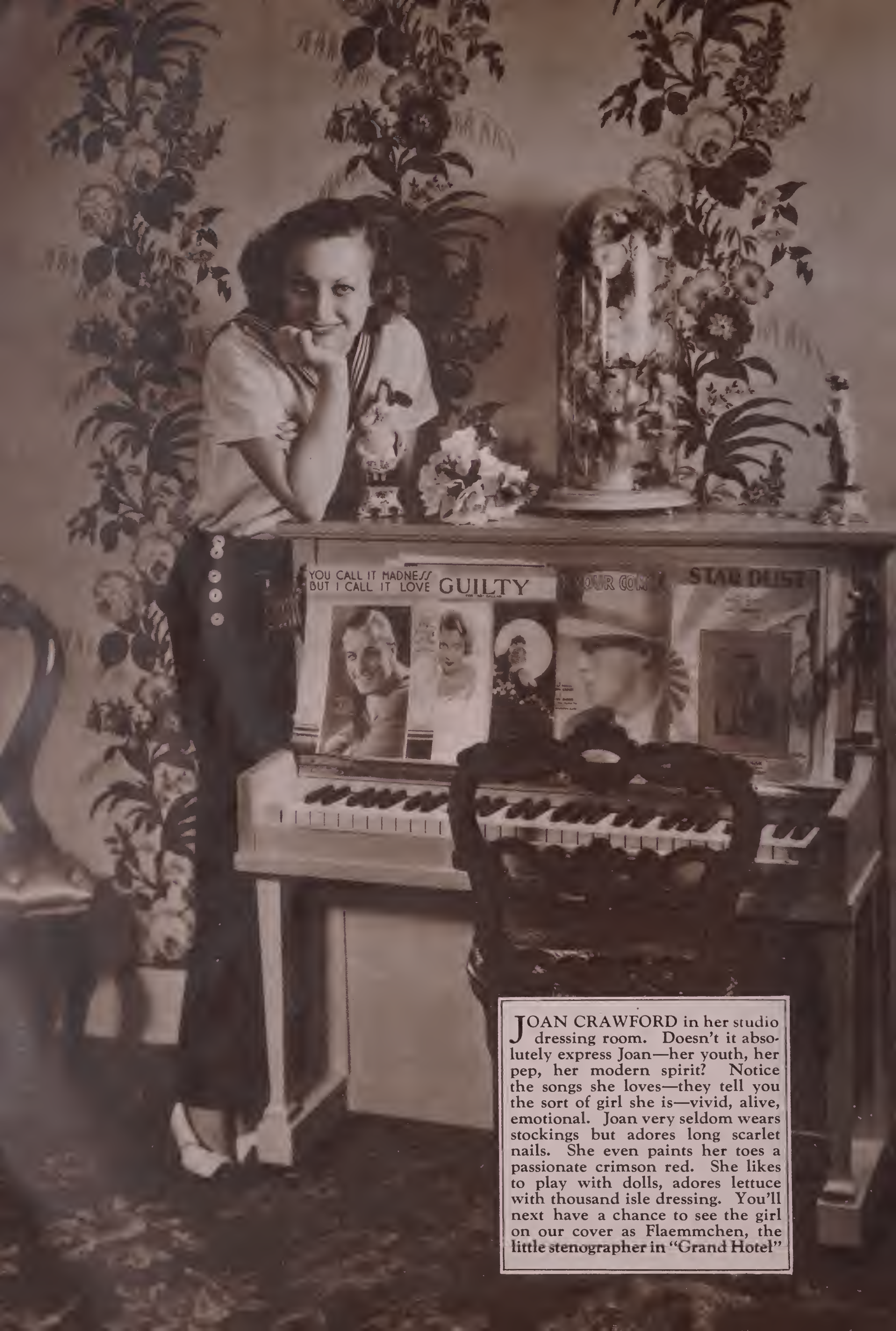
. . . Filmactor C. Henry Gordon spurns bachelorhood, marries Veronica Abigail Fink . . . who was Noah Beery's secretary . . .

. . . movies and matrimony didn't mix for Samuel Harrison Thompson, aspiring screen actor . . . he told his wife never to let on that he was a married man because it would "ruin his chances for a career" . . . so she divorced him . . .

. . . Tom Mix's divorced wife marries an attaché of the Argentine embassy at Washington . . . and in Hollywood, Tom Mix decisively denies that he's going to marry Circus Performer Mabel Ward . . . "no," says Tom, "we'll stay single for a while, me an' Tony!" . . .

. . . Esther (platinum) Muir sues ex-hubby William Busby (film director) Berkeley for back alimony . . . and admits, simultaneously, that she's going to marry Rex (it's a habit) Lease in late spring . . .

. . . Bert (haha) Wheeler's (*Continued on page* 114)


YOU CALL IT MADNESS BUT I CALL IT LOVE
GUILTY
STAR DUST

JOAN CRAWFORD in her studio dressing room. Doesn't it absolutely express Joan—her youth, her pep, her modern spirit? Notice the songs she loves—they tell you the sort of girl she is—vivid, alive, emotional. Joan very seldom wears stockings but adores long scarlet nails. She even paints her toes a passionate crimson red. She likes to play with dolls, adores lettuce with thousand isle dressing. You'll next have a chance to see the girl on our cover as Flaemmchen, the little stenographer in "Grand Hotel"

GEORGE ARLISS is one of those people who, by all the rules of Hollywood, oughtn't to be a success. He isn't young and he isn't handsome. Hollywood says you have to be both to succeed. Yet he packs 'em in and stands 'em up. All his pictures are box-office successes. You'll see him next in "The Man Who Played God." When asked why he chose this part, he said it was because it was the only thing that could exceed the grandeur of his rôle as an American Secretary of the Treasury in "Alexander Hamilton"

DOROTHY JORDAN, a delightful starlet, with that loveliest of all qualities, girlishness. There's no resisting her charm and laughter, as many a broken-hearted Hollywood swain can testify. M-G-M recently renewed her contract and is giving her a swell part in "The Wet Parade"

HERE is Warners' brand new star—Marian Marsh. She has dimples, blond hair and gray eyes, and yet, believe it or not, she really likes to curl up in her chair and read a good book. Her favorite is "All Quiet on the Western Front." She is just barely eighteen. She hates salads, being awakened from a nap, and telephone calls. She saves notes written to her by infatuated youths in a little treasure chest and wears the key around her neck. Warners is starring her next in "Poor Little Church Mouse"

THIS is the real Dietrich. Hitherto you've always seen Marlene not as she really looks, but as Von Sternberg, her director, wants her to look, with shadows thrown on her loveliness, mystery in her eyes, the hint of intrigue on her lips. There are no shadows in this picture to conceal the real Marlene, yet the mystery of her remains unsolved. Hollywood says she has quarreled with Von Sternberg, flirted with Chevalier, but Marlene's answer to all this is—silence. Her new picture is "Shanghai Express"

ALL Hollywood is talking about Maurice—speculating on whether he is the gay Chevalier he appears on the screen. One night Chevalier gave Marlene Dietrich the glad eye at a supper table (as who wouldn't?) and ever since, all the tongue-clackers have been clacking their tongues off. To which Chevalier's answer is that "One Hour With You" is just the title of his next picture

Peggy Shannon, beautiful example of an unknown elevated to stardom. If she had clicked, it would have been dandy. But she didn't

What Becomes of Your Movie Money?

Do you know why sound has almost doubled the cost of the average picture? Do you know why the "talent search" goes on and on? Do you know why some stars aren't re-signed and others can get anything they want? Here are the answers

By DORA ALBERT

WHAT'S this two-starring system about, anyway? At one time every studio thought it was enough to have one big star in a picture. Now we have Greta Garbo and Ramon Novarro; Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery; and we're soon to have Garbo, Crawford, Lionel and John Barrymore, Jean Hersholt and others in "Grand Hotel," which is an all-star picture if ever there was one.

It's a grand thought, of course, but how can the producers manage it? Why, when any *one* of those stars is enough to cause riots at the box-office, are they planning to throw so many stars into one picture? Where does your movie money go, anyway?

Listen, my children, and you shall hear a story that is packed with as much romance and glamour as anything that has ever happened in the movie business.

A few years ago when a great star like Joan Crawford clicked, they immediately began putting opposite her young, practically unknown boys. Sometimes these young boys would click tremendously, as Kent Douglass did in "Paid," as Clark Gable when he ran away with acting honors in "Dance, Fools, Dance." In time these young men would become stars if they were lucky.

Robert Montgomery was a grand success as a leading man to Norma Shearer. "Strangers May Kiss," a Shearer starring vehicle, clinched the Montgomery stardom. After that, according to the old system, he would never again play opposite Shearer, for one star was enough for a picture.

But those days seem to be gone forever and you and you and I can be glad, too, for we're going to get the benefit. In the case of Montgomery, he did star in "Shipmates" and "The Man in Possession," opposite quite unimportant leading women. The pictures were successful enough. But there was a thing called the depression stalking about and the movie magnates began taking notice of it.

They couldn't gamble any longer. They had to make sure of theatre attendance. And so it was M-G-M first of all who hit upon the plan of the two-star picture. Its first experiment was "Private Lives," starring both Shearer and Montgomery and it hit the box-office right in the gold belt and started a lot of other studios thinking.

OTHER studios began considering M-G-M's plan. Radio particularly. Radio had tried to make a star of Ivan Lebedeff. It had starred Eddie Quillan solo. It had starred Wheeler and Woolsey and then had tried to split up the boys as individual stars. It even planned to star Dorothy Lee, all by her little self. Maybe they could have gotten away with that in boom years. But not this year. So Radio threw all those stars and would-be stars in "Girl Crazy." In "State's Attorney," they're starring Helen Twelvetrees and John Barrymore, stars who would have gone it alone a year ago.

But these star-studded casts are one of the answers to where your movie money goes.

Most stars are under contract for forty weeks a year. Under the old system, most of them made about three pictures a year—an average of six weeks on each picture and idled about the rest of the time. Now the studios are realizing that the contract stars might as well be working, making the acting standard in every picture higher, and not increasing the cost to the studio by a cent.

That is, the studio budget isn't any higher but the cost per picture is just about doubled.

John Barrymore, for instance, gets $125,000 for every picture he makes.

His salary plus Twelvetrees' salary will run up the cost of "State's Attorney."

IN silent days a picture rarely cost more than $200,000 to $250,000. But in those days you could put any dumb bunny in front of the camera and with a good enough director get her to act. The director could pantomime every move and the gal could get away with murder, so far as understanding what she was doing was concerned. Today nothing of the sort is possible. The director can discuss the acting with the star beforehand, but when the red lights go on and the bells ring that mean the mikes are open and recording, he can no longer help. The star must go on alone. And that takes genuine acting ability. And the ability to act well costs money, salary money. The talkies have raised the standard of ability all along the line, bigger and better casts, more efficient technical men, more experts in every branch of production. And do those people make the old weekly payroll look sick!

It cost about three-quarters of a million dollars to make "Mata Hari." That was because of the importance of its cast mostly. When you have a star like Garbo, making about eight thousand dollars a week for two pictures a year, your costs on a picture mount up. But "Mata Hari" is paying for itself over and over. And how! At the Capitol Theatre in New York City alone it ran for three weeks, grossing about $110,000 the first week, $82,000 the second week and about $60,000 the third week. And that is only one theatre!

There are a few stars in the motion picture business who could ask for anything they want and get it. Garbo is one of them. If she asked for the

Dick Arlen, handsome example of an unknown elevated to stardom, who did click. Dick, an untemperamental, inexpensive star, has made his company lots of money

It cost three quarters of a million to make "Mata Hari" with Garbo and Novarro. But "Mata" is breaking box-office records all over the country, which makes its cost seem trifling

moon, M-G-M would try to get it for her, with a couple of planets thrown in.

FOR three years in succession her pictures have broken box-office records. She did it in 1930 with "Anna Christie." In 1931 she broke all records at the Capitol for that year in "Susan Lenox." And this year she broke all records at the Capitol for all time in "Mata Hari."

Do you wonder that this woman is the center of the movie universe? That she can pick her own directors, argue about her stories, threaten, 'I tank I go home,' be as temperamental as she wants to on the set and still have her company beg her to sign with them again?

About three or four years ago most of the big movie companies went in for an orgy of theatre buying, and forgot about making pictures, getting stories and building up star names. They thought that the company which had the most theatres would make the most money.

Now all the big companies are scrambling to unload theatres and build up stars.

The star's the thing.

Only a couple of years ago, all the movie magnates got together and said that star salaries were going down. Names like Crawford, Chatterton and Shearer wouldn't mean so much in this new era of talkies.

Warners' in 1930 had its mind all made up that it was going to be a practically starless outfit. Warners' most successful production of the year had been "Gold Diggers of Broadway," a Technicolor picture without a star in it. So the Warner executives said, "Judging by the success of that film and several other of our money makers, we have decided to do away with all stars, save Barrymore and Arliss. The tendency of Warners' in the future will be in favor of films with fine productions and good stories, rather than toward those where all the emphasis is put upon the star."

LESS than a year later Warners' was frantically bidding for Chatterton, Powell, Kay Francis and Constance Bennett. It got Constance Bennett for two pictures at $150,000 a picture. The first picture it made starring her was "Bought." It was made in five weeks' time, and turned out to be one of Warners' best box-office pictures of the year.

The greatest wows of the past few months have been "Frankenstein," "Susan Lenox," "Private Lives," and "Mata Hari."

All of these pictures featured great stars in great stories, except "Frankenstein." All of them were expensive pictures to make because of their great casts.

"Frankenstein" was one of those miracles of the picture business. It had no great names. Boris Karloff was practically unknown to movie audiences. Colin Clive, though a splendid stage actor, has played in so few pictures, that his name in itself wasn't a box-office magnet. Mae Clarke hasn't yet won stardom. The salaries of the cast players weren't terrifically high, as such things go. Colin Clive got about $1,500 a week. Mae Clarke gets about $1,000 a week. The whole picture was probably produced at a cost of a few hundred thousand dollars.

And yet "Frankenstein" will probably gross a million! It's headed for that right now.

For a few pictures like this which score a tremendous profit, there are the hundreds of pictures which do just average business and the flops, that cost hundreds of thousands of dollars to die.

A tremendous publicity and exploitation campaign was put behind Billie Dove's picture, "The Age for Love." It flopped cold. On Broadway it had to be put out of a leading theatre in less time than any other tenant that theatre ever had.

BUT it isn't always the pictures that cost the most money that make the most. "Bad Girl" is said to have been made for about $200,000.

Right now almost all the big companies are trying to pare down production costs to meet the depression. They're trying to pare down those costs where they'll show the least. If they use shoddy sets and flimsy casts, the pictures they turn out are bound to be below standard. So what they are trying to do is cut salaries.

They can't, of course, cut the salary of a Garbo. Nor even of a Ruth Chatterton, a William Powell, a Dick Barthelmess.

But they can get the lesser fry to take cuts by threatening not to renew their contracts when option time comes around, unless they behave now. And that's exactly what most of the studios are doing. Studios that used to average about $400,000 on a picture are now turning out pictures for about $200,000 to $250,000.

Have you noticed how super-epics have gone out of the window, along with bustles, ear-muffs and other antiques?

ABOUT the only super-epic produced last year was "Cimarron." It grossed more money than any other picture of the year (about $2,250,000), but since it cost $1,700,000 or thereabouts to produce, it may not bring as much money into Radio's coffers in the end as some more modest picture costing less to make.

"Trader Horn," about the only other epic of the year, was really made in 1930, and held over by Metro until they felt that it was right for the box-office. Salaries on the making of "Trader Horn" were very low, yet the picture is supposed to have cost anywhere from a million to three million dollars to make. Most of this money went for expedition costs, as the whole company was taken to Africa for almost a year to film the background scenes. It's figured that "Trader Horn" may eventually gross even more than "Cimarron," as it can be released all over the world.

"Frankenstein" because of its unimportant actors cost very little. But they were good actors and "Frankenstein" is a hit, all set for the million dollar class

Probably the most expensive picture that was ever made was "Hell's Angels," which took over three years to make and cost over $4,000,000. Originally Howard Hughes planned the picture to cost about $600,000. He figured on using about a dozen planes. When he found that the production was swallowing a lot more time and costing a lot more money than he'd counted on, he decided to get some scenes that were worth it. The air shots he took on that picture cost a fortune. And then just when he was about half-way through with the picture, sound came in and the whole picture practically had to be re-made. But Howard Hughes is a smart lad, and when he found that a lot of footage was left over from "Hell's Angels" he decided to make an air comedy, "Sky Devils," in which he could use some of the spectacular shots he had taken for "Hell's Angels."

THAT'S where the most producers get a lot of grief—lost footage. For every nine thousand feet of picture that are used, about 40,000 to 50,000 feet of film are shot. It's just one of those things.

Since star salaries, however, are the biggest item in the production of most pictures, producers usually scurry about frantically to discover new faces, new stars.

It takes anywhere from three to eight weeks ordinarily for a major studio to shoot a picture.

Well, when a star gets about $3000 a week and works eight weeks in a picture, his salary of $24,000 makes production costs on the picture mount up quite a bit.

WILL ROGERS, for instance, gets $150,000 a picture. And when you think that many companies are trying to produce pictures for about $200,000, you can see for yourself what a nice dent that makes in production costs.

So the big idea is to discover some unknown player, put him under contract for $75 or $100 a week, find a glittering production for him and presto, turn him into a star.

Paramount used to pick 'em beautifully that way. When it produced "Wings," Buddy Rogers got $65, Gary Cooper $75 and Dick Arlen $100.

Paramount was the great discoverer. It discovered Bebe Daniels and Richard Dix, among others, and when their salaries got too high, it let other producers bid for them.

Its policy was to discover all its own stars, and in that way it could sign them up for almost no money. Other companies waited until they had scored a hit with Paramount, and then signed them up at colossal salaries, when Paramount was ready to let them go.

That was swell as long as Paramount guessed right. It guessed right on Buddy Rogers, Gary Cooper and a host of others.

(*Continued on page* 101)

"Because women today try to get nearer life we are happier than our mothers were"

No Woman without a Past is Interesting

Says Norma Shearer
as told to Gladys Hall

Editor's Note: *There has been a lot of discussion about the type of rôles Norma Shearer has been playing lately—the wise, sophisticated, daring young girl. There's been so much discussion that Norma has decided to go old-fashioned for at least one picture, "Smilin' Through." But just because* MOVIE MIRROR *wondered how Norma herself felt about it all—whether she thought girls should be demure and clinging, or brave and dashing—we sent Gladys Hall to ask Norma about it. Norma herself, you know, is very happily married. She adores her husband and her child. Her home is one of the loveliest in Hollywood. She combines, marvelously, a home and a career. Yet this is what Norma says:*

"NO WOMAN without a Past is interesting," Norma Shearer said to me. "That is why most of the women of today are so interesting, so vital, so colorful—*all of them have had Pasts.*

"After all, a woman who has never had a Past means a woman who has never lived, who has never dared to be herself, to express herself, never gone out to meet adventure, never been *generous,* either emotionally or in any other way.

"A woman without a Past is *a woman who has never played.* A woman without a Past is a woman who has never taken work as a great adventure, a woman who has not had imagination to take poverty or pain or success or love or death or disappointment with *excitement.* A woman without a Past has never known excitement at all. *She has no sense of humour.* She is a woman afraid, colorless, timid, suspicious, *anaemic.*

"Every modern woman has had a Past.

"Every modern girl is creating a Past for herself.

"A Past means *time,* actually, and the modern girl makes use of her time. She goes out free-handed and free-hearted to meet life. She courts adventure. *She dares to be herself.* She is not reckless of consequences. *She is aware of them.* If she spills the milk she doesn't cry over it. If she does what she wants to do she doesn't waste her own time or the time of others in useless regrets. *She doesn't pity herself.*

"We all of us have more admiration and interest than pity or censure for such women as DuBarry, Maintenon, Ninon de Lenclos, Dusé, Bernhardt—women who have gone down in history as colorful, immortal figures more because they dared to live and love than because they were great artists or great stateswomen.

"There are just such women (*Continued on page* 83)

No woman in the world has a more glamorous life than Norma Shearer, with her successful career, her happy marriage and her sturdy young son. And she has won it all by herself!

He Thought He was Licked

Robert Young Was Ready to Quit When Zowie—Success Happened!

By EDWARD CHURCHILL

ROBERT YOUNG retired last April at the age of twenty-three years.

That sounds haywire. How could Robert Young retire in April and stage his sensational performance as the young physician in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" in September? What's the use of telling the audience about a chap who has upped and retired?

Fact is that Robert, after eight years of trying to click in motion pictures, was forced into retirement by his own conscience. He thought that to keep on trying to get a job as an actor was a dirty trick to play on producers.

Today, he is considered star material by Metro, and has done three pictures for three different companies—"The Black Camel" for Fox, the Helen Hayes picture for Metro, "The Guilty Generation" for Columbia; and he now has a large rôle in Metro's "The Wet Parade."

He is on the list of Metro featured players, is in demand by several companies, and has had one of his options taken up in the course of a five-year contract with Louis B. Mayer's organization. He is one of the younger "white hopes" of the industry. He ranks with Loretta Sayers, Linda Watkins, Jimmie Dunn, Eric Linden and others who are being pushed into the closeups to replace those older folks with the thickening chins and the lined cheeks.

About a year ago this writer prepared an article on the various youngsters who were best bets. They came from finishing schools, dramatic schools, the legitimate stage, wealthy homes, and colleges. Not one of them has the story that Robert Young can offer—and he certainly would have been the lead on that article if he had been found.

This young find is a sort of male Cinderella. He is lucky, as well as talented. To explain this, one must tell the story of his retirement.

After those barren eight years—after finding, as he phrases it, that "the studio police were stronger than I was"—after a few disheartening experiences as an extra—after being with a road show for months—and after appearing in forty plays at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, a training ground for many future stars—Robert gave himself into the hands of an agent.

He spent two weeks with this beneficent agent. The agent rushed him over the Hollywood Hills to Burbank, where he made tests at Warner-First National. The agent rushed him to Paramount, and he had another test. The agent romped to Fox and he had another test. And, finally, he went to Metro and had two tests.

Robert Young has sold papers, driven a truck, worked in a newspaper press room, and played in road shows. Now he's under contract to M-G-M

Nothing happened.

"Horses!" exclaimed the harassed Mr. Young.

He packed his bags, announced his retirement, and was about to kiss his mother good-bye—he lives with his mother and a brother and sister—when the telephone rang.

"Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer," said the beneficent agent, "wishes you to sign a contract."

"Spell that out!" commanded Robert, and collapsed.

"I HAD planned to go to Carmel and become a bank clerk," Robert explained to me at luncheon not so long ago. "I was going to clerk in the bank daytimes and act in the Carmel theatre nights. All my life I've worked day and nights, so I felt I was fitted for such a task. But, even though I did not clip any coupons, my life was changed from that moment.

"I became a new man. I looked ahead. I saved my money. I—"

I reminded him that I was not a testimonial agent, and he continued his story. Prepare yourself for a shock.

"I signed the contract," he said, his voice quavering. "I signed the contract and—"

Robert Young in his most famous rôle to date—as the young doctor in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," with Helen Hayes. Yes, that's he on the left

Here his voice broke and he took a long swallow of water—

"They asked me if I didn't want to go to Honolulu.

"Now, I'd always wanted to go to Honolulu. If there is any place I would ever want to be, it would be Honolulu. So I said yes. And I was loaned to Fox for 'The Black Camel.'"

This was just six days after he had retired!

No wonder we label him a male Cinderella and say that he has had luck. But the luck was only in getting an opportunity to take his tests. No youngster can troupe as he trouped and not absorb a great deal of experience. Robert has enough above the collar to take advantage of every minute of experience he has ever had. Luck may get a person a test these days, but only ability allows that person to stay on anyone's payroll.

Eight years out of twenty-four—he recently had a birthday—is quite a percentage. And he has stuck.

ROBERT was born in Chicago. Shortly afterward, his father, a building contractor, moved to Seattle. The Young family remained there until he was ten. He arrived with them in Los Angeles at that age, went to Lincoln High School, and started on the road to a dramatic career.

"I started in high school in a big way," he told me. "I was all there except for the goggles. I studied early and late, sold papers, drove a truck for a cleaner and dyer, worked in a newspaper press room and did other small jobs at various times.

"For more than a year I was a model student. No one arrived any earlier than I did, and no one stayed later. I was headed straight for scholastic fame—until the dramatic coach held greasepaint under my nose.

"FROM that time on my marks went down and my fever went up."

So beginneth the actor. At fifteen he had played most of the leading rôles and at seventeen he was, in his own estimation, in a position to give Lionel Barrymore a lot of hot tips.

"Came the time," he said, "when I had the choice between a dramatic career and college."

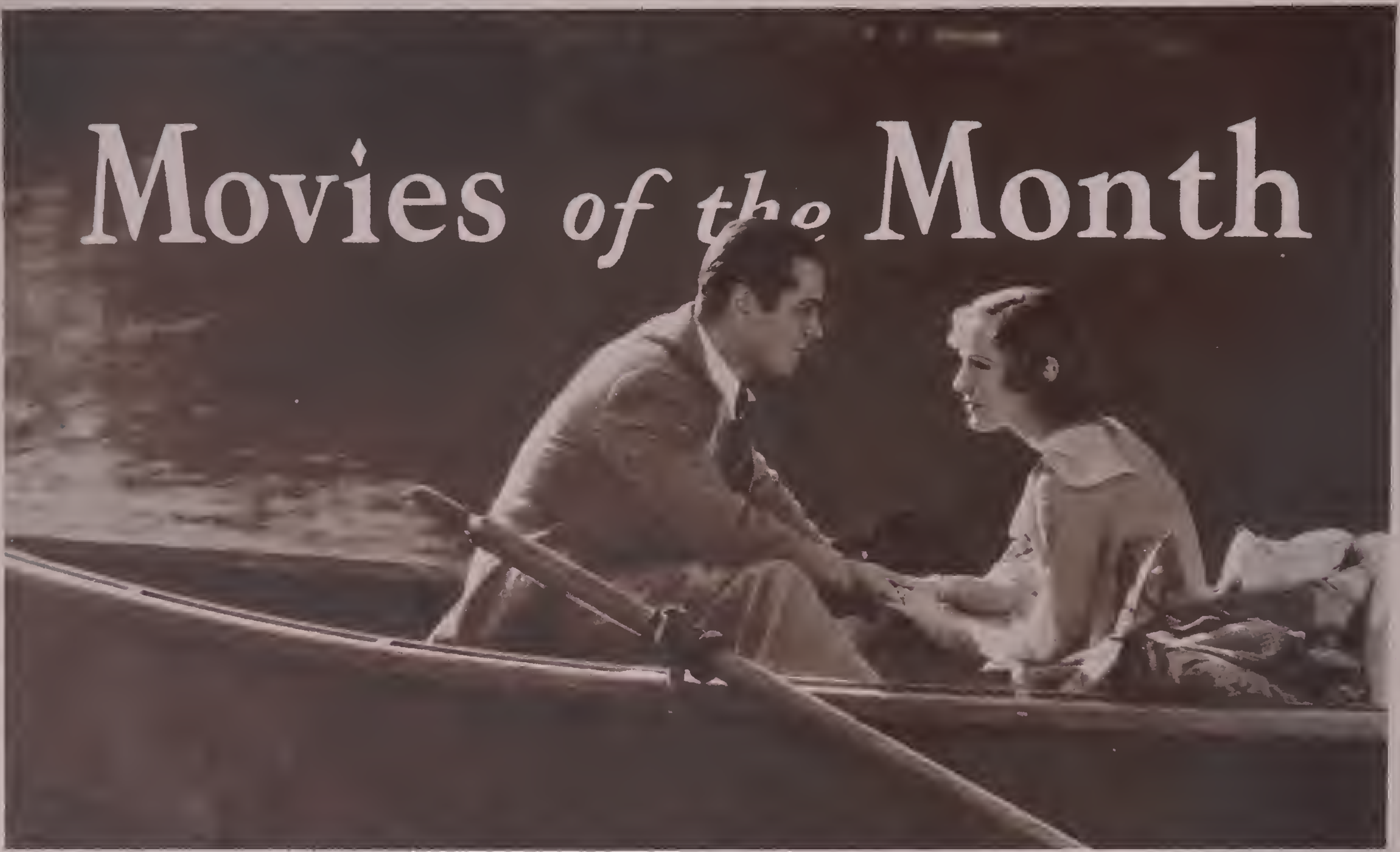
Note the reasoning here. The lad uses his head.

"I wanted to go to college for the social life and the dramatic instruction," he explained. "I had to work. Therefore, the social life was out. And I figured that if I worked days I could get free dramatic training nights by working under Gilmore Brown at the Community Playhouse."

He chose the latter course.

After plenty of experience with this organization, Robert found himself in a very paying daytime job. He was offered a chance to go out with a road show. He was afraid that if he gave up his day job and went with the road show it would go broke and he wouldn't have anything. But he did what he knew he would do, signed up and had a successful tour. He returned, tried motion pictures, and after walking from place to place gave up —only to flash into sudden (*Continued on page* 85)

Movies *of the* Month



"Lovers Courageous," with Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans, is one of the most charming pictures of young love you've seen in a long time

By HARRY LANG

(Check ✓ for the good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss.)

The pictures this month range all the way from bad to practically perfect. There's a picture now being released all over the country, "The Struggle," which hits a new low in movie entertainment. There are pictures with big stars in them, like "Prestige," with Ann Harding, which prove quite disappointing. And then, on the other end of the scale, are the real screen-entertainers, "Arsene Lupin," "The Impatient Maiden," "The Passionate Plumber" and others. One of the interesting things about this month's pictures is that some of the most entertaining pictures of the month have no big star-names in them.

Many of the month's pictures will call forth all sorts of opinions. There's "The Man I Killed," for instance, a heavy drama which some will hail as great but which is likely to prove box-office poison because of its morbid theme. And certainly no two opinions will agree on "Freaks," the most blood-curdling picture ever produced. So there you are. These reviews will tell you what these pictures are like. Then consult your own tastes, for on this list which includes everything from romance to horror, what is one man's meat is almost certain to be another man's poison.

✓✓ Arsene Lupin (M-G-M)

You'll See: *BOTH Barrymores—John and Lionel. Karen Morley, Tully Marshall, John Miljan.*

It's About: *The conflict of wits and craft between super-crook Arsene Lupin and the Prefect of Police—with heart-affairs adding interest.*

The Locale: *Paris, of course.*

Even with one Barrymore, a film is a cinch to be

Lionel Atwill makes his debut in "The Silent Witness"—and steals the picture good. With two!—well . . . !!!

And so "Arsene Lupin" emerges from the studio as one of the ace pieces of entertainment of the season. John and Lionel Barrymore fight it out for the histrionic honors from first footage to fadeout, and come out about even, with each scoring points galore. In the brilliance of their work, you almost miss the sterling value of performances by Karen Morley, clever girl, and reliable Tully Marshall and John Miljan.

Thrills aplenty, ditto laughs, johnbarrymorish love-making, an interest-and-excitement-filled story—what more can any film-goer ask? Movie Mirror doesn't hesitate on this one; go see it and thank M-G-M.

"The Impatient Maiden," with Lew Ayres and Mae Clarke, may shock you with its frankness, and yet it will surely interest you

Reviewed in This Issue

- ✓✓ Arsene Lupin
- Cheaters at Play
- ✓ Deceiver, The
- ✓ Fireman, Save My Child
- Freaks
- ✓✓ Impatient Maiden, The
- Local Bad Man, The
- ✓ Lovers Courageous
- ✓ Man I Killed, The
- Man Who Dared, The
- ✓ Man Who Played God, The
- ✓ Murders in the Rue Morgue
- Night Beat
- No One Man
- ✓✓ Old Man Minick
- ✓✓ Passionate Plumber, The
- ✓✓ Polly of the Circus
- Prestige
- ✓✓ Shanghai Express
- ✓ Silent Witness
- ✓ Steady Company
- ✓ Tomorrow and Tomorrow
- Without Honor

✓✓ The Impatient Maiden (Universal)

You'll See: *Lew Ayres, Mae Clarke, Una Merkel, John Halliday, Andy Devine, Bert Roach, Helen Jerome Eddy, Oscar Apfel.*

It's About: *Conflicting ideas about love, honor, marriage—and how the conflict works out in events.*

This is the one the Hays office scowled at because it was first titled "Impatient Virgin." So they changed "Virgin" to "Maiden" . . . Which supposedly, made the necessary difference.

Anyway, it's a characteristically 1932-ish bit of frankness about a girl who believes "that" doesn't make marriage necessary and a boy who was brought up to believe it does. When she refuses his readiness to do so, rather than wreck his career, he walks out on her! What happens to their theories, and how it happens makes a mighty diverting talkie.

Lew Ayres plays a young interne (and incidentally, there's a climatic appendicitis-operation scene that's startlingly realistically done). This is supposed to be Lew's starring picture—in reality, Mae Clarke, as the girl, takes it away from him.

"Impatient Maiden" will interest you—regardless of your own convictions on the central theme.

✓✓ Polly of the Circus (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Marion Davies, Clark Gable, Raymond Hatton, David Landau, C. Aubrey Smith, many others.*

It's About: *A romance between a lovely trapeze performer and a young dominie, against the background of a big tent circus.*

This is one of the most entertaining things Marion Davies has ever done—and rarely if ever has she looked prettier, done better

Two Barrymores in one picture!!! No wonder "Arsene Lupin" is great

"The Man I Killed" is a morbid psychological study of a man who was haunted by the thought of the soldier he had killed in the War

Arliss' "Man Who Played God" is a pleasant modern drama with human interest but no thrills or chills

work. So much so that she even (believe this or not, see if I care!) completely eclipses Clark Gable, dressed up in preacher's clothes.

The story's not a new one, and a few attempts to bring it up to date don't succeed. You know what's going to happen from the very beginning, but instead of being bored, you stay to watch it come true. And like it. You know: Polly falls, is hurt, is taken to the young minister's home to recuperate. You know the rest.

The picture is more than usually noteworthy by reason of fine and unusual photography of circus scenes. You may gasp when you see Marion Davies risking her pretty neck in flipflops and trapeze leaps.

Wonder who'll be Gable's *next* screen sweetie—Marie Dressler?

✓✓ Old Man Minick (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *Chic Sale, Dickie Moore, Earle Foxe, Lois Wilson, Adrienne Dore, Ralf Harolde.*

It's About: *Old Man Minick, who's allus a-gittin' in folkses' way, justifies his existence by what he does for an orphan tot.*

This is one of those yarns that's aimed straight for the heart. If it doesn't hit yours it's because you either haven't got one, or it's cased in some sort of hard-boiled armorplate. You'll feel like crying every now and then as this unrolls—but you probably won't ever quite get to it, because it stops neatly just short of ultra-sentimentalism.

Chic Sale's old-man portrayals need no raves here; he's famous for them. "Old Man Minick" is no exception. This story would be all his if it weren't for little Dickie Moore. Here's Dickie's first real rôle—and the way he does it may give Jackie Cooper his first twinge of professional jealousy.

The story tells how Old Man Minick, lovable but a nuisance, takes a hand in Orphan Dick's life just when evil persons might have sent the kid blazing down the wrong path of life. What the old man does and how makes the story—and a thoroughly entertaining one, too.

✓✓ The Passionate Plumber (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Buster Keaton, Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durante, Polly Moran, Irene Purcell, Mona Maris, Gilbert Roland.*

It's About: *The naughty amorous misadventures of*

If you haven't discovered Jimmy Durante yet, you mustn't miss him in "The Passionate Plumber." He's a perfect foil for Buster Keaton *a Yonkers plumber and his pal in Paris.*

For sheer diaphragm-laugh value, this ranks prettty close to 100 percent! Keaton's "deadpan," balancing Durante's astounding facade, are funny enough to start with. But add to that a hilarious yarn, a brilliant array of comedy gags (most of them delightfully new, some of them rabelaisian), and a splendid cast of comickers, and you've got guffaw-filled entertainment of a kind sorely needed in these days of horror and morbidity on the screen. You'll even forget depression.

"The Passionate Plumber" is a grand blend of slapstick and more subtle funniness; its appeal is to all types of filmgoers. If you don't get satisfying laughs SOMEwhere in the story, better go see a psychiatrist. High spots: the duel sequence, wherein Durante seconds Keaton; the breakfast-in-bed scene where Keaton gets all tangled up with the food tray.

Oh, yes: you'll see Polly Moran's new plastic nose in this. It's a mistake, Polly!

✓ Lovers Courageous (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Robert Montgomery, Roland Young, Madge Evans, Beryl Mercer, Alan Mowbray, Frederick Kerr, Jackie Searl.*

It's About: *How a poor "black sheep" makes good, after all, and wins the girl away from the rich old lord.*

This is a good old-fashioned story, the kind that has always clicked, always will, that the underdog suddenly comes out on top and wins all the things he's after, despite the odds against him.

It's not the sort of rôle you've been seeing the ultra-sophisticated Bob Montgomery playing, this rôle of a poor young South African tobacconist's clerk who writes a play. Madge Evans is an admiral's daughter, destined to be a fussy old lord's wife. But of course, she loves the clerk. And oh, how beautiful and real they make their love scenes!

Montgomery, more than ever before, demonstrates that he is an engaging, charming thespian. He lifts his rôle well into the out-of-the-ordinary class. Madge Evans, as always, is breathtakingly beautiful and worthy any screen hero's love. Roland Young, Beryl Mercer, Alan Mowbray make the most of small rôles.

You'll get an evening's enjoyment out of it all, for it's padded with romance and charm.

"Freaks" is more horrible than any horror picture ever produced, and may make you ill

Paul Lukas runs away with most of the honors in Ruth Chatterton's latest picture, "Tomorrow and Tomorrow"

Like horror pictures? There are thrills, chills, murder and all that in "Murders in the Rue Morgue"

"Old Man Minick," with Chic Sale and adorable young Dickie Moore, is a human interest yarn that's aimed straight for the heart

✓ The Man Who Played God (Warners-First Natl)

You'll See: *George Arliss, Bette Davis, Violet Heming, Louise Closser Hale, Donald Cook, Oscar Apfel, Ivan Simpson.*

It's About: *The great musician, stricken suddenly deaf, rails at God—only to find eventual happiness by going into "partnership with Him."*

Here's a film-story that's pleasant, that's rich with that quality of charm and warm fineness that is the distinguishing mark of an Arliss presentation. If you've got to have thrills, excitement, "action," gangsters, sex in your screen entertainment, don't bother with this one. But if you like a pleasantly-told human story, that warms instead of chills the heart; if you like that perfection of characterization that you know Arliss will give, then by all means see and enjoy "The Man Who Played God."

This is not one of Arliss' historical or costume presentations. It is a present-day story, told in present-day talk and behavior. Arliss' expectedly fine work is well-supported by interesting work on the part of Louise Hale, Bette Davis, Violet Heming—and a rather fine bit by Ivan Simpson, as Arliss' old servant.

In spite of Paul Lukas's trouping and Carole Lombard's charm, "No One Man" is only fair entertainment

✓ The Silent Witness (Fox)

You'll See: *Lionel Atwill, Bramwell Fletcher, Greta Nissen, Helen Mack, Weldon Heyburn.*

It's About: *A murder mystery, wherein a hidden spectator in the nick of time saves a father from paying the penalty for a crime his son seemed guilty of. But son didn't do it either! Happy ending.*

This is a merging of the mystery-story type of film

"Cheaters at Play" is a pretty conventional international crook story, though its cast includes Thomas Meighan, Billy Bakewell and long-legged Charlotte Greenwood

TONY CA
SHOEMAK

"Steady Company" is an entertaining program picture, even though it has no great names in the cast

with the current horror-cycle, wherein Lionel Atwill—a most capable actor—makes his talkie début. You'll like him enough to want to see him in more films.

"The Silent Witness" is one of those up-and-down things; grand in spots, dreary in others. The sum makes it just good, fairly diverting. It tells of a young scapegrace who believes he has killed his inamorata. The father (Atwill) takes the blame, to save his son, and is headed for execution—when the "silent witness" comes out of a clothes closet, and speaks.

Greta Nissen, as the lady of many men, makes an excellent stranglee. Bramwell Fletcher plays the loose youth to the limit. It's Atwill's picture, though.

One of the most entertaining pictures Marion Davies has ever made is "Polly of the Circus," in which she even eclipses leading man Clark Gable

✓ Tomorrow and Tomorrow (Paramount)

You'll See: *Ruth Chatterton, Robert Ames, Paul Lukas.*

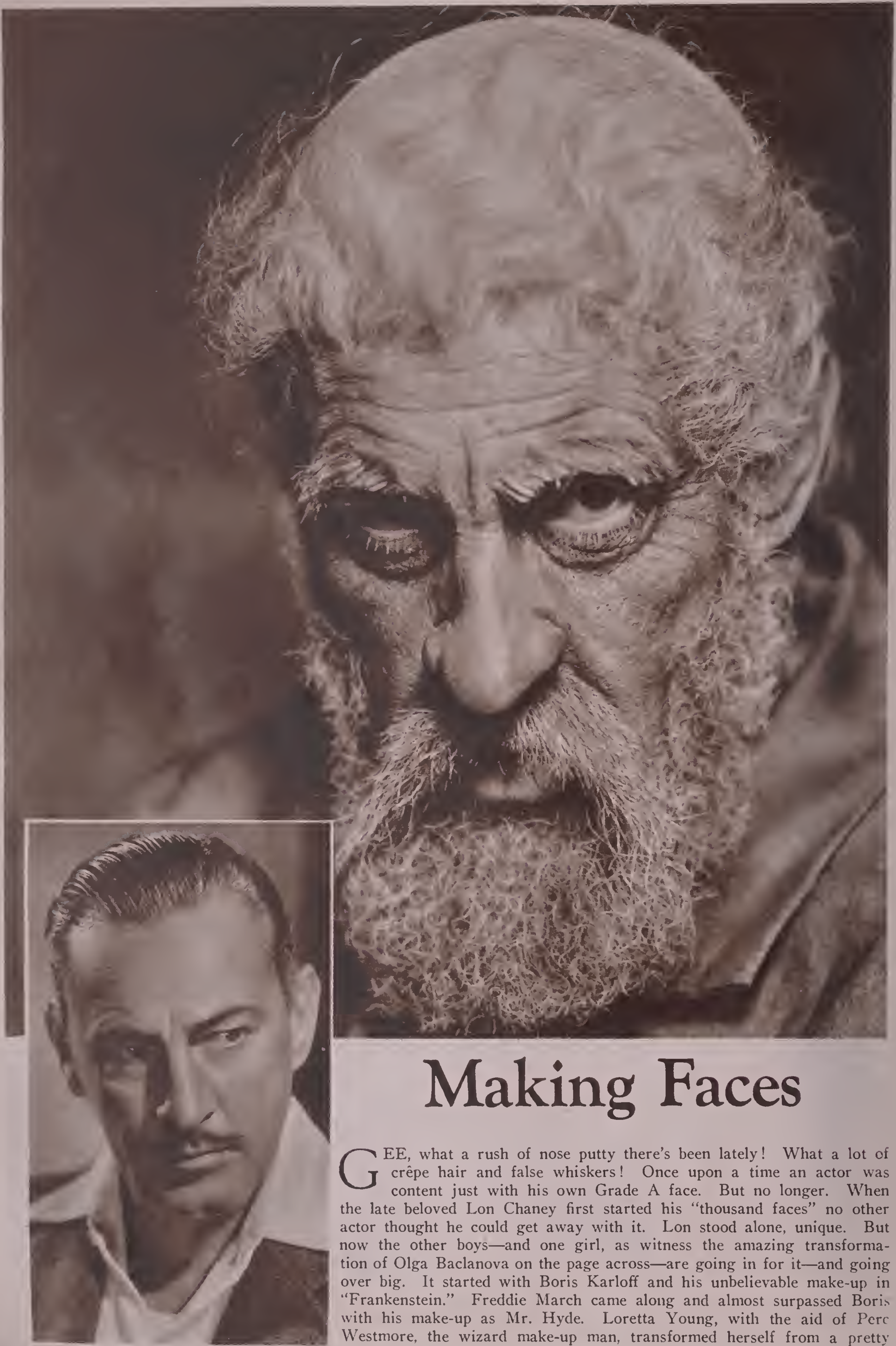
It's About: *A triangle, with a dash of psycho-analysis added to sex, which ends without sin being paid off in its usual wages, death.*

Once again, Ruth Chatterton does all the tricks you know she's going to do. It's regrettable that this woman, who started for the heights, should have become an automaton which goes through the same motions every time it's wound up for another picture.

Besides, like other recent Chatterton pictures, this one is ninety percent talk; ten percent *movie*. A childless wife discovers real love when a foreign psychiatrist visits them. Result: a baby. Wife, rather than blast her husband's life, turns down the other man's proposal that she flee with him. Finis, after a great deal of talk and close-ups.

Paul Lukas runs away with the honors, easily. Chatterton just chattertons. Robert Ames' farewell (*Continued on page* 106)

"Prestige," because of a weak and unreal story, will disappoint Ann Harding's admirers



Making Faces

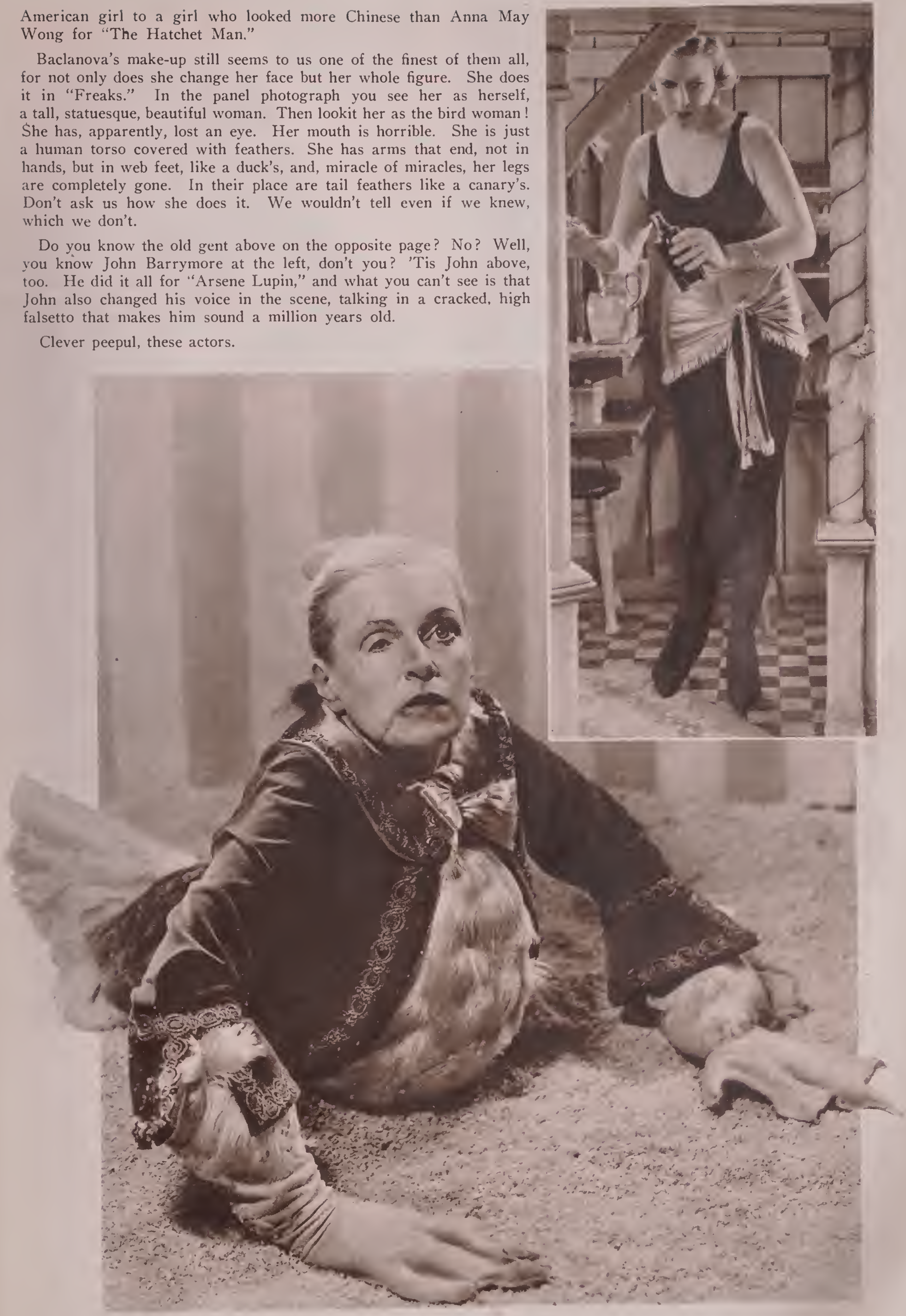
GEE, what a rush of nose putty there's been lately! What a lot of crêpe hair and false whiskers! Once upon a time an actor was content just with his own Grade A face. But no longer. When the late beloved Lon Chaney first started his "thousand faces" no other actor thought he could get away with it. Lon stood alone, unique. But now the other boys—and one girl, as witness the amazing transformation of Olga Baclanova on the page across—are going in for it—and going over big. It started with Boris Karloff and his unbelievable make-up in "Frankenstein." Freddie March came along and almost surpassed Boris with his make-up as Mr. Hyde. Loretta Young, with the aid of Perc Westmore, the wizard make-up man, transformed herself from a pretty

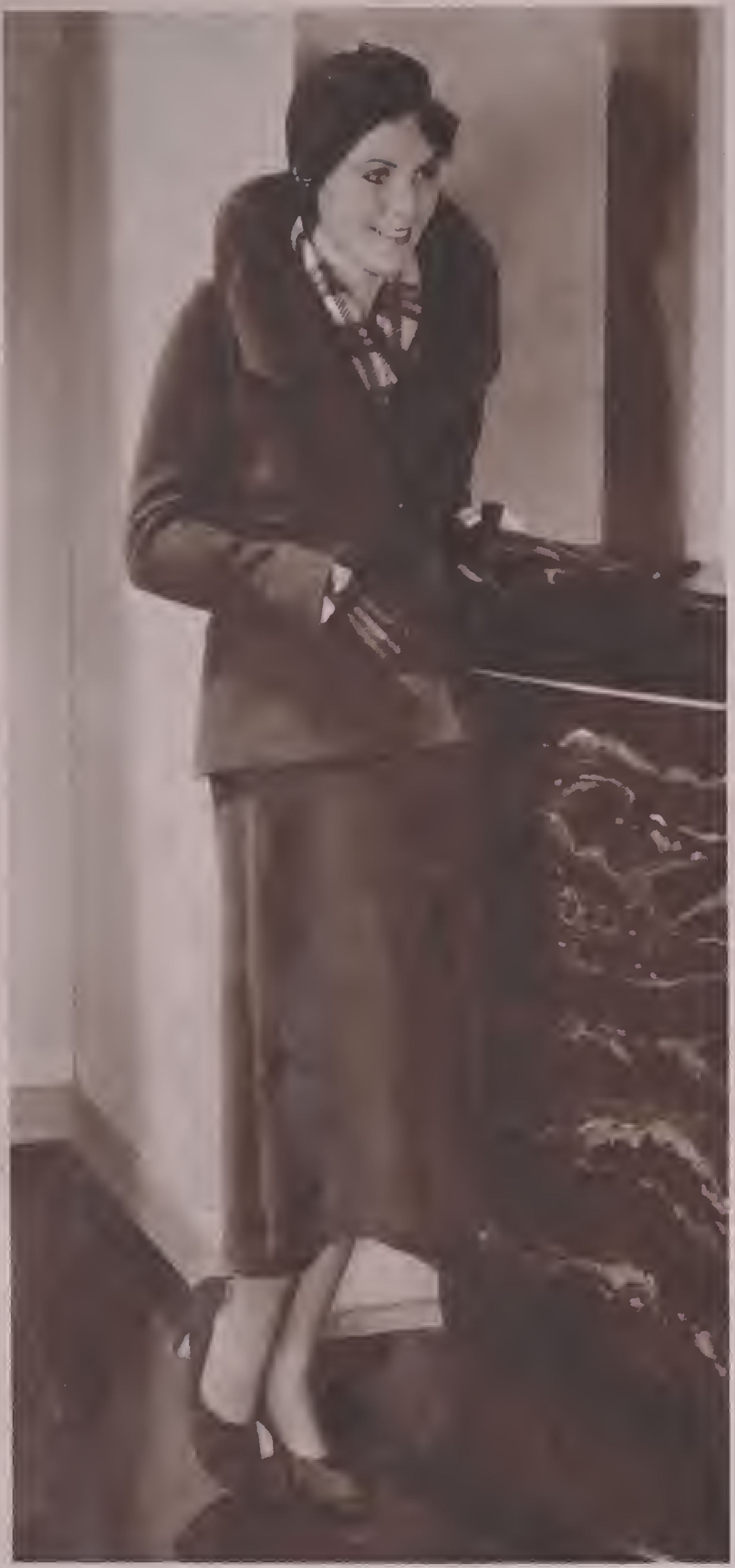
American girl to a girl who looked more Chinese than Anna May Wong for "The Hatchet Man."

Baclanova's make-up still seems to us one of the finest of them all, for not only does she change her face but her whole figure. She does it in "Freaks." In the panel photograph you see her as herself, a tall, statuesque, beautiful woman. Then lookit her as the bird woman! She has, apparently, lost an eye. Her mouth is horrible. She is just a human torso covered with feathers. She has arms that end, not in hands, but in web feet, like a duck's, and, miracle of miracles, her legs are completely gone. In their place are tail feathers like a canary's. Don't ask us how she does it. We wouldn't tell even if we knew, which we don't.

Do you know the old gent above on the opposite page? No? Well, you know John Barrymore at the left, don't you? 'Tis John above, too. He did it all for "Arsene Lupin," and what you can't see is that John also changed his voice in the scene, talking in a cracked, high falsetto that makes him sound a million years old.

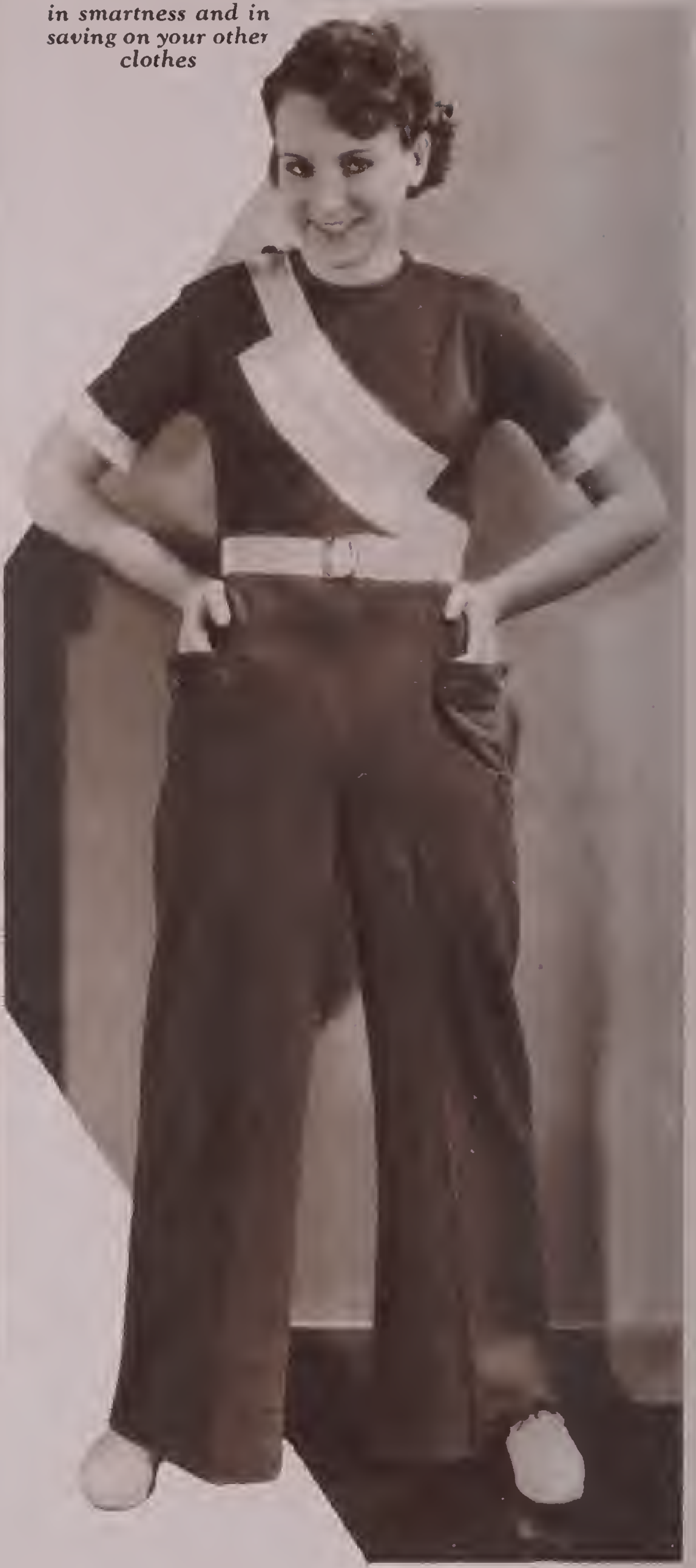
Clever peepul, these actors.





The girl who goes to business should always have a suit. Rose Hobart chose this one in Hollywood green as her favorite

They cost so little, lounging pajamas of jersey, and they mean so much, both in smartness and in saving on your other clothes



Frocks for Rising Young Executives

(Posed for Movie Mirror by Rose Hobart of Universal Pictures)

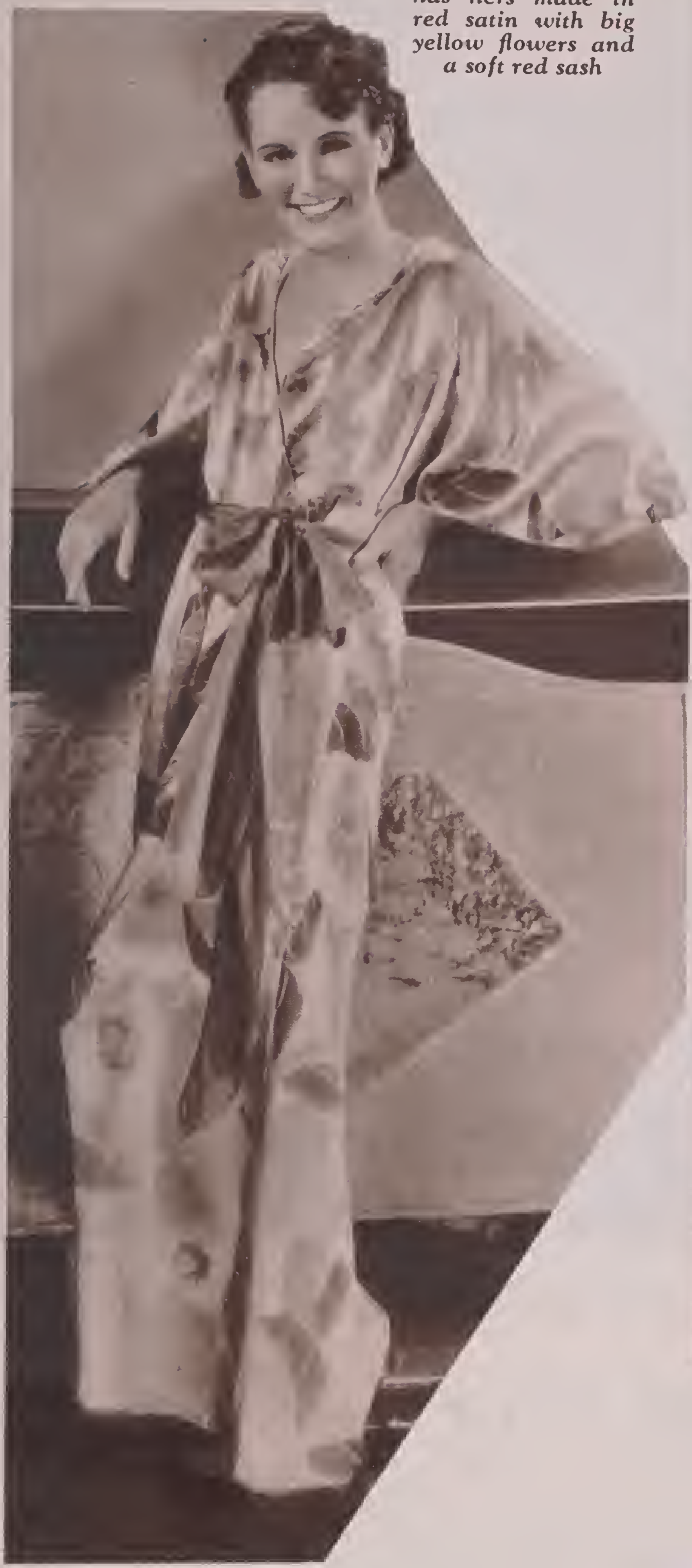
By MARJORIE GRACE

I THINK not half enough attention is paid by fashion to us girls who work. In all the fashion copy and in all the department store ads they always treat us like step-children. When they write about styles, they always chatter along as though every woman in the world had all the time on earth. And I think it is really the girl who goes to business who is doing most of the buying!

That's why this month I had Rose Hobart pose in two all-day outfits and two lounging outfits just for the benefit of the girl who is working some eight hours a day.

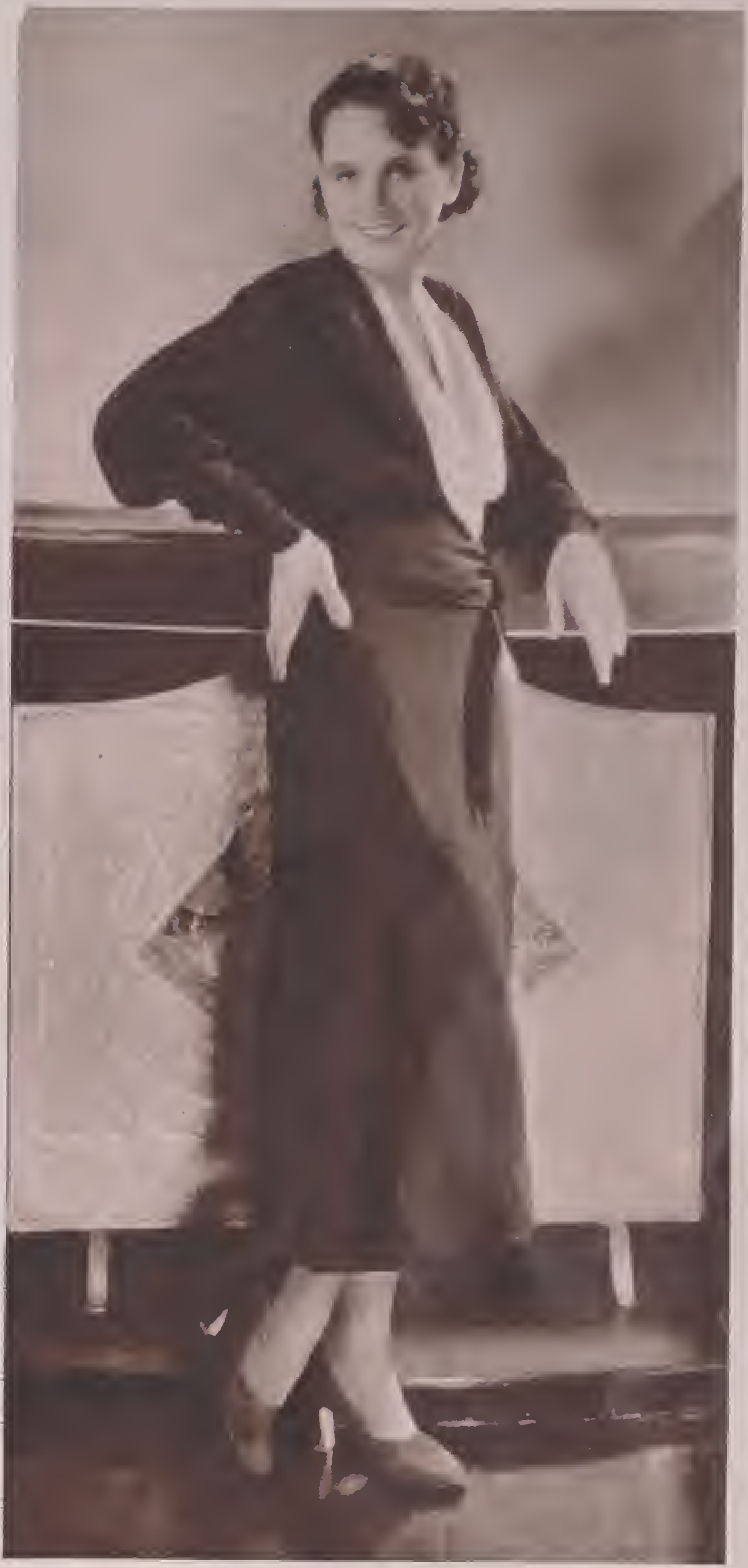
If you wonder why I included the lounging outfits, it is because I feel no girl can be well-dressed on a small

You simply must have dress pajamas. Rose goes exotic and has hers made in red satin with big yellow flowers and a soft red sash



income if she wears her clothes all the time! You need rest and so do your clothes and with the new lounging pajamas you can be so very smart and so very economical at the same time. No longer is any girl with an atom of sense or feeling for beauty shuffling around the house in a worn-out old dress or shabby bathrobe. Not if she expects boy friends to come calling, that is!

But let's talk about Rose's suit first. Notice how softly tailored it is? All the better suits will be that way this spring, for the severely tailored suit is definitely out. Besides, it never was good for girls who didn't have perfect figures and constant maid service on their clothes. Severely tailored things just must be in press all the time.



Black and white with that simplicity that means chic. This is the kind of a dress that gets a girl promoted

Rose's suit is in a shade called "Hollywood green"—a gay, bright green. She wears black shoes, black gloves and a black hat with it and a plaid scarf, but the outfit would be just as smart with brown accessories.

Notice Rose's black and white dress. You just must have one. This model is in black flat crêpe with a draped overblouse which ties as a sash on one side. The sleeves which are full above the elbow end in tight cuffs (which keeps them out of your way when working and always neat). The white touch comes in the little guimpe, which is detachable from the dress, and so can be easily laundered.

The pajamas are for formal and informal occasions. The jersey ones are warm, inexpensive, easily laundered and long wearing. The other pair are in satin. Rose wears them in red with big splashy flowers in yellow. You can go for this pattern or you can choose them in more demure shades. Either way you'll be very chichi, which means last word and daring.

Dolores Del Rio fell from the heights to the depths. It tore at her heart until the one man came who replaced her lost fame with new love

She's Learned Her Lesson

Dolores Del Rio is Beginning All Over Again—and Learning to Laugh This Time

By ALLAN JORDAN

TO lose a third of a million dollars—POOF, like that!!—would do things to ANYbody's disposition. And at the same time to go tumbling headlong from the spotlighted heights of fame and adulation down into the drab depths of comparative obscurity, to watch trusted friends fall away and whisper meannesses behind one's back—could you blame anyone who had suffered a crash like that for coming out of it with a bitter load of hatred, resentment, acid . . . ?

Well, that's what Dolores Del Rio has gone through. BUT—(and here's the kick of this story!)—instead of coming out of it embittered and sour at the world, Dolores Del Rio is today a sweeter, infinitely more charming, likeable, loveable woman than she was when, a short year and a half ago, she was riding the crest of fame's wave.

She's dropped her ritziness. Her "high hat" is gone. There's nothing left, from all indications, of the temperament that made her what at least one person termed a "hellcat" in her former heyday.

From $90,000 a picture, she's down today to a salary that doesn't come anywhere near what's being paid to a lot of girls she wouldn't have even condescended to nod her head to, a year or so ago. From being queen of the lot, as she pretty well was in her United Artists days, she's just another actress on the Radio payroll.

And she's happy—*much* happier than she was then. Because, to reduce it to the simple colloquial phrase that'd best describe what's happened to Dolores, she's learned her lesson.

Now, this is not a defense of Dolores Del Rio. It's not any sort of "refutation" story in answer to all the things that have been said about her. It's no effort to paint her as an angel; because she isn't anything of the kind. But she isn't a devil, either—even though people she used to work with used to think so, more often than not.

No; this is nothing but a story about an interesting thing that's happened to an interesting person. And if, somewhere down in the telling of it, in her own words or in the writer's, you can find something that may make you feel a little better about unhappiness that you've undergone—well, Dolores Del Rio, for one, will feel glad.

DOLORES DEL RIO

Age, 26.
Born at Durango, Mexico; August 3, 1905.
Real Name: Dolores Asunsolo.

Now married to Cedric Gibbons, art director at M-G-M studios. Her former husband was Jaime Del Rio, whom she married in Mexico City in 1921, divorced in June, 1928. He died, abroad, later that year.

She is 5 feet, 4½ inches tall; weighs 120; has brilliant black hair which she wears combed severely back in a part. Brown eyes. Dark complexion, which she accentuates with constant sunbathing and use of the sun-lamp.

Now Radio Pictures star. Her latest picture: "The Girl of the Rio," formerly "The Dove." Her next picture: "The Bird of Paradise."

When Dolores came to Hollywood, in 1925, she came from the aristocracy of Mexico, the daughter of one of that land's oldest and proudest and richest families. There is inbred in women of Latin aristocracy a hauteur that is tremendous—and tremendously offensive to people who bump against it. All Dolores Asunsolo (that's her real name), knew was the caste system—and she was of the topmost caste, herself. It wasn't a false ritziness that made her "look down" on others; she looked down because she believed, simply, that she was above them.

Illustrative is that situation that all Hollywood found to laugh at—the Del Rio-Velez affair. To Dolores, Lupe was just "Mexican trash" and Dolores would have none of her. Enraged, Lupe took out her resentment by brutally burlesquing Dolores' hi-hatty ways. No little of Dolores' reputation for snootiness is the result of Lupe's merciless "imitations."

Dolores had mingled with nobility, with royalty; she had been the darling of the Mexican capital, society. And so she came to Hollywood—and found herself like a fish out of water.

"I was not taught to slap other people on the back, or to be slapped on the back, and called: 'Hello, keed!'" she explains. "The immediate intimacy that Hollywood knows was strange to me—and because of it, I became afraid. I was afraid, too, of my English—I did not know it well, could not speak it well, made many ludicrous mistakes, and then people laughed. So, afraid of the new customs, this strange intimacy, the laughter, I drew within myself.

"It was not that I meant, intentionally, to be ritzy or high-hat, honestly! Much of that 'aloofness' was merely a fear of unbending.

"But it is true, too, that I made a false start. You see, when I first came to Hollywood, there were a number of foreign stars there. They were hailed as 'exotic'—and 'exotic' seemed to mean to be different, apart, aloof. I was encouraged to adopt the same attitude. . . ."

And so, little by little, the reputation for ritziness grew about her. When she didn't speak, afraid of her English, people thought she was hi-hatting them; when she carried herself as she had been taught to, they thought she was putting on airs; when she didn't hail prop boys and assistant directors with "Hello, kid!" they thought she was snooty. And Dolores, still "fish out of water," didn't know it—and kept right on.

She made a hit, and was a star at once. The privileges of stardom she accepted as her matter-of-course due; none of it seemed strange to her, because she had never known adversity and struggle. If they asked her to work at night, so a picture might be finished on schedule, she haughtily replied: "No, I am going to the theater, I will not work tonight." And didn't. So they said she was temperamental.

Well, by Hollywood definition, it was all true. As Hollywood, in its wide-open, intimate cameraderie, knows the terms, Dolores Del Rio *was* "high-hat, ritzy, snooty, temperamental." But she was a star, and got away with it—and the hatred of countless less important people who felt that she had snubbed them.

And so, when at the peak of her career, and with United Artists paying her $90,000 a picture, and her contract calling for four or five of them at that price, she fell desperately ill, the tide suddenly turned.

The first thing that happened was characteristically Hollywood. Oh, it was "business"—but it was a horrible thing to Dolores. On her sickbed, she learned that because she could not appear to make her picture, and because the duration of her inability to work was problematical, her contract had been declared automatically broken—and $350,000 or more went poof!

Then came the deluge. All the people that she had hurt, whether she knew it or not, took their revenge. There is nothing so "down" as a fallen star in Hollywood. The stories that were told and printed burned their words deep into Dolores' heart.

A different person might have shouted back answers, refutations. Dolores had not been taught that way. She had been taught to be above such things. So she said nothing, when and if she had anything to say.

Bitterness seized her. Acid coursed through her veins. She kept it bottled up, instead of letting it go. She wouldn't see people. Hated people. What it all might have done to her is a matter of sheer conjecture—but bitterness would have destroyed, certainly, the Dolores that you loved on the screen.

For escaping that, Dolores takes no credit to herself. She gives it to another—to

(*Continued on page 97*)

Speak *for* Yourself

This is your department. You can say what you want in it. You can rave or knock all you want. We award seven prizes every month—$20 First Prize; $10 Second; and five prizes of $1 each. Prize letters must be 200 words or less. Address Movie Mirror, 8 West 40 St., N. Y.

Letters from Our Readers

THE $20 LETTER

Screen Stories

Admitting that the movies have become almost necessary to me, I, nevertheless, have a bone to pick. I want stories about the kind of people I know, who work hard trying to realize decent ambitions. I want to see their struggles till at last they win or lose. If they lose, I'm interested to see how they take it. This is to me what life is all about.

But instead the silver screen lures me away to the South Seas, or the African desert, or the underworld—all of which have about as much to do with me and mine as the valleys of the moon.

Hollywood producers ought to depict life more as it is. Romance and drama are mostly inside your vest, not down in the South Seas.

Marshall B. Mills,
Boston, Mass.

THE $10 LETTER

A Garbo Fan Speaks Up

Delia Lombardi says: (January Movie Mirror)

"Garbo isn't pretty." No—but she is beautiful! The weak, vacant, pretty, doll-like faces of the lesser stars do not interest us. Garbo's beauty is of an unusual, haunting quality that lies not in mere regularity of feature, but goes far deeper. It expresses soul, mind, character, that burning light within.

"Garbo has no charm." Perhaps not. Charm is a pretty weak word to express that tremendous magnetic appeal that is Garbo's alone. It is this compelling and dynamic attraction that sways vast multitudes and has made her the favorite of millions.

"Garbo has no style." Yet she creates the fashions of the world! In the days of flappers and short skirts Garbo appeared in one long lovely gown—and overnight the flapper became passé! Who

(*Continued on page* 76)

HERE'S Movie Mirror's request picture of the month—Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell *together*. We couldn't resist your prayers; and neither could the producers. They meant to break up the perfectly grand team of Gaynor and Farrell for at least a couple of pictures. They were going to give us Gaynor and Jimmie Dunn instead in "Have a Heart." Now, you're all cr-r-ah-zy about that boy Jimmie; but you didn't want him to break up the Farrell-Gaynor team. You said so. By the hundreds of thousands you said so. With your box-office money you said so, by going to see anything, *anything* in which Gaynor and Farrell were together. You made "Delicious" a box-office wow. You said that Gaynor and Farrell were the most delicious couple in the most "Delicious" picture you'd seen in a long time! Fox couldn't resist your pleas, your prayers. So Gaynor and Farrell will be starred together again in "Have a Heart"

(*Continued from page 74*)

started the pajama-craze? Garbo. Garbo wore an Empress Eugenie hat. What happened? Every hat factory in the world has been running night and day to supply the demand!

Delia Lombardi says she can't understand why Garbo is called a "genius and an artist." That is easily explained. We none of us understand that which is over our heads.

Alvhild V. Holmes,
Worcester, Mass.

$1 LETTER

Recipe for Movie

One cup of Clara Bow
One cup of Nancy Carroll
One spoonful of Marie Dressler
One spoonful of Wallace Beery
One good dash of Mitzi Green
Mix together well
Place on desert island
Bake in a hot tropical sun
Serve while hot.

Fred Coffman,
Columbus, Ohio.

$1 LETTER

Another Reason Why Women Stars Last Longer

Dora Albert's article in the January Movie Mirror on "Why Do Women Stars Last Longer Than Men?" was very illuminating. Possibly another reason is that the kind of picture the men are starred in is not usually interesting to women. My natural tendency, for instance, is to like more male stars than female, but I soon get tired of the sort of plays my favorite actors are in. I don't like gangster or political or straight adventure plays. Then, too, heretofore the average man star has had very inadequate support; his leading lady is too often merely a coy ingénue. But the women stars as a rule have leading men who are real actors, besides getting the pick of the plays. Women fell for Gable and Montgomery when they were supporting Crawford and Shearer. Starring plays such as "Shipmates" are a disappointment to their feminine admirers.

Jean Browne,
Seattle, Wash.

$1 LETTER

It's Not Age That Counts

When one sees such actors and actresses as Lionel Barrymore, Marie Dressler, Lewis Stone, George Arliss, and Wallace Beery, none of whom are young, making great successes of themselves and their work, it serves to encourage middle-aged people to go on. In this seeming day of youth and beauty, it is a relief to see actors and actresses who really are good; who don't have to depend on their looks to get places. And it proves, too, to us older ones, that success is not measured by youth and beauty, but by spirit, personality, and *faith*.

Mrs. C. O. Magruder,
San Diego, Calif.

$1 LETTER

What An Idea!

This is just a game which I thought might interest some of the other fans.

What if:

Clark were a Roof instead of a Gable?
Billie, a Sparrow instead of a Dove?
Irene, Poor instead of Rich?
Loretta, Old instead of Young?
Janet, a Loser instead of a Gaynor?
Judith, Iron instead of Wood?
Helen, Twelvebushes instead of Twelvetrees?
Marian, a Meadow instead of a Marsh?
Rex, a Knocker instead of a Bell?
Anita, a Book instead of a Page?
Ben, a Tiger instead of a Lyon?
Clara, a Knot instead of a Bow?
Frances, a Moon instead of a Starr?
Lewis, Brick instead of Stone?
Fredric, April instead of March?
James, Started instead of Dunn?
Edmund, High instead of Lowe?
Ruth, a Closet instead of a Hall?
Mary, a Rose instead of an Astor?
Anthony, a Peck instead of a Bushell?
Joe E., Red instead of Brown?
Arthur, a River instead of a Lake?
Mitzi, Blue instead of Green?
Karl, a German instead of a Dane?

Elfreida Kreiger,
Hammond, Ind.

$1 LETTER

One Fan's Wishes

Some things that I should like to see:

M ovie Mirror published at least twice a month;
O wen Moore's return to the screen;
V alentino's best pictures reissued;
I na Claire in another production like "Rebound";
E stelle Taylor's retirement from the screen.

M ore musicals featuring the inimitable Maurice;
I van Lebedeff in another of his Russian vehicles;
R onald Colman much more frequently;
R ichard Barthelmess reducing and Richard Dix get his hair cut;
O ld favorites given more of a chance to stage a come-back;
R uth Chatterton in a story worthy of her great talents.

John Opie,
Phoenix, Ariz.

In Appreciation of Robert Williams

Who stood out and stole the scenes he appeared in and from such glamorous stars as Constance Bennett, Ina Claire, Ann Harding and Jean Harlow; a sterling actor and a lovable comedian; whose success lay not so much in the delivery of funny lines but in the way he delivered those that were not so funny, which is Art with a capital A; who has departed from this earth of ours, but the memory of a charming, whimsical, rollicking boy is still with us; to you, Robert, we say, "Hail, Farewell."

Jackie Colvin,
Fort Worth, Tex.

"Possessed"

A sultry July day and the low rumble of distant thunder! The clash of steel against steel! The acting and screen love-making of Crawford and Gable! Superb! It has set a new record in studio temperatures and also in the temperatures of audiences! Of course the picture is "Possessed."

Never have I seen Miss Crawford when she seemed more human. Mr. Gable, the suave, worldly politician, is true to form and Miss Crawford, who comes to the big city to win love, wears beautiful clothes, sparkles with jewels and gets very, very dramatic, do not even make us care if the story is old and some of the lines are a little shopworn. For the Gable boy and the Crawford girl make us live and believe it!

A marvelous piece of acting and directing! Give us more of them!

Gladys A. King,
Ballston Spa, N. Y.

Why Not?

Why must we hear—
of Garbo's Seclusion,
of Shearer's Sophistication,
of Harlow's Menace,
of Dietrich's Legs,
of Powell's Suavity,
of Barrymore's Profile.

Why?

Lois L. White,
Fitchburg, Mass.

Gilbert on His Own

I've just finished reading the letter a fan wrote about John Gilbert. This fan believes that if John Gilbert were allowed to play opposite Greta Garbo he would regain his former popularity. It seems to me that this presumption is a little far-fetched. If Gilbert cannot make a comeback on his ability alone, how will he be able to keep it in the future?

Other male stars have not had to rely upon the support of Garbo for their popularity. Take Clark Gable, for instance. Didn't he play the rôle of a gangster and then the lover with equal success?

Bertha Tolle,
Wichita, Kansas.

"Private Lives"

I recently saw the picture, "Private Lives", and after reading all the flowery descriptions of the picture, my expectations had quite a fall.

We see enough quarrels in the home in everyday life, so that we do not want to go to a theatre to see it reviewed on the screen. For my part, I like Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery, but why put them in such a picture? Anyway, we would much rather see Bob get his girl than get his wife.

Wilma Hudson,
Richmond, Va.

Ever since Clara Bow got married her mail has gone up and up and up. Never have there been so many letters pleading for Clara Bow to come back to the screen, as since she became Mrs. Rex Bell.

Garbo the glorious is way, way ahead of any other star in fan mail this month. Not that the Gable fever has diminished. It's raging hotter than ever. One fan calls Hollywood Gablewood. Another coins the term g.g. meaning Gone Gable. Lots of the girls are jealous of Gable's wife. One says that she's sure if Gable had seen her first he would have married her instead—and if he hadn't she would have proposed to him—and how! Another writes in that if Gable had fifty-seven wives it wouldn't make any difference to her—she'd adore him anyway.

A couple of fans whose letters criticized Joan Crawford and Janet Gaynor are bitterly attacked. A thousand fans have rallied to Joan Crawford's defence; and as for Janet Gaynor, they swear that she's the sweetest girl that ever was on the screen.

Next to Clark Gable, the most popular leading man is little Jackie Cooper.

When two players score a hit opposite each other, you like them to stay teamed. You tell us that the ideal team is Gaynor and Farrell, Gaynor and Warner Baxter, Sally Eilers and James Dunn, Gable and Garbo, Gable and Crawford. Won't you please make up your minds?

Lots of letters plead with other fans not to criticize the stars; but Movie Mirror is an open forum for both praise and blame. This is *your* department. So tell us what's on your mind and we'll do the rest.

**Address Movie Mirror,
8 West 40th St.,
New York, N. Y.**

Mercy! How we used to quarrel and fight. Long, foamy-mouthed, bitter-lipped quarrels. Sometimes lasting "far, far into the night." They were started over trivial things, but oh, how bitter they can become! Leaving our home in a sight befitting of a hurricane.

Then one night—while we were both pouting from previous battles—we went to see "Private Lives"—starring Shearer and Montgomery—who certainly can be applauded for their "Battles Royal." But how quiet they could become, through the mere mention of a small word. So I decided that would be just the thing for us to try out. Something had to stop us. Why not "Sollochs"? So from then on—and even this morning—he started raving. I merely yelled "Sollochs—2 minutes." Man! he calmed out like a clam. It's magic—pure magic, and I'm sure Norma and Robert won't mind my copying them, certainly not if they could realize what a lot of joy and peace "Sollochs" has brought into one American household.

Miriam Leavenworth,
Atlanta, Ga.

Applause for Bill Haines

Well, well—imagine a young, good-looking movie actor like Bill Haines admitting that he's just an ordinary young man, visited by good breaks and bad, trying to get along. In these days of conceited Montgomerys, temperamental Bancrofts and aggrieved Bickfords, a modest motion picture star is as null and void as the famous hen's molars! A little applause for Bill, please.

Dorothy Riley,
Haverill, Mass.

Is Murder Justified?

Norma Shearer—oh, where in the world did they pick her up? My opinion of this sophisticated, ghastly looking, slushy actress is not worth mentioning. She is forever posing and acts the same throughout the picture. Did someone say she's alluring? How? Looks? I prefer Mickey Mouse.

Rose Jean Zicolella,
Milford, Mass.

A Little Argument

Why make so much fuss over the Gaynor-Farrell team? They are not what I call perfect by far.

Sally Eilers and James Dunn make one perfect team which should be given strict attention because they are starting on one grand and glorious career. Weren't they great in "Bad Girl," "Over the Hill," and "Dance Team"? I am glad Fox has decided not to star Janet Gaynor and James Dunn together.

Janet Gaynor has had her day; now let James Dunn have his.

Doris Starchbill, Elyria, Ohio.

(*Continued on page 114*)

"I don't want to get married," Buster confessed. "Neither do I," said Wally, "but I'm crazy about you"

Love On a Budget

The story of a girl who was afraid of love

From the Liberty Magazine story, "God's Gift to Women," by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

Screen Play and Dialogue by Maurine Watkins

Fictionized by Louise Frazier

A First National Picture Starring Loretta Young

Cast

Buster	*Loretta Young*
Georgine	*Winnie Lightner*
Wally	*Norman Foster*
Finklewald	*Guy Kibbee*
Ruth	*Dorothy Burgess*
Elmer	*James Ellison*
Moffatt	*Edward Van Sloane*

"THE following clerks will report to the lounge room at five-thirty for notification of transfer and promotion: Thelma Hanover, Helen Penland, Georgine Hicks, Marcella Bannett. . . ."

Twenty young hearts pounded with excitement. Twenty young faces were flushed with hope. The ambitions of twenty girls were to be realized. At least, so they hoped. those lucky twenty who had been called.

To some of them promotion meant more silk stockings and velvet dresses, to others a measure of relief from family bills, meat bills, gas bills, doctor's bills. To others it was the next step upward in a career.

It meant the latter to Buster.

Buster was the prettiest girl in all of Mayfield's store. She was very young and her hair curled round her face in little ringlets. She had a tender young figure and melting eyes—but when she looked at boys it was only to scorn them.

Boys looked at her often enough. There wasn't a man in Mayfield's from the owner down to the lowliest parcel wrapper who wasn't conscious of Buster's presence. One look at her and they all got a yen for moonlight and roses, kitchenettes with steaks broiling, kisses and love. But Buster never gave them a tumble. She was through with men before she had ever begun. She had been a very poor little girl. She was still a poor girl, working as hard as she could. But she didn't mean to stay poor. She meant to get ahead and have a beautiful place to live sometime. No two rooms and a bath, somewhere up town, doing her own housework, having a baby. She didn't want that. And that was all men and marriage meant, as far as she could see. Love? Oh, what was this love business all about anyhow? She couldn't see it.

SHE was thinking these thoughts as she stood in the line of girls the store manager had named earlier in the day.

"I hope I get in lingerie . . ." said a frail girl beside Buster.

"Me for the perfume counter," said another. "After that stuffy flat and the lousy subway, the perfume counter would be heaven."

"Where do you think we'll go, Buster?" asked Georgine, her pal. "If we both get a raise it looks as though we ought to be able to get a new percolator for the old homestead."

"I hope it's ready-to-wear this time," replied Buster with a quick little catch in her throat.

"Think you're going to be a great big buyer with a trip to Europe each year, I suppose," cut in Ruth, a salesgirl, who was always there with the sarcasm.

"Aw, lay off Buster," Georgine snarled. "Don't think she won't, either. She'll be riding Leviathans when you and I are still riding in subways."

"Oh, yeah." Ruth smiled scornfully. "I suppose you've got it all fixed up with Finklewald or someone. I suppose you, Georgine, are going to get out of the hardware department for the Gents Furnishings or something."

"Nobody's going to have anything to do with my future except myself," said Buster. "As long as I look out for myself I'll be all right."

Down the hall boomed a hearty voice, "Move into line, girls," and Mr. Moffatt, the personnel manager, began to change destinies.

"Clerks 1621, 1622, 1623. The stock room . . ."

There was a murmur, not too happy, as the girls stepped out of line.

"Clerks 1204, 1806, 2210. Millinery."

Smiles this time.

On and on went Mr. Moffatt. The suspense was almost too much for Buster until he called, "1404." That was her number.

She stepped forward, eyes alight.

"Infant's Wear."

Buster stared straight ahead of her, her face frozen in pain. Infant's Wear. There was no promotion in that department. It got you nowhere. She hardly heard as Georgine's number was called and poor Georgine got transferred to the plumbing supply department. That was worse than her shift, but it didn't matter to Georgine so much. She wasn't so ambitious.

She tried to bury herself in a book at home that night while Georgine got their dinner. Georgine wanted to talk. She made excuses to talk.

"I got it all doped out, why Finkie put me in the plumbing supply department," Georgine said. "He's jealous."

"What?" asked Buster blankly.

"SURE, he's jealous," insisted Georgine. "That's why he double-crossed me on the Gents Furnishings. He's afraid of the spat and cane trade I'd meet, see. He knows I couldn't go in for the kind of men I'd meet in the plumbing department."

"What about Infant's Wear? You wouldn't know there was a man in the world up there," answered Buster consolingly.

"Don't be sil, there's a man back of every purchase in that department," said Georgine.

"Yes, that's the trouble," mused Buster. "I feel sorry for those women. Only babies themselves, lots of them. Pretending they're brave and happy."

"Nobody's going to have anything to do with my future except myself," Buster told the girls

Buster was becoming domesticated, even having the girls up from the store for dinner

"Maybe they are," interrupted Georgine.

"How can they be—when they may die? It's terrible. It's . . ." Her voice broke, enough to startle Georgine.

"For the love o'—say, you're not having one, are you?" demanded Georgine.

"Idiot," laughed Buster. She continued more earnestly. "What I said is true, Georgine. I killed my mother."

"You what?" shouted the literal minded Georgine.

"Mother died when I was born," continued Buster.

"Well, that ain't your fault," said Georgine. "My grandpa was struck by lightning and as for kids, my mother had six."

"And what did it get her?" queried Buster.

"She got me and that's enough out of you, you egg," said Georgine, and threw a pillow at Buster. It probably would have meant a quarrel between them if the phone hadn't rung. It was Elmer, one of the Mayfield boys. He wanted Buster to go out with him. But he got Georgine. And when he discovered he was going to get Georgine he said he'd bring a pal along, hoping he could work Georgine off on him and get Buster all to himself anyhow.

Thus it was that Buster met Wally Dennis.

Now, Wally was quite a character around the dance-halls and poolrooms of the district. He had a fine figure and the light of mischief in his eye. He danced like an angel and his flattery had made many a girl's head swim. Too many, in fact. He thought all dames were alike. Easy.

He danced with Buster again and again. Poor Elmer, stuck with Georgine, tried to cut in and failed. What he didn't know was that Wally was failing, too, failing and falling, failing to get his line across, falling for Buster, who wasn't an easy dame.

The next day he followed Buster to Mayfield's store. He bribed the girl in the phonograph department to play the record he and Buster had danced to, then appeared at the Infant's wear counter, grinning. Buster told him he couldn't stay there unless he had come to buy something, so he bought six babies caps and probably would have bought a dozen bassinets if it hadn't been store-closing time.

Buster was curt with him, told him she was going away on her vacation.

THE next day she and Georgine did go away, to the Mayfield camp up in the mountains. But Wally came right along. Not to the camp, of course. He couldn't. But he stayed in the same village and visited them daily. He talked. He cajoled. He suggested a picnic to Buster, and the first thing she knew she was agreeing to it. For he really was charming.

Georgine noticed her packing.

"What's the basket of dainties for? Going out in the woods to play little Red Riding Hood?" she demanded.

"Wally and I are going on a hike," said Buster innocently.

"Finkie and I are going on a little hike, too, about sixteen miles," Georgine confessed. "He used to be a floorwalker and he's certainly having a floorwalker's holiday."

"Doing it for love?" kidded Buster.

"Speaking of love, what about you and this Wally guy?" Georgine's face was serious.

"Don't be silly," said Buster. "We aren't in love."

"Oh, no," said Georgine. "I suppose he just followed you up here because he likes fresh air. He's not in love with you. Oh, no. You're not in love with him. You just like his collars."

"You know I don't believe in love," protested Buster.

"I don't believe in walking either, but I'm going on a hike with Finkie," said Georgine.

"WELL, don't worry about me," said Buster. "There's one hike I'm never going to take. The one down the church aisle. So long."

She and Wally found a heavenly spot near a big oak tree. They ate all the sandwiches and shooed away all the ants. Buster leaned against the tree trunk and Wally lay stretched out beside her, watching her face. He didn't say much and when he did, it wasn't much. He said things about what a swell two weeks they'd had. But his eyes said volumes.

Buster didn't say anything either. She tried to keep her eyes from telling anything, but they would keep looking at Wally, softly, wonderingly.

"You've been sweet, Wally," she said finally. "I was wrong about you. At first I couldn't stand your freshness. But I know you now. I know it's just a pose."

"Then give us a kiss," said Wally, being careful to speak lightly.

"With pleasure," agreed Buster, all friendliness. She brushed her lips against his hair.

"That's a mighty poor brand for this day and age," objected Wally, looking at her engagingly.

"What kind would you like?" asked Buster.

"What kinds have you?"

"Like this," said Buster and kissed his eyes. "Like this," and her lips hovered over his lips.

Wally suddenly grabbed her, kissed her, held her close, while their hearts pounded against each other's chests.

"You've no technique," mocked Buster, because she was so moved.

"They're better in the movies. Come on, Gable."

Buster had driven Wally away from home. He had gone back to gambling all because she had misunderstood his love for her

"You little devil," cried Wally. He held her close, kissed her more passionately. Buster felt herself loving this, felt herself yielding. It was so beautiful, so new to her. Then suddenly she was frightened. She tore herself away from Wally.

Wally walked away from her, turned around, pretended not to look at her.

"Well, what are we going to do, kid?" he asked, and his voice was hoarse.

"I don't know," said Buster in a shaking voice.

"Well, I do," said Wally. "We're going to stop this monkey business and get married."

"But I don't want to get married," confessed Buster. "I never wanted to get married really."

"Neither did I," confessed Wally. "But I'm crazy about you and . . ."

With her hour of trial close at hand, Buster worked in a bargain basement, worked so that her baby might not be born in the poorhouse

"Me, too," interrupted Buster. "I never thought I'd fall. I always wanted to make something of myself first . . ."

"Here's your big opportunity to make something of me," said Wally. "That's a job and no kidding. Aw, come on, Buster. We'll have fun." He hesitated for a moment, then went on. "My firm is giving me a new territory in a couple of months and that means more money. We'd have a swell time together. How about it, baby? Yes?"

"Yes," said Buster and knew suddenly that she was very, very happy.

THEY went to Montreal on their honeymoon and Buster wrote Georgine she was the happiest girl in the world. Which was true until one late afternoon when Wally came in, nervous, anxious.

He emptied his pockets, gazed at the little pile of silver with a harassed look and said, half to himself, "It's two o'clock in Caliente right now."

Buster laughed. "And it's midnight in Japan, too."

Wally looked at her, unsmiling. "How much money have you got?" he asked.

"Plenty, dear. About seventy dollars. Why?" She noticed his troubled face then. "Why, darling? What's wrong? What's happened?"

"I'm broke," said Wally, briefly. "That's all."

"Broke," said Buster. "Broke?"

It was then that Wally told her what he should have told her all along, that he was a gambler by profession, that he had never had a job, that he didn't know where their next meal was coming from, except for whatever money Buster had, and that he had just lost on a race at the Caliente track.

Buster heard it all. She stood, a slim little figure, struggling with emotions too big for her. She couldn't hold her tears back. She had been so afraid of love and then she had found it so wonderful. Wally's love, that now had failed her.

"I was so happy," she sobbed. "Everything was going to be so swell. You lied to me."

"Listen, baby," pleaded Wally. "I know I lied to you, but I wanted you so much that I'd have done anything to get you. I had plenty of money and I knew I'd get more. I'm always lucky. You're so marvelous. All I wanted was to get you everything you wanted. I wanted to give you the whole earth. Yes, I lied to you, but I'll do anything to keep you, anything to make you happy again."

"I want to be safe," said Buster. "I can't be forced to worry about money, Wally. I just can't. Promise me you'll get a real job."

"I'll get a job," said Wally, "on my word of honor."

And he did get a job. They left their honeymoon behind them, those two young lovers, and came back to stern reality. Wally became a garage mechanic. Buster was very much the young housewife. All the executive ability she had put into her job, she now put into her home, and she loved every moment of it. She had the girls up from the store. She entertained a little bit, until one day when she didn't feel so well and went to the doctor and learned she and Wally would have to have a larger apartment, one with a nursery.

She and Wally began saving then, fast and furiously. Well, maybe not so fast but furiously, at least. They saved mostly in dimes and nickels. It was love on a budget, but it was love, such real, real love and the budget was fun.

Buster didn't have a thing to fear until one day, watching from the window to see Wally off to his work, she saw some of his old gambling friends stop him, argue with him. But she felt reassured when she saw Wally shake them off, walk away, leaving them grumbling.

Later that day she went to the bank to make a deposit.

"That makes a hundred and ten dollars in my account," she said to the teller as she pushed the small pile of silver across the counter to him.

"Oh, no, Mrs. Dennis," said the teller. "Your husband drew out ninety dollars this morning, you know."

Buster's world reeled around her. She thought of the scene she had witnessed that morning. So Wally had fallen, despite his promises to her. He had taken their money—their baby's money—to gamble. It seemed miles home, but when she arrived she had her mind made up. She could not fail her baby. She would not give it a worthless father, a gambler. She began packing a bag.

Wally came into the room before she had finished, tossed down his pay envelope from the garage.

"There it is, baby," he said. "Old man pay envelope himself." He started to gather her in his arms.

"Why didn't you gamble with that, too?" demanded Buster, tearing herself away.

"What?" asked Wally.

"You've taken chances with nearly everything else we've got. Why didn't you shoot the works? You're the guy who can't go on plugging along on a salary. You're the guy who's got to play . . ."

"Listen, honey, I tell you . . ." broke in Wally desperately.

Buster would not listen. "Ninety dollars. I've been three months saving that and you throw it all in on one day's gambling."

Wally tried to stop her.

"No, I won't listen to you. You promised to quit taking chances. But you're too weak. I should have married a sap like Elmer who's got some decency instead of a big money guy like you who lies and cheats and steals . . ." Her voice broke hysterically.

Wally walked toward her threateningly. "You can't talk to me like that and get away with it. I tell you . . ."

Buster screamed in her agony. "I don't want to talk to you. I don't ever want to see you again. There's your clothes. Take them and get out."

"I won't get out." Wally stood his ground proudly. "The kid's as much mine as yours."

"Yes, it's yours. But I'm not going to have anything to do with you or anything that's yours. I'm through." Buster rushed out of the room, sobbing wildly. Wally looked after her for a moment. Then he saw the suitcase all packed. That was too much. In a rage he grabbed it and rushed headlong out of the apartment.

A few moments later Buster answered a knock at the back door. She blindly signed the delivery slip. Something was rolled into the room. She looked at it, still dazed, then pulled off the wrappings. It was a baby buggy, full of packages, and a sales slip that read, "Baby carriage, bassinet, scales, blankets . . . $90.00." Then she understood. She tore out into the hall crying, "Wally, Wally," but Wally was gone. She sank down on the steps and fainted.

THERE was nothing for her to do but go back to Mayfield's. Wally was gone. She got a job in the bargain basement. She went without proper food to save nickels. She lived in a (*Continued on page* 88)

No Woman Without a Past Is Interesting

(*Continued from page* 58)

living today. Right here, in our midst, we have the same calibre that made history then. Only, today, nobody talks about it. Nobody publicizes it. *It is no longer the exception.* So many women live and work and love generously and freely that there isn't any special excitement about it.

"Women with Pasts make better wives than women who have never lived at all, in any way.

"Women who have never lived are sure to begin regretting it when they are in their late thirties or forties. They begin to resent their husbands, their homes, their children. They know, or they believe, that life has passed them by. They begin to look at other men, with wistfulness, with envy. They think, *'If you and I. . . .'* They never had any imagination. They never had any basis of comparison. They feel sorry for themselves and they make those who know them sorry for their husbands and their families . . .

"Husbands — *men* — like to believe that their wives *might have had Pasts* if they had wanted them. They like to believe that their wives might have—*futures.* No man really likes to trust a woman. When a husband asks his wife if she liked such and such a man and the wife shrugs a shoulder and says, 'Oh, not at all,' the husband enjoys feeling and sometimes saying, 'I don't believe you. You are lying to me . . .' He may not really believe that she is. He wouldn't want to be sure that she was. He does like to think that maybe —perhaps—how-do-I-know—?

"A woman who is a charming question mark as regards her Past, her Present *and* her Future is the woman a man never tires of because, of course, he can never cease to pursue. . . .

"If a woman is intelligent and has had a Past she will make that Past color her married life. She will bring her experiences, her color, her mistake and pain and emotion to bear upon her husband. He will be, not less interesting to her, but more so. A woman who admires other men when she is married should never admire them to the detriment of her own husband. Because a woman finds other men attractive—and all normal women do—I do—you do—she should not think her own husband unattractive by comparison—but the reverse.

"I suppose the word 'Past' means a moral issue. Actually the expression 'A woman with a Past' is old-fashioned. The woman of today has made it so. But whatever it once meant, or stood for, it no longer means love affairs. They are a part of it but not the whole.

"I believe that a woman of imagination can live as many adventures in her mind as she can with her heart or with her body.

"I am sure it is true that no one need commit a murder in order to understand what it feels like to *be* a murderer. The actual remorse that comes after may be an unknown quantity but the impulse to kill can be understood by anyone with imagination plus hot blood. A woman need not undergo the physical act of maternity in order to be a mother. Motherhood is far more of the spirit than of the flesh. So are all of the great, basic emotions. It is perfectly true that a spinster may be a mother, where a woman with many children is not a *mother* at all. The same is true of love. A woman need not have had a lover, need not have been married in order to have lived love affairs and all that they may mean of joy or pain—in her mind.

"I suppose I had one of the least exciting Pasts, judged from the standpoint of love affairs, of any woman I know. I never had a lover. But I did have thrills and I did think I was in love and when I went to High School I thought I was what is known today as 'hot stuff.'

Here's little Linda Watkins and her new husband, Gabriel Hess. You can read more about these honeymooners in "Hot News"

"Perhaps I was, unconsciously of course, the forerunner of the girl of today. Because I do not believe that the girl of today does have love affairs in the literal sense of the word. Not very often, not very many girls. I do not believe she abstains because of any moral reason. I don't think morals, as our mothers knew them, even enter into it. I just think that they are too wise. They figure they are better off without them, can get more of the best of life without them.

"But I did have a Past. I insist upon it. And here is a point I would like to make right here and now—writers, in telling of the lean days when I was beginning, call those times 'hardship'! I dislike that expression because it is so untrue. They were not hardships. I never think of them as such. They were Adventures. They were *life. Such appreciations as I have, whatever warmth or color or sympathy I possess, my joy in my own life, my husband, my son, my home, whatever of quality or vitality I give to my work I owe to my 'Past.'*

"I WOULDN'T give those days up for all the treasure of the earth. I loved being poor and being on my own and struggling to make enough money just to live. I worked in a music shop back home, because I thought I wanted to be a musical comedy star like Marilyn Miller and that was the nearest I could get to it. I learned things in that shop. I got near to life. I did posing for commercial photographers. I posed for artists, after I came to New York, from Howard Chandler Christy and James Montgomery Flagg up Central Park way down to the artists, all of them, in Greenwich Village. I loved doing it. I loved the feeling of hurrying from one studio to another in the attempt to get in as many posings—and as many five dollar bills —as I could. I felt that I knew the city. I felt that I knew men—and not because of emotional experiences, either. I didn't have any. Not one. Not one of those men wanted anything from me except the toothy smile they were paying me to put on magazine covers. They were far too busy trying to be successful and I was far too busy trying to eat and live to have other thoughts or other desires.

"I believe that every attempt to get near to life constitutes a Past. And because the women of today do try to get near to life in all of its phases I believe they are happier—*we* are happier—than our mothers and grandmothers were. They were not only unhappy themselves, poor dears, but they made those around them unhappy, too. They resented the meagreness of their lives and didn't know what to do about it. So they became neurotic and invalids and complainers and self-pitiers. Their husbands sought other women far more frequently than do the husbands of today. Only they kept it quieter. They were too sure of the women they had married, you see. They *knew* that their wives had had no Pasts and would have no separate Futures. They knew there had never been and probably never would be any competition. They had taken them, inexperienced and very sweet, from their parents' homes and they would transfer them to their eternal homes able to write their epitaphs without a suspicion that they might omit something.

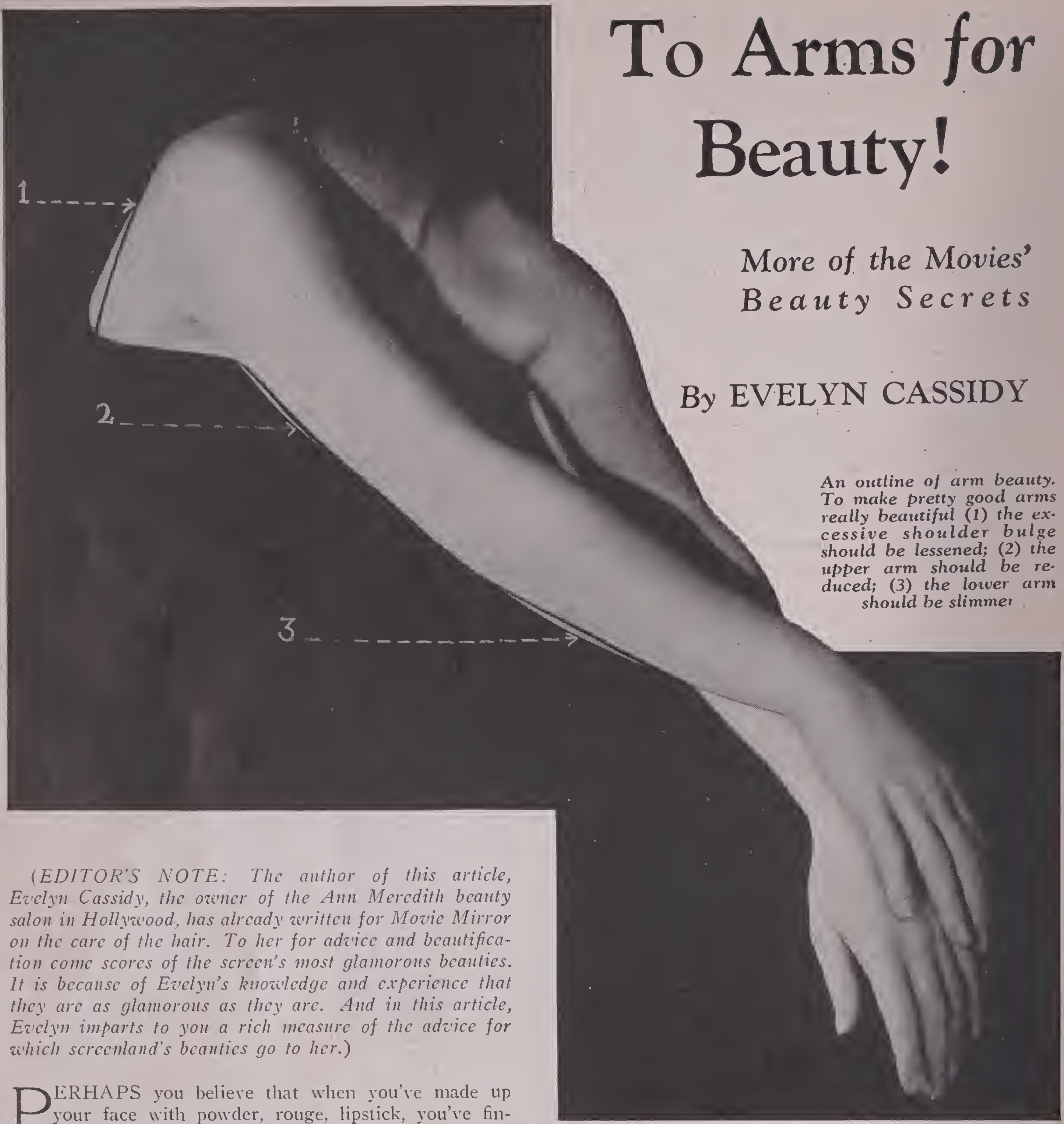
"I believe in a woman having a Past. I do not use the word in the old-fashioned sense. Necessarily, what kind of a Past she has is up to the woman. So long as she is herself, expressing herself, she is within her right.

"I believe in women having *more* Pasts than they usually do—even the women of today. I think a woman should wait until she is somewhere between twenty-five and thirty before she marries. Then —when she does—she will make a warm and colorful and loyal wife. She will be exciting, alive, appreciative, somehow splendid. . . ."

To Arms *for* Beauty!

More of the Movies' Beauty Secrets

By EVELYN CASSIDY



An outline of arm beauty. To make pretty good arms really beautiful (1) the excessive shoulder bulge should be lessened; (2) the upper arm should be reduced; (3) the lower arm should be slimmer

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The author of this article, Evelyn Cassidy, the owner of the Ann Meredith beauty salon in Hollywood, has already written for Movie Mirror on the care of the hair. To her for advice and beautification come scores of the screen's most glamorous beauties. It is because of Evelyn's knowledge and experience that they are as glamorous as they are. And in this article, Evelyn imparts to you a rich measure of the advice for which screenland's beauties go to her.)

PERHAPS you believe that when you've made up your face with powder, rouge, lipstick, you've finished the job—that you're done with the business of beautifying yourself.

But—what about your hands, your arms? Don't forget that they show, too, just as plainly as your face. Don't forget that ill-kept hands, unsightly arms, can completely offset the effect of the most beautiful face!

And don't believe for one moment that the hands and arms aren't just as capable of being "made up" and beautified as is your face. The "I-can't-do-anything-with-them" idea about hands, arms, is all wrong—you *can* make them beautiful. Perhaps not with just a quick dab of powder or color, as your face. But certainly just as effectively, by other means. And in this article, I'm going to tell you about those means, in detail, as applied to the arms. In a later article, I'll tell you about your hands. But now—

To arms . . . ! ! !

First, let's deal with the two fundamental faults that may be found in arms—either they're too fat or they're too thin, at one point or another along the arms' length. Your upper arm may be too beefy. Or it may be skinny, scrawny. Or perhaps your lower arm is all out of proportion—either too fat or too thin in contrast with the upper arm. Your wrists may be oversize; your elbows bulge too much . . .

"But," you protest, "what can I do about it? Didn't nature make my arms that way?"

Surely. But Nature made your face, too—and you surely help Old Lady Nature along *there*. So do the same with your arms.

For Arms That Are Too Fat:

FOR oversized arms, there are two facets of attack: applications, massage.

For quick reduction, there is the Epsom Salts pack. This, in its more drastic form, consists of a treatment which is designed for quick reduction, and should be used only in cases where the upper arm is extremely fat and out of proportion. Here's how: (*Continued on page* 86)

He Thought He Was Licked

(*Continued from page* 61)

glory and a contract which isn't a flash in the pan.

"I went into motion pictures with all the enthusiasm and fire of youth," he declared. "I had received an inspiration, and I knew that eventually—"

I reminded him again that I wasn't a testimonial agent and we got on the subject of athletics. I wondered if he had any medals and cups, and he went at length into his athletic career.

"I started my athletic career by going out for track—and when I say track I mean track," he enlightened me. "For days and days I trained. I ran three miles up the mountain and three miles home about three times a day. I knew that when the day of the big track meet came I would be the sensation.

"Just before the big clash with Whoosis, a physician examined us all. I explained that I was going to win the mile and a few other events. He held a funny thing over my heart and told me to put my shorts away. I became a cheer leader."

He started in to tell me that he had the fire and enthusiasm of youth and I reminded him again that I—

But, to continue. He has two brothers and two sisters. One brother is an Army captain and another, Joe, has been playing bits and extra parts in motion pictures for the past ten years.

"Brother Joe," said Robert, "admits that he is lousy. And I admit that I am lucky."

Robert, when you get right down to it, is on the surface a very normal sort of human being with a fast line, brown hair, a spare figure and a big appetite, who stays home nights. Underneath this likable exterior is an honest desire, born of perseverance, hard experiences and disappointments, to be a good actor and turn in a good performance.

He confides he has routine views on life in general. He has no unusual viewpoints, has no desire to reform or deform the world, and doesn't want to be anything but a success at Mister Mayer's picture studio.

And as to love interest—we'll have to let you in on a little secret. The love interest just at present is Virginia Bruce, another one of Metro's sensational young hopefuls. She very closely resembles Sally Blane and Loretta Young. The trio could do a sister act together. She is beautiful enough and talented enough to have been, for more than a year, on Mr. Ziegfeld's "Follies" payroll and worked at Paramount before being given a shiny new contract by Metro.

We had lunch with both. Seems there was a prior date, and it was swell. You'll like Virginia, if I'm any judge.

The romance has been blooming nicely for the past six months, and it looks very much as if Mister Robert Young will marry into the profession.

You can add Robert's name to the list of the comers—and by comers I mean Linda Watkins, Arline (Are These Our Children?) Judge, Roberta Gale, Susan Fleming, Bette Davis, Loretta Sayers, Marian Marsh, William Bakewell, Russell Gleason, and half a dozen others.

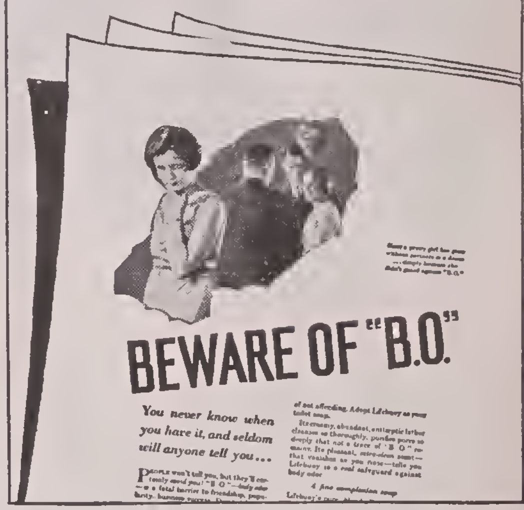
LOVELY YET LONELY UNTIL . . . . by ALBERT DORNE

1. OTHER GIRLS POLITELY SNUBBED HER

2. MEN NEVER DANCED WITH HER TWICE

3. SHE WAS BROKENHEARTED BECAUSE PEOPLE DIDN'T WARM TO HER

4. THEN SHE SAW THIS ADVERTISEMENT AND BOUGHT LIFEBUOY THAT VERY DAY


BEWARE OF "B.O."
You never know when you have it, and seldom will anyone tell you...

5. NOW SHE HAS MANY INVITATIONS. NO "B.O." TO KEEP HER UNPOPULAR

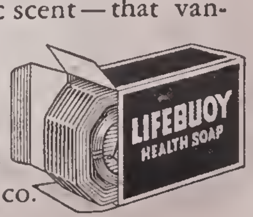
NO ONE IS SAFE!

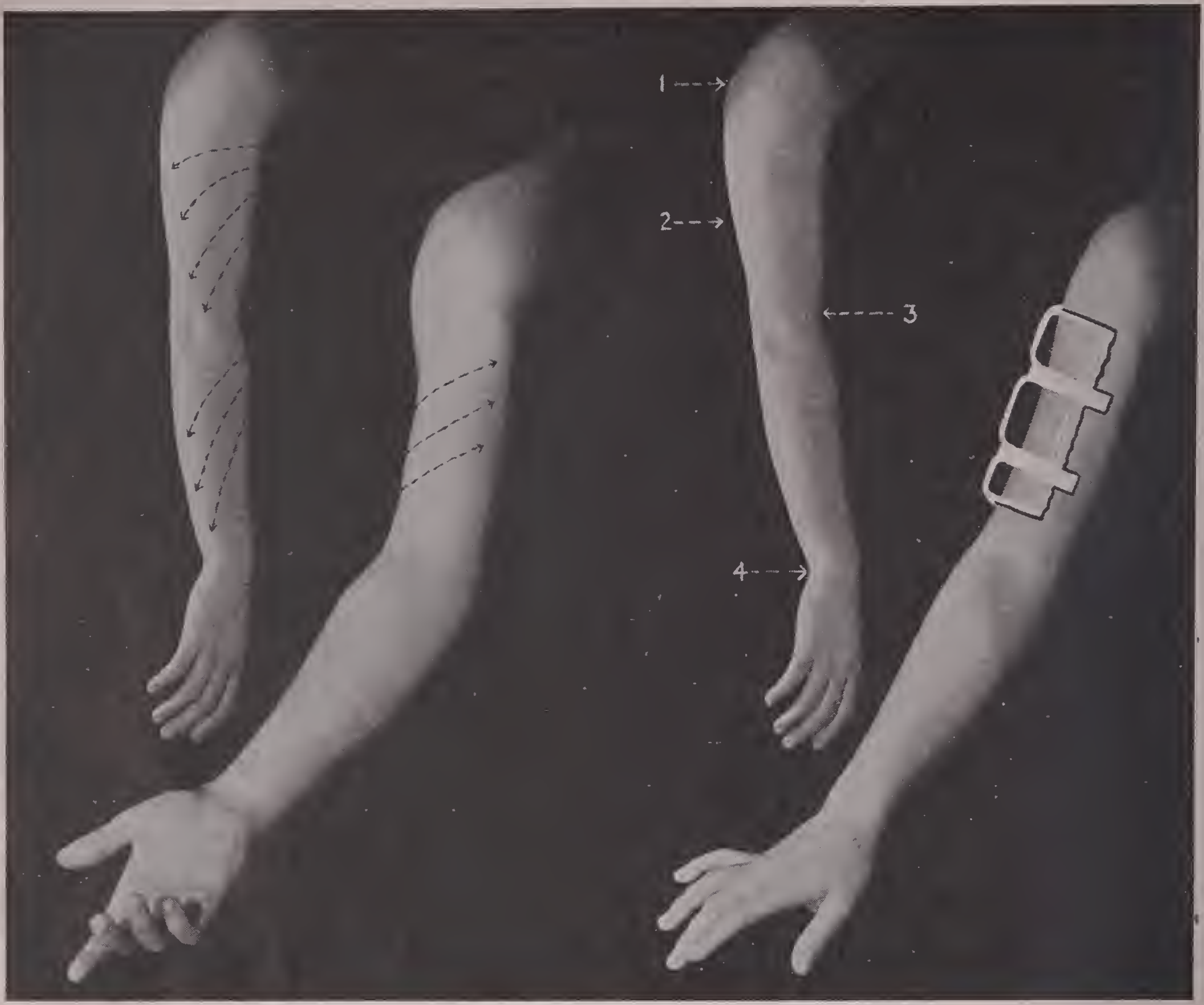
PORES are constantly giving off odor-causing waste. Unless we take some precaution we never know the moment "B.O." (*body odor*) may offend. Play safe!

Wash and bathe with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant lather *purifies* pores—removes all odor—removes germs.

Wonderful for skin. Complexions stay fresh and glowing with Lifebuoy's care. It's a real beauty and health safeguard. It's pleasant, hygienic scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy protects. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.





On the left you see the direction of the massage for fat or thin arms. On the right, the Epsom salts pack and the four important spots for beauty treatment. But read the story. That tells all

Make a "creamy pack" of Epsom salts. Buy the bulk salts at your drugstore. Moisten a quantity of the stuff with enough water to make a thick paste, but not dissolve the salts. Spread this paste, then, thickly on a large square of folded gauze—a square large enough to extend over the length of the upper arm.

THEN lay this pack, salts next to the skin, over the bulging upper arm, covering the entire fatty portion. Bind the pack to the arm with strips of adhesive tape. (See illustration above.)

The pack should be allowed to remain for about twenty minutes. It may be either cold or warm; if cold, allow it to remain the twenty minutes undisturbed. If you prefer warm applications, you will have to renew the pack three or four times during the twenty minutes, so as to maintain the temperature. The application should not last longer than twenty minutes; it would be too drastic.

And remember, this is only an extreme case, when quick and quantity reduction is imperative. For less extreme cases, the Epsom salts treatment is differently used: the "creamy paste," prepared the same as indicated, is merely spread on the arm, without the gauze-and-tape pack, and is allowed to remain only a comparatively few minutes—five to ten at the most.

This treatment, as well as being a mild reducer, is also to be used as a preventive, when the arm shows a tendency to fattiness, and you wish to combat that tendency.

Incidentally, if your arms are too tanned, or your skin color is too dark or uneven, you may mix a small quantity of bleaching cream or fluid (such as you can purchase at a reputable beauty parlor) with the Epsom salts paste. The bleach will operate on the skin simultaneously with the reducing action of the salts.

Now for the second reducing treatment for the too-fat upper arm:

Look at the first arm shown at the left. The lines, arrows, show the direction of the massage you should use . . . *always outward, to reduce!*

That *outward*-movement is the secret of the arm-reducing massage. As for the length of time—that's more or less up to you. The more you massage, the more effective the action, of course. But be careful not to rub so hard and so long that you inflame the skin or tissue.

NOW these same general rules that I've just given for reducing the upper arm apply also to reduction for other too-fat portions. If your shoulder bulges, use the Epsom salts treatment, and the outward-moving massage there. With the wrist, the massage will be more effective, although the salts-pack can be adapted there, too.

And that covers the reducing. Now for the other extreme:

For the Arm That's Too Thin:

Massage, in the directly opposite manner from the reducing massage, is called for to fatten the scrawny, skinny arm. Say your upper arm is thin. There may be that unpretty hollow just above the elbow, or the entire upper arm may be scrawny, from elbow to shoulder.

This will produce that oversized-elbow effect. It is not the elbow that's too large, usually; it's rather that the arm is too thin, and the contrast merely makes the elbow *seem* oversized.

To fatten the arm, secure a good, reliable fattening cream, for massage use. It is invaluable. But bear in mind, before I go further, that it won't do any good unless you're willing to *work* and *stick to it!* You've got to use this following treatment consistently, thoroughly to achieve results. Otherwise it'd be like a patient complaining that he gets no results from a doctor's prescription, after using the medicine once or twice a day when the doctor says every two hours.

Rub the fattening cream *thoroughly* into the arm tissue. Keep rubbing until the cream has been entirely absorbed by the skin. Rub it into the pores, and rub, rub, rub so it gets deep and can get to work on the tissue that needs it.

Then massage.

And in massaging to overcome thinness, you massage in exactly the opposite direction from the reducing treatment. You grasp the flesh firmly with your free hand, and massage inward, *toward* the body. As in reducing, keep it up—the longer, the better. And keep rubbing in the fattening cream.

You may, if you prefer, use ordinary commercial cocoa butter, such as can be obtained at any drugstore. It is a great, effective tissue-building agent.

(*Continued on page* 89)

Hi, Puzzle Fans, here's the answer to March's Cross Word Puzzle.

R	A	M	O	N	■	S	I	M	P	■	A	B	L	E	■	S	P	I	C	E
A	L	I	C	E	■	I	T	E	R	A	T	I	O	N	■	A	R	R	A	S
M	I	N	C	I	N	G	■	T	O	R	T	S	■	D	A	N	I	E	L	S
O	N	■	A	L	O	N	E	■	P	E	A	■	W	I	D	E	N	■	L	A
N	E	S	S	■	G	A	R	B	O	■	I	R	O	N	S	■	T	R	E	Y
A	S	P	I	C	■	L	O	O	S	E	N	I	N	G	■	P	I	E	R	S
■	■	R	O	O	K	■	S	O	A	R	I	N	G	■	H	O	N	E	■	■
P	L	A	N	N	E	D	■	S	L	I	N	G	■	G	A	R	G	L	E	S
R	A	Y	■	S	T	E	T	■	S	A	G	■	C	U	R	T	■	S	R	O
I	T	■	A	T	T	A	R	■	■	■	■	■	A	I	D	E	D	■	O	R
D	I	S	M	A	L	L	Y	■	T	A	R	■	B	L	I	N	D	E	S	T
E	N	E	■	N	E	T	■	S	E	R	E	S	■	E	N	D	■	R	E	S
■	■	A	R	C	S	■	C	A	R	A	F	E	S	■	G	E	A	R	■	■
A	G	R	E	E	■	F	A	I	R	B	A	N	K	S	■	D	R	O	P	S
L	A	S	T	■	L	A	N	D	I	■	S	T	I	P	E	■	T	R	A	P
M	Y	■	R	E	E	V	E	■	T	A	T	■	P	A	R	T	I	■	L	E
O	N	T	A	R	I	O	■	B	O	N	E	R	■	D	R	A	C	U	L	A
S	O	U	C	I	■	R	O	A	R	■	N	A	P	E	■	A	L	T	E	R
T	R	O	T	S	■	S	P	R	Y	■	S	H	O	D	■	L	E	E	D	S

There's a new puzzle on Page 6 this month and there will be still a newer one in the May issue. So watch for it. And if you've got any suggestions for improving these puzzles in any way just send them in.

April Showers
Talc
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April Showers TALCUM 25c

April Showers FACE POWDER 50c

April Showers PERFUME From $1. to $4. the flocon

April Showers EAU DE COLOGNE From 25c on ounce to $3.75 the flocon of thirty-two ounces.

■

Enhance your appeal with April Showers Perfume. It scents a complete line of toiletries including a ten cent size Talcum, Face Powder and Toilet Water of identical quality—obtainable at all "5c to $1." stores.

■

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Now It's Easy to Change DARK Fabrics Into LIGHT Ones

—with wonder-working Tintex Color Remover

1. Supposing you have a dark frock (or any other dark-colored article) and are pining for a lighter-colored one . . .

2. Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric. . . .

3. Then the article or fabric can be redyed or tinted with Tintex in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.

On sale at drug and notion counters everywhere

Tintex
COLOR REMOVER

Love on a Budget

(Continued from page 82)

shabby little room. She was always tired, always unhappy, always lonely. Georgine was marrying Finkie and when she went away on her honeymoon, Buster felt she wouldn't have a friend left in the world.

It was in such a mood as this that she noticed in a paper one day, as she was eating lunch, the words, "Baby Mine, entered in the afternoon race."

Baby Mine entered in the afternoon race. Buster's tired mind thought about that. Baby Mine. Horses. Gambling. As Wally had done. The thought of Wally made her want to cry. Gambling. She didn't care. She wanted to do something that Wally would have done.

A few moments later she stood in a dingy room, handed over a few dollars. "Place it on Baby Mine to win," she said. Still later, she stood holding sixty dollars. Baby Mine had won. And after that Buster went gambling crazy. She gambled in her noon hours. She gambled with every cent she had. She lost her job at Mayfield's because she was busy thinking about the ponies. She hardly noticed, until she found herself out of money, found herself borrowing fifty dollars from Georgine, and knew that her baby was soon to be born, probably in the poorhouse.

She got a paper to look at the want ads, found herself reading the racing news. Baby Mine again. He was due for a comeback, running that afternoon at Caliente. She knew she was mad, but she didn't care. She staggered over to the gambling house, shoved the fifty dollars at the bookie.

And Baby Mine did win again. Buster would have money enough to have her baby in a hospital.

She rushed over to where the bets were paid off.

The bookie came out, looking penitent.

"I hate to tell you, lady, but I didn't want you to throw your money away. I didn't think there was a chance on Baby Mine and I had a hot tip on Alaska and I put it on Alaska."

"Alaska," murmured Buster. "Why didn't you do as I told you? I gave you all the money I had in the world. I have to have that money." Her voice rose hysterically. "I have to have that money." She was screaming.

From a curtained booth at the other side of the room, a man stepped forth, listening, then rushed to her. It was Wally. Buster fainted in his arms.

A few moments later she was on her way to the hospital in the fastest patrol wagon in the city. The cops had come to raid the gambling joint and had rushed Buster to the hospital instead. Wally was with her, holding her tight in his arms.

"Don't be afraid, honey," he was whispering to her. "Everything's breaking swell for us. I got back from Caliente at just the right time, and with money, too. We can't go wrong with our luck breaking like this."

"If I come through all right," said Buster in a shaking voice.

"There isn't any if, darling."

"Then when I come through," said Buster, gaining strength from his presence.

Wally smiled bravely at her, as a nurse took her away from him, then sank to his knees with a prayer on his lips.

"God, take it out on me," he pleaded. "Don't take it out on her. I'm the guy to get even with. She's such a game little kid. I never asked You anything before and I won't again if You'll just do this. Take care of her, God, please . . ."

Watch this girl. She's a find. Charming, beautiful and very young, her name's Thelma Tipson. She is a New York deb. You'll see her in "The Studio Mystery." It's her movie début, but we prophesy you'll be seeing more of Thelma

---

Georgine and Finkie were looking at the baby.

"Yes, sir, he's certainly beautiful, isn't she? I mean, look at it . . ."

Everybody laughed happily.

"It's a girl," said Buster.

"Say, I wouldn't have anything but a girl," Wally burst forth, "but next time, I'll bet. . . ."

Buster looked at him with a tender, quizzical smile. He flushed, laughed.

"What I mean is, next time I *think* it will be a boy."

(*Continued from page* 87)

This treatment should be followed assiduously, every morning and night. Don't get discouraged—the results will be slower than reducing. It will be two weeks before you begin to notice any result; more weeks before the results assume the proportions you wish. But keep at it, and you'll have a pretty arm, even though nature tried to short-portion you!

Now as to other arm-defects:

Hair. Superfluous hair destroys the beauty of many an otherwise flawless arm. The hair may be coarse, in which case the effect is doubly bad. Or it may be fuzzy, downy—and that's not pretty, either. A gleaming smooth arm is lovely. The answer, if your arms are too hairy, is a safe depilatory, of which there are several on the market.

But be careful. The tenderness that follows the use of a depilatory should be respected. Rub a good soothing cream on the arm after you remove the hair. And don't rub hard; don't irritate the already angry skin. And do not attempt to massage or use bleach on the freshly-depilatoried arm until two days after the use of the hair-remover! Serious skin irritations and affection may result, otherwise.

Discoloration. This is particularly liable to occur at the elbow. There's an old saying: "To tell a horse's age, look at its teeth; to tell a woman's age, look at her elbows."

It isn't true. Or at least, it shouldn't be true. The discolored, calloused, wrinkled elbow denotes, rather than age, carelessness! Proper care will keep your elbow smooth, soft, long after you've started forgetting your birthdays.

Prevention is one step—be careful not to lean your elbows on hard, rough surfaces—desk-tops, tables, chair-backs. Next, use a nourishing oil that both softens the skin that tends to harden at the elbow, and also feeds it and keeps it smooth, firm, plumpish, instead of horny, brittle, angular. Use such a nourishing oil every night, whether your elbows are already rough or not. If they are, it will cure the condition; if they're not, it will prevent. With the nourishing oil, you may use bleaching lotion or cream—to counteract the natural tendency to discoloration of the skin about the elbow area.

And now that brings us to superficial make-up hints. For the arm, exactly as the face, can be made up!

For evening, a liquid whitener is highly advisable. It is manufactured in a variety of shades, just like face powder. In choosing your color, take into consideration the color of the gown you are to wear. For black, dark red, dark blue, do not select a pure white arm make-up; a light ochre is preferable, for it will impart a more natural glow to your arms, and will not make them appear unpleasantly pallid in contrast with the dark gown. Apply the liquid with a soft sponge. When it is dry, dust rachel-hued face powder over it; not too thickly, lest it rub off on your gown.

For pale colored gowns—pastels, light blue, pink, rose, or white, use a white liquid powder on the arm, with a dusting of white or very light-tinted powder on top.

Tint or Dye It at Home with Tintex And Save Dollars!

Perfect Professional Results In Just a Few Minutes For Just a Few Pennies

It is so easy, so quick, so beautifully resultful to tint and dye at home with Tintex!

No muss! No fuss! Just add Tintex to the rinsing water and *any* fabric will come out charmingly colorful! It's as easy as that!

Millions of women are using Tintex to bring new color or restore old faded color to dresses, drapes and all other fabrics in their homes and wardrobes.

You will find 35 fascinating colors on the Tintex Color Card on display at all drug and notion counters.

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Tintex Gray Box—Tints and dyes all materials.

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Tintex Color Remover — Removes old dark color from any material so it can be dyed a new light color.

Whitex—A bluing for restoring whiteness to all yellowed white materials —silk, cotton, wool, etc.

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Tintex
TINTS AND DYES

TIPS on TALKIES

Wallace Beery and Joan Crawford in M.-G.-M.'s forthcoming "Grand Hotel"

✓ *and* ✓✓ on Shows You Mustn't Miss

By DORA ALBERT

ALMOST MARRIED (*Fox*) Another of the array of terror-and-murder films, this time with Alexander Kirkland, Violet Heming and Ralph Bellamy in the cast. If you really want to see a picture about a madman who breaks out of his asylum and finds his wife living with another man, go right ahead, but don't say we didn't warn you.

☆

AMBASSADOR BILL (*Fox*) It looks as if the movies have got Will Rogers "typed" for sure. Why must he always play a rough and ready American who's a good soul at heart? Well, he does, and he is, and we're getting kind of tired of it. This time he plays an American diplomatic agent in Europe who, as usual, uses his Yankee wits to win the day. And as usual, there's a romance on the side and a vamp (Greta Nissen). And, as usual, Will Rogers resists the vamp.

☆

✓ **ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?** (*Radio*) While not as great as "Cimarron"—which was also directed by Wesley Ruggles—this is a swell picture of today's youth. It is a tragic picture with an ending that is inevitably bitter. Eric Linden, a newcomer to the screen, does a magnificent piece of work as the kid who couldn't "get away with it."

☆

✓ **AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY MINUTES** (*United Artists*) Doug Fairbanks' travel picture has a lot more pepper, salt, paprika and all that sort of thing than any travel picture you've seen lately. Those who like travel pictures will find Doug's running comment delightful. Whenever you're afraid that the picture may dry up, the way so many travel pictures do, Doug does something funny or tricky, and peps up the picture.

☆

✓✓ **ARROWSMITH** (*United Artists*) Here's an exceptional talkie! It's the story of a young scientist who for love becomes a country doctor. Ronald Colman gives a splendid performance in this rôle. Helen Hayes, who really ought to have more to do, is very appealing as his wife. Whether or not "Arrowsmith" is a hit at the box-office, it is a superbly intelligent picture.

☆

✓ **BEAST OF THE CITY, THE** (*M-G-M*) This glorifies the police, and how! It also glorifies Jean Harlow, and how! It's an answer, really, to all the gang films that have gone before—particularly to those which glorified the crooks. Walter Huston turns in a fine performance as a police big-shot who has sworn to rid his city of the gang chief.

☆

✓ **BLONDE CRAZY** (*Warners*) Originally reviewed in the November issue under the title of "Larceny Lane." What a swell team James Cagney and Joan Blondell make! This is a crook picture about a bellboy and a chambermaid who aspire to become big racketeers. The picture is a detailed exposure of rackets, with a moral at the end. It's grand entertainment.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE (*Fox*) The general level of this picture is not up to Will Rogers' standard. Will Rogers' acting, in fact, is the only thing that makes the picture tolerable and even funny in spots. The plot is silly. It's about a razor-blade magnate who induces the sheiks of the desert to shave with his razor blades. Jetta Goudal is in the cast. She's a rather obvious vamp.

Personally Recommended

✓✓ **Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde**

The most beautifully, tastefully directed of the horror pictures.

✓✓ **Mata Hari**

For Garbo's touching performance and some of the most beautiful photography ever seen in pictures—including, above all, that love scene in the dark, with only the two lights from the cigarettes of Ramon and Greta flickering.

✓ **Taxi**

Because of James Cagney's rich authentic, rough and tumble portrayal of a fighting taxi-driver, and because of a swell, fast moving story.

✓ **Emma**

For Marie Dressler's grand, tear-wringing performance.

—Also—

These Double Check Pictures of the Last Six Months

✓✓ Arrowsmith
✓✓ The Champ
✓✓ Dance Team
✓✓ The Hatchet Man
✓✓ Hell Divers
✓✓ High Pressure
✓✓ Ladies of the Big House
✓✓ Possessed
✓✓ Private Lives
✓✓ The Sin of Madelon Claudet
✓✓ Sooky
✓✓ Union Depot
✓✓ Waterloo Bridge

✓✓ **THE CHAMP** (*M-G-M*) What a grand show Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper put on! There are scenes where you'll rock with laughs and scenes where tears will roll down your cheeks. The story is a little slow in getting started but the grand acting makes up for that. Wallace Beery's performance is superb as a retired ring champion whose son thinks he's still the grandest guy in the world.

CHARLIE CHAN'S CHANCE (*Fox*) This is for mystery-lovers absolutely. It's another mystery solution by the Chinese detective, Charlie Chan, superbly played as usual by Swedish Warner Oland. This time the mystery is: Who murdered the Scotland Yard inspector? Warner Oland, as usual, mutters quaint Chinese proverbs as he goes about solving the mystery.

☆

✓ **CISCO KID, THE** (*Fox*) Did you see "In Old Arizona"? "The Cisco Kid" is the same sort of thriller, with plenty of action, beautiful outdoor settings and fascinating work by Warner Baxter, who simply outdoes himself as "The Kid," up to his old stunts of robbing the rich to help the poor. And what a grand hot romance there is between him and Conchita Montenegro! This is a picture as *is* a picture.

☆

✓ **COCK OF THE AIR** (*United Artists*) Billie Dove and Chester Morris in a gay farce about an aviator whose forte is making love. Though the yarn isn't plausible, it's gay, light entertainment, with some gorgeous settings and swell air shots. You're not asked to believe the story but to enjoy it, and you will.

☆

CORSAIR (*United Artists*) This story of a hijacker who gets the heroine's bootlegging father into his power and then lets him go because of love is all right for an evening's entertainment, but that's all. It doesn't give Chester Morris much of a chance to show what he can do. Alison Loyd, née Thelma Todd, is miscast. The picture on the whole is mildly amusing, without being convincing or plausible.

☆

✓ **CUBAN LOVE SONG** (*M-G-M*) Here's a musical show where the music helps the story instead of hindering it. You'll like Lawrence Tibbett's grand songs and Lupe Velez's cute ones. And what Jimmy Durante's comedy will do to your diaphragm is nobody's business.

☆

✓✓ **DANCE TEAM** (*Fox*) That James Dunn-Sally Eilers team keeps rising in popularity. And no wonder, when they give us pictures like "Bad Girl" and now "Dance Team." They'll tear the heart out of you in this and make you like it, make you laugh and make you love it, make you feel it's real life they're portraying and real people. You'll like the story, too, that of a couple of hoofers whose romance is almost wrecked when one of them gets a case of swelled head.

☆

DEADLINE (*Columbia*) Here's a good Western for the thousands of fans, young and old, who dote on them. Buck Jones is the hero who is freed after a year in prison for a murder he didn't commit. When he sets out to find the real criminal, there's plenty of action to keep the Western fans on the edge of their seats till the very end. Loretta Sayers is the charming heroine.

✓ **DELICIOUS** (*Fox*) If you like Janet Gaynor, you'll like this, although the story isn't new. It's the love tale of a little immigrant girl. Added to this you have some nice incidental music plus Charles Farrell as the hero plus some lovely photography. And Janet Gaynor *is* "Delicious" in this!

☆

✓ **DOVE, THE** (*Radio*) See "Girl of the Rio."

☆

✓✓ **DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE** (*Paramount*) Showing how horror may be mixed with beauty. Gruesome though the story of this is, it's so beautifully produced, so intelligently directed, so charmingly played that it's one of the great pictures of the year. The story's a little like that of "Frankenstein," that of a medical student who creates a monster—only this time the monster is a part of the man's own self. And when you first see Fredric March change from Dr. Jekyll to Mr. Hyde, you'll gasp. His make-up is marvelous. And he proves in this that he's an *actor*, and how! Rose Hobart as his sweetheart is fair; Miriam Hopkins as a Cockney girl as cute as the dickens. The story has charm and beauty, as well as moments of horror. As entertainment it's grand; and in addition, it'll give you a lot of things to think about.

☆

✓ **EMMA** (*M-G-M*) Though Garbo is glamorous and Shearer has poise; though Joan Crawford is a grand dramatic actress and Janet Gaynór sweetness itself, there are things that old trouper Marie Dressler does to your heart-strings that no one else can do. This picture is Marie Dressler, and Marie Dressler *and* Marie Dressler. And oh, how you love it! If anyone else but Marie played in this, you'd say that the story was hokum. Marie makes you take it and like it. So bring at least two handkerchiefs along. You'll need 'em.

☆

✓ **FALSE MADONNA, THE** (*Paramount*) This is a strange picture, at times as old-fashioned as hoopskirts, and at other times as modern as a speakeasy. That might sound as though it were a bad picture, and yet, believe it or not, it makes good movie entertainment. Kay Francis plays a girl who gets mixed up with a gang of swindlers, and who discovers that virtue always triumphs in the end. She plays this rôle so well that you'll find yourself enjoying the picture as well as her performance, even though you realize that the plot is just hokum.

☆

FLYING HIGH (*M-G-M*) Good for an evening's entertainment, but certainly not great or unusual. The producers have made the mistake of taking a stage musicomedy and transplanting it to the screen without changing it very much. Nor is Bert Lahr the wow in films that he was behind the footlights.

☆

FORBIDDEN (*Columbia*) Adult drama about a woman who loves hopelessly. The story is utterly tragic, but beautifully played by Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou, Ralph Bellamy and Dorothy Peterson.

☆

✓ **FRANKENSTEIN** (*Universal*) Can pure, unmitigated horror be made entertaining? Maybe you think not, but there are thousands and thousands of people, who, the more they shiver, the more they love it. If you belong in this class, don't miss "Frankenstein." It's more weird, more horrible, more unearthly than "Dracula." As you probably know, it's the story of a man-made monster who gets beyond human control. Boris Karloff's performance in this rôle is a marvel of horror.

☆

✓ **GIRL OF THE RIO** (*Radio*) Originally reviewed in the February issue as "The Dove." More radiant than ever in her comeback picture, Dolores Del Rio makes this show worth seeing. She's warm and she's lovely; and in one scene where she saves her lover's life she's simply grand. And that isn't casting any reflections on the rest of her work in the picture, which is good all the way through. Leo Carrillo as "the bes' dam' caballero in Mexico" is amusing, though he never quite loses himself in his part.

☆

GOOD SPORT (*Fox*) Conventional story about gold-diggers, which makes only passable entertainment. Linda Watkins, John Boles, Allan Dinehart and Greta Nissen play the leading rôles satisfactorily, though there is nothing in the story to inspire them to any heights.

I CAN'T SEEM TO GET MY CLOTHES AS WHITE AS YOU DO, AND MY NEW WASHER IS JUST LIKE YOURS
THEN WHY DON'T YOU CHANGE TO MY SOAP—RINSO?
NEXT WASHDAY
YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT RINSO, RUTH. SEE HOW SNOWY IT GOT MY WASH
RINSO IS A SAFE SOAP, TOO. YOUR CLOTHES WILL LAST LONGER
C. A. Voight

Whiter, brighter clothes

without scrubbing or boiling

See how *snow-white* clothes can come from washing machine or tub—how thick and *lasting* suds can be.

"I just soak everything in those thick Rinso suds — and the clothes actually come whiter than ever!" says Mrs. Adam Montague of New Haven. "It's all I use —no bar soaps or softeners," writes Mrs. Joseph Heller of Milwaukee.

Makers of 40 washers say:
"Rinso!"

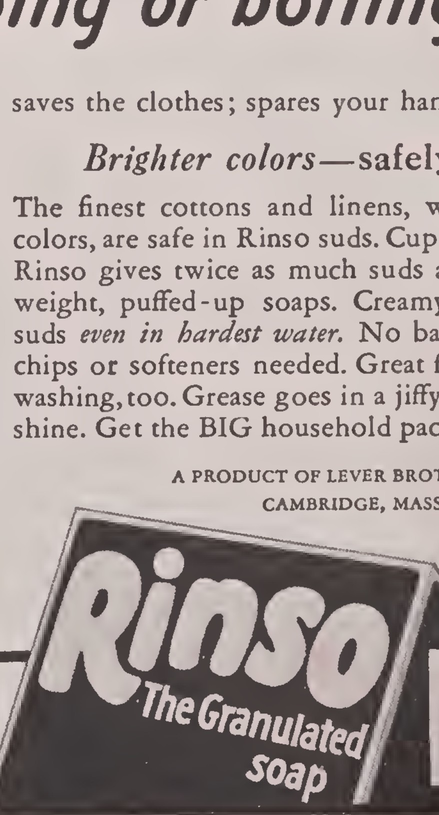
Change to the famous soap that the makers of 40 leading washers recommend! Rinso *loosens* dirt. You don't need to boil the wash or do a bit of hard rubbing. That saves the clothes; spares your hands, too.

Brighter colors—safely!

The finest cottons and linens, white or colors, are safe in Rinso suds. Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps. Creamy, active suds *even in hardest water.* No bar soaps, chips or softeners needed. Great for dishwashing, too. Grease goes in a jiffy. Dishes shine. Get the BIG household package.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Millions use Rinso
in tub, washer and dishpan



2 sizes
most women buy the large package

There's nothing like keeping the money in the family. Instead of a high-priced stranger as her business manager, Loretta Sayers has her sister, Evelyn, work for her. Here are the girls together on the set. The blonde's Loretta, of course

GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM, THE (*United Artists*) Between the devil, the censors and the deep blue sea, this screen version of the stage play didn't have a chance to be anything more than fair entertainment. On the stage it was naughty and sophisticated. On the screen, stripped of the censorable stage dialogue, the picture isn't anything to get excited about. The story's about three gold-diggers, played by Ina Claire, Joan Blondell and Madge Evans. Ina Claire and Joan Blondell are amusing. Madge Evans is handicapped by having to play the noblest and sweetest of the trio.

☆

✓✓ **HATCHET MAN, THE** (*Warners-First National*) Originally reviewed in the March issue as "The Honorable Mr. Wong." Edward G. Robinson gives another of his smash hit performances, this time as a Chinese killer. The picture is powerful, effective, with intriguing make-up work which makes the players look more Chinese than the Chinese themselves! The story is sheer melodrama, with more than a touch of horror. Loretta Young and Dudley Digges deserve honorable mention, too, for their performances.

☆

HEAVEN ON EARTH (*Universal*) If it's a Lew Ayres picture you're hankering to see, don't forget that Lew is appearing in "The Spirit of Notre Dame." That's a picture worth going to see. This one, about a shanty boy on the Mississippi, has so little action it just crawls along. Lew Ayres does his usual sincere work, with charming Anita Louise as his leading lady, but the odds are against them both.

☆

✓✓ **HELL DIVERS** (*M-G-M*) Here's a rip-roaring, exciting, super-special picture of the Navy's fighting airmen. M-G-M, Wallace Beery, the Navy and Clark Gable got together to make this picture, and by Allah, it was worth it. The picture's so big that it towers above any of the actors, even Clark (the maiden's thrill) Gable. The camera work is the best you've ever seen in any air picture—and that includes even "Hell's Angels."

☆

HER MAJESTY, LOVE (*First National*) This is a pleasant soufflé, light, gay, amusing, with plenty of songs and laughs. The story's about a rich young German who falls in love with a beautiful barmaid. Ben Lyon and Marilyn Miller play the leading rôles. The picture, however, belongs to a quartet of comedians, of whom the funniest is W. C. Fields. "Her Majesty, Love" is perfectly all right for an evening's entertainment, though you'll hardly remember a line of it the next day.

✓✓ **HIGH PRESSURE** (*Warners*) At last, a picture worthy of Bill Powell! And how he crashes through in this! Howl!! We're fed up on the long procession of ladies' man pictures in which Powell has been appearing, but this is different. Bill plays a big-shot promoter who gets into trouble and out of it again. Evelyn Brent and Evalyn Knapp as the women in the picture, will delight, too. And don't, don't, *don't* miss the beginning of the picture, for your first sight of Bill Powell will make you gasp.

☆

JUVENILE COURT (*Bennie Zeidman*) An independently made production, whose simple unpretentiousness might be a lesson to many a big producer. It's human—that's what it is—this story of a boy who goes to the dogs because he worships the wrong sort of man. Junior Durkin and Pat O'Brien give good performances in the leading rôles.

☆

✓✓ **LADIES OF THE BIG HOUSE** (*Paramount*) The grim shadows of prison walls, injustice, bitterness. That's "Ladies of the Big House." Yet so powerful is the picture that even though it's depressing, even though you may not be sure whether you like it or not, you'll have to admit it's great. It's the story of a young couple unjustly doomed by the law. Sylvia Sidney glows in a drab setting. Watch Gene Raymond! He's got something, that boy.

☆

LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD (*First National*) This is a somewhat better than average picture, because of the swell gags and lines that Joe E. Brown has been given. It comes from the stage story, "The Poor Nut," about the bookworm whom love changes into a hero athlete. Dorothy Lee is vivacious as the leading lady.

☆

✓ **MAD GENIUS, THE** (*Warners*) Powerful drama with John Barrymore as the crippled son of a ballet dancer, who tries to influence the life of a foundling, whom he wants to develop into a great dancer. The picture has a very effective and nightmarish ending.

☆

MANHATTAN PARADE (*Warners*) Here's Hollywood's answer to "Once in a Lifetime." It shows that the stage producers do just as coo-coo things as they sometimes accuse the screen people of doing. There are hilarious moments in this, yet, on the whole, it's only a fair comedy. Winnie Lightner plays a straight rôle, while Smith & Dale and Charles Butterworth share comedy honors.

☆

✓✓ **MATA HARI** (*M-G-M*) Here is a perfect example of what a grand thing for the movies M-G-M's newest idea is. What—you don't know what it is? It's the idea that one good star deserves another. So Greta Garbo and Ramon Novarro, each a glamorous star, play opposite each other in this, and the result is a picture that is stirring and powerful and stunningly photographed. Garbo does her greatest work in this. Her supporting cast is excellent, but her performance is so extraordinary that it towers above everyone else's, good as the other players are.

☆

ONCE A LADY (*Paramount*) This is just a series of close-ups of Ruth Chatterton. The story is bosh. It's about the free-minded Russian girl who marries into a strait-laced British family. Only the most confirmed Chatterton fans will be able to endure the picture, and even they will be disappointed, because it doesn't do right by Ruth Chatterton.

☆

PANAMA FLO (*RKO-Pathé*) Torrid passion in the tropics and elsewhere, with Helen Twelvetrees starring. Nevertheless and just the same, it's Charles Bickford's picture and he makes the most of it. Never was he more tough and hard-boiled than in this. You'll thrill to the vivid, brutal scenes, even though the story's wild and implausible.

☆

PENROD AND SAM (*First National*) This isn't another "Skippy," though there are some amusing scenes in it. Leon Janney doesn't seem cast just right as Penrod. Junior Coghlan as Sam is a much more real boy. Apart from Junior Coghlan, the adults in the cast do better work than the juveniles, and that shouldn't be. ZaSu Pitts is outstanding in a minor rôle.

☆

PLATINUM BLONDE (*Columbia*) This isn't a big picture, yet any one who goes to it will find it gay and entertaining. It was the last picture made by the late Robert Williams, who had a lot of swell gags in this and put them over beautifully. Jean Harlow plays a society gal who ropes him in, and Loretta Young a sob sister who is his true love, though he doesn't realize it until the end.

☆

✓✓ **POSSESSED** (*M-G-M*) And now it's Joan Crawford who's in the arms of Gable! Hot-cha-cha! This story of a small-town girl who knows what she wants and a rich lawyer who is afraid of marriage is Joan Crawford's best picture since "Paid."

☆

✓✓ **PRIVATE LIVES** (*M-G-M*) On the stage a brilliant, sophisticated comedy; on the screen this is just as brilliant and just as sophisticated with an added touch of humanness. Bob Montgomery and Norma Shearer were never more likable than as the ex-husband and ex-wife who meet again on their honeymoon night with their new mates, and find that they are still in love with each other. Whether or not you saw the play, you'll find yourself enjoying the clever situations, the sophistication and perfectly elegant acting of this. Una Merkel scores in a bright bit of comedy.

☆

RACING YOUTH (*Universal*) An amusing program picture full of auto-racing stunts. If you're not expecting too much, you'll like Frank Albertson as the racing driver who's just got to win the girl. June Clyde makes a sweet heroine.

☆

RAINBOW TRAIL, THE (*Fox*) George O'Brien, Cecilia Parker and Minna Gombell all do fine work in this Western, although it's really Dame Nature's starring picture. Such photography of the Far West and the Grand Canyon! It has plenty of excitement and action, too, being a sequel to "Riders of the Purple Sage." There's a tip for you. If you saw and liked that, you'll like this. If "Riders of the Purple Sage" bored you, this will too.

☆

RECKLESS LIVING (*Universal*) This picture gets more from the actors than it deserves, and because of that you'll find it pleasant entertainment. It's the story of a young husband who almost loses his wife because he gambles the family savings on a horse, and, of course, the suave villain is angling for her all the time. Mae Clarke, Ricardo Cortez and Norman Foster make the picture enjoyable, though nobody could make it important.

☆

RICH MAN'S FOLLY (*Paramount*) Heavy drama about a shipbuilder who forgets his family in his love of business. George Bancroft gives a powerful performance, and Frances Dee is delightful. The story is a little slow moving.

☆

RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE (*Fox*) The action in this isn't very plausible, but there is action, and that's something. And the settings are gorgeous. This picture has been filmed twice before. This time George O'Brien is Lassiter, who protects a young girl against the men who are trying to rob her of her ranch. O'Brien gives a good performance, though his voice is rather gentle for his part. Marguerite Churchill is better than the average Western heroine.

☆

ROAD TO RENO, THE (*Paramount*) A good cast wasted on a story that is decidedly mediocre. Essentially it's the story of a woman who causes all sorts of calamities because she's rather giddy about constantly marrying, divorcing and remarrying. In this rôle Lilyan Tashman does her best, only we'd rather see her in a good comedy. Buddy Rogers, Peggy Shannon and Irving Pichel contribute fairly interesting performances.

☆

SAFE IN HELL (*First National*) Morbid drama about a shady lady who goes to the South Seas to escape paying the penalty for a crime she didn't commit. The picture goes on to show how all the denizens of the island try to have their way with her. There's no saving decency to the picture, and nothing to recommend it, except Dorothy Mackaill's trouping in a rôle no actress should have been asked to play.

☆

SECRET SERVICE (*Radio*) Richard Dix does a great, big job of acting in this old stage thriller about the Northern spy who has to choose between love and duty. The picture is done in the best ten-twenty-thirty style, and the kiddies will love it, but you won't.

Spring brings a
DOUBLE DANGER

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BEAUTY PRODUCTS

✓✓ **SIN OF MADELON CLAUDET, THE** (*M-G-M*) Unconditionally the greatest performance of the year, with Helen Hayes tearing your heart out in a mother rôle and then putting it back in again. For heaven's sake don't pass this up because you're not in the mood for a tragic picture. Helen Hayes' performance, though it takes you down to the depths, lifts you up again. And as one fan said, the faster your tears fall, the more you love it. This is a double check, four handkerchief picture

☆

✓ **SKY DEVILS** (*Caddo*) When you go to see this, you'll be in for a good heart-warming series of chuckles; you can depend on that For Spencer Tracy is in it and George Cooper, and what an elegant time they seem to have had! This is an air comedy—thrilling and yet rib-tickling. It contains some of the air spectacle stuff originally shot for "Hell's Angels" and not used. It has a kick like a mule.

☆

✓✓ **SOOKY** (*Paramount*) Here is a sequel to "Skippy," charmingly, beautifully, understandingly directed, with scenes that'll make you laugh till the tears roll down your face and scenes that will creep into your heart. It's Jackie Cooper's picture absolutely, even though Robert Coogan does even more touching work in this than he did in "Skippy." You and the folks will have a grand time deciding which was the better picture—this or "Skippy." What matter, since they're both swell?

☆

✓ **SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME** (*Universal*) Lew Ayres shows what he can do with a real story. Don't pass this one up. It has all the thrills of an actual big game in an outdoor stadium. The drama will keep you excited till the very end. There's a swell performance by an actor whose work doesn't usually get much attention, J. Farrell MacDonald

☆

STEPPING SISTERS (*Fox*) Take three comediennes like Louise Dresser, Minna Gombell and Jobyna Howland; give 'em some sure fire lines and then give two of them pairs of those old-time burlesque pants to wear, and what do you have? Sheer, rib-tickling, low farce—that's what. Whether you like it or not'll depend on how you go for roughhouse comedy. If you like your farces subtle, stay away from "Stepping Sisters." If you like slapstick, well done, you can take your whole family to this one.

☆

✓ **STRICTLY DISHONORABLE** (*Universal*) Once upon a time this was a naughty stage play about a girl who was willing to spend a night in his rooms with the man who'd knocked her for a loop. Now it's no longer naughty, but it's still nice. The picture is human instead of smart. Paul Lukas and Sidney Fox are splendid in the leading rôles.

☆

✓ **SUICIDE FLEET** (*RKO-Pathé*) Entertaining navy picture, done up in comedy gags and drama. The story's about three gobs— Bill Boyd, Bob Armstrong and Jimmy Gleason, who are all that way about the same girl, cute, pert little Ginger Rogers. While the picture's not great, it fills in beautifully for an evening's entertainment.

☆

SURRENDER (*Fox*) A war picture without any big battle scenes. It's not a bad picture, not a good one. Warner Baxter and Leila Hyams are in the cast. Baxter, however, hasn't enough to do. The photography on this is gorgeous; the plot is weak.

☆

✓ **SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE** (*M-G-M*) Garbo and Gable are just as hot a team as you thought they would be. In fact, Gable is the first leading man Garbo has had since Gilbert who doesn't seem all washed out in comparison with Garbo. Technically the direction of the picture is somewhat uneven and the original story has been given a number of implausible twists, but what Garbo fan is going to be stopped by that? Women will thrill to Gable's love-making and wish that there were even more real pash scenes

☆

✓ **TAXI!** (*Warners*) James Cagney doesn't need a gang story in order to get rough and tough and brutal, and he proves it in this. The picture is about a taxicab war, and does James Cagney put it over—does he! The girl this time is Loretta Young, and like most of Cagney's girls in pictures, she gets slapped in the face. This face-slapping idea is approaching the proportions of an epidemic. But you'll like it, and if you like your pictures brutal, ma'am, nothing ought to keep you away from this.

Even when they have a Chinese impulse, the Eddie Robinsons share it! When Edward G. recently played Mr. Wong in "The Hatchet Man," Mrs. Robinson under her professional name of Gladys Lloyd, did a small rôle in the same pitcha. Just a Hollywood couple who even like to work together

☆

✓ **TONIGHT OR NEVER** (*United Artists*) And, oh, does Gloria Swanson get hot in this! She plays an opera singer who believes in life with a capital L, and for whom couches exert a positive fascination. If you think that pictures ought to be pure and sweet and clean, stay away from this. But if you can stand risquéness well done, why, go and see it. Gloria Swanson and leading man Melvyn Douglas are grand.

☆

✓ **TOUCHDOWN** (*Paramount*) At last Richard Arlen is taken out of Westerns and given a chance to prove what a really splendid actor he is. This is a football picture without hokum, with Peggy Shannon as Arlen's leading lady. Then there's Jack Oakie, who's simply grand. Dick Arlen, of course, is excellent and convincing as the hero.

☆

✓ **TWO KINDS OF WOMEN** (*Paramount*) From the stage play, "This Is New York." It's the tale of a girl who goes to New York, meets up with a young man who undertakes to show her the town—and does! The story's pleasing. So are the leads—Phil Holmes, Miriam Hopkins, Irving Pichel and Wynne Gibson. And for laughs, give us more and more and *more* of Stuart Erwin! Though this isn't a super-production or an epic, it's the sort of picture you'd like to see early and often, for it's entertaining all the way through.

☆

UNDER EIGHTEEN (*Warners*) It wasn't wise of Warners to make this Marian Marsh's first starring picture. Actually, Marian's part is just that of a featured lead. So why saddle her with the burden of trying to live up to the title of star? The story's the old one about the virtuous working girl who, to save her family from something or other, almost falls into the clutches of the villain. Marian, Anita Page and Regis Toomey do nice work with this creaking old plot, making it fair entertainment

☆

✓ **UNEXPECTED FATHER, THE** (*Universal*) When ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville are the leads in a comedy like this, you just *know* you're in for one grand evening of laughs. And how right you are! This is the story of a man who has a baby suddenly thrust upon him and gets ZaSu Pitts to act as nurse! Cora Sue Collins as the baby almost steals the picture. Watch this kid! She's great

UNHOLY GARDEN, THE (*United Artists*) A far-fetched story in which Ronald Colman is a fugitive from justice at a half-ruined castle in the Sahara Desert. Fay Wray is the love interest. Though the picture isn't another "Bulldog Drummond" or even another "Devil To Pay," fans who like excitement and action will find it entertaining.

☆

✓✓ **UNION DEPOT** (*First National*) "You'll see a new Doug, Jr., in this," First National told us. "I like this better than anything I've made since 'Dawn Patrol,'" said young Doug himself. Well, they have cause to be glad! This picture hits the bell! It's one of the finest things young Doug has done—this story, almost all of whose action takes place in a union depot. The cast is swell. We have just one quibble with it. Joan Blondell is grand as a leading lady, but since she's such a swell comedienne, why not give her more wise-cracking rôles to do? There are so few good comediennes.

☆

✓✓ **WATERLOO BRIDGE** (*Universal*) If you don't have to choke down a lump in your throat when you see this, you're just a darned old cynic. It's the story of the spiritual reformation of a girl of the streets who loves an idealistic young soldier. Mae Clarke gives a swell emotional performance, and Kent Douglass is good, too.

☆

WAY BACK HOME (*Radio*) If you ask us, this waydowneast stuff is killingly sweet and sticky with sentimentality, but some people may think it the real McCoy. It marks the film début of Phillips (Seth Parker) Lord, the radio entertainer. There'll be no half-way public on this. You'll either think it grand or awful.

☆

WEST OF BROADWAY (*M-G-M*) Not a good comeback vehicle for John Gilbert, since the character he plays isn't sufficiently likable. He isn't fair to the casual girl in a café whom he marries in a drunken peeve over the way his pre-war sweetheart treated him. Lois Moran as the girl is the center of the picture. Realizing this, M-G-M is said to be remaking the picture and making John Gilbert's rôle more sympathetic

☆

WOMAN COMMANDS, A (*RKO-Pathé*) It's just too bad about this. We should have loved to see Pola Negri make one grand, smashing comeback. But whoever picked this story doesn't know the sort of screen fare audiences want. Not this unreal stuff and glitter and pomp about life as it's lived in mythical kingdoms, but real human, close to earth stuff. Pola Negri herself is lovely to look at and to listen to, but what can you do with a plot like that?

☆

WOMAN FROM MONTE CARLO, THE (*First National*) Maybe Lil Dagover is a great new screen personality. Maybe she's a rival for Garbo-Dietrich honors. Maybe! She doesn't prove it in this. She can't! Funny thing about this story: there are some scenes in it that should be positively thrilling, yet I, for one, wasn't thrilled the least bit, remained cold and aloof, and for most of the picture was bored, just bored. Maybe Lil Dagover is great. It isn't fair to judge her by this. The only question is: *after* this, will they give her another chance to make good? Best feature of the picture: Warren William.

☆

WORKING GIRLS (*Paramount*) This is the sad case of a talkie which went sour. Sad because with the swell cast it has—Paul Lukas, Buddy Rogers, Stu Erwin, Frances Dee and Judith Wood, it ought to have been great entertainment. Instead it's a deadly bore, except for a few laughs which Stu Erwin gets in.

☆

X MARKS THE SPOT (*Tiffany*) No, this isn't another gangster film, though it has all the thrills of one. It's a newspaper picture in which a newspaper man turns detective and tries to discover the murderer of a Broadway butterfly. Plenty of action in this one, and so it makes a good program picture.

☆

✓ **YELLOW TICKET, THE** (*Fox*) Elissa Landi's best picture yet. The yellow ticket is a piece of paper that used to brand a girl forever in Russia, for it meant that she was licensed to practise woman's oldest profession. Why Elissa Landi accepted such a ticket and what happened afterwards makes an exciting melodrama. Lionel Barrymore does a gr-r-r-and piece of acting in a villainous rôle that no other actor on earth could have made believable.

What embarrassing accidents unsteady hands may cause! Photo specially posed by Miss Betty Russel

Thin . . . and so nervous

—*her hands* SHOOK *like a leaf!*

Now has steady nerves —and a figure with *curves!*

OLD before her time. Wrinkles around her eyes—her cheeks pale and drawn—her neck and chest actually bony. Her hands shook and trembled so she was always spilling things. How could she keep up with young friends?

But now meet the *new* Mrs. Williams—the *young* Mrs. Williams who today is boss of her nerves. Let her tell you her secret—about her new girlish curves, too:

Her thrilling story

"I was in such a rundown condition! For months my weight had steadily gone down. I suffered from headaches, was frequently constipated, slept badly at night and scarcely ate anything. I was just a bundle of nerves. My hand shook like a leaf, so that I often spilt things.

"Today, after taking several packages of Ironized Yeast, my nerves are steady and my hands never tremble. I rarely have a headache, am almost never constipated and I sleep fine. I look much better for the flesh I've put on—5 lbs. in 3 weeks." Mrs. G. W. Williams, 535 Day Ave., S. W., Roanoke, Va.

Scores gain quicker

Almost two pounds a week is a quick gain for a person who's been losing weight for months. Yet scores of Ironized Yeast users report even *quicker* gains — 10 lbs. in 4 weeks, 8 lbs. in 15 days, etc., etc. And not only do they round out scrawny figures—but also quickly overcome constipation, sleeplessness, weakness—skin and stomach disorders, too!

Ironized Yeast contains the finest yeast money can buy—"*beer yeast,*" a special kind of yeast which doctors say is extra rich in health-building value. This yeast is cultured by foreign experts. We concentrate it by a process so valuable that the Biological Commission of the League of Nations — at an official session in Geneva, Switzerland—recommended its adoption as a world-wide standard.

We take seven pounds of "beer yeast" to make one pound of the *yeast concentrate* used in Ironized Yeast. We then *ironize* this powerful concentrate with three distinct types of iron. This enables Ironized Yeast to help put good red blood in your veins—the kind that gives pep!

Triple "feeding" tests

Not only is Ironized Yeast manufactured by trained experts, but it is *triple-tested* for actual health-building results. These tests are made by our own scientists, by an eminent physician and by a professor of Bio-Chemistry in a famous college.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE: Literally *thousands* of once-skinny, once-sickly folks owe their present glowing health and attractive figures to Ironized Yeast! If the very first package does not help you, too, its cost will be promptly refunded. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE. Cheap imitations can't compare with the *genuine* Ironized Yeast—stamped "I.Y." on each tablet. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

IRONIZED YEAST

New Concentrated Health Builder
In Pleasant Tablet Form

A Hard Boiled Gal Gets Soft Hearted

(*Continued from page* 18)

being just a wisecracking 'pal'. . . .

"As a matter of fact, I'm probably the most unsocial person in the world. My idea of a swell time is to get into my car and drive away on a trip—preferably into the desert somewhere, where there's nobody within miles! And love—it's a fact that while I've known many men, I've never before found one I could even dream of loving! The truth is that such men as I would pick to go about with—well, they'd be all right, but after a while, their little selfishnesses and crudities just got the best of it all. I said to myself: 'Joan, you're working too hard for what you're getting out of this.' And that'd end that . . . !

"And then I met George . . . !"

GEORGE, you might gather from the way she says it, is the personification of everything that's desirable in a man. Three women, before Joan, have thought so.

"George has tried often enough—maybe too often, I sometimes think. He's been married SO often, known so many other girls," says Joan. "He tells me it was because he was hoping, always, to find companionship—but it never worked out—before . . . But now I think we *have* found it.

"We're totally unselfish with each other. We've known each other for quite a long time now—and yet George treats me as though I were a new girl he'd just met. Lights my cigarettes for me—helps me in and out of the car—little things like that. I do things for him, too. And it's because we *are* so unselfish with each other that I think we're going to make a go of it.

"Not that I don't find it hard to live up to all the rules—! Oh, I remember how I, like every other girl, have watched other girls in love, seen them make mistakes, told myself that when I marry, I won't make those errors. You know—that ultra-possessiveness, for one thing. Yet I catch myself, even now, doing the very things I know I shouldn't.

"Like jealousy, for instance. *Whee—am I jealous!* When I see George even speaking to another girl, I go hot and cold all over. I suppose he feels the same way about me.

"The other day, I noticed a half-burned cigarette with liprouge on it, in the ash-receiver in his auto. I felt myself getting panickier every moment as I looked at it—but I didn't let him know. I tried to find out about it. I said: 'George, I love this car so; I'd hate to think of anybody else but me sharing it with you.'

"That didn't do any good. All he replied was: "Honey, this is *our* car. Nobody else ever will share it with me.'

"I stared at that cigarette stub. I looked at the color of the liprouge, decided it certainly wasn't mine. My mind began to play tricks with me—not that I mistrust George, but I know girls today. I could see George with somebody else in the car—the girl with that cigarette and the liprouge—and I began imagining them taking a drive up into the mountains. My heart started beating like a triphammer.

"But I never did let on to George. I knew that'd be bad. And I felt sure that if there *had* been anything else—with anybody else—George would have told me. We've talked that over between us. And so, to this very day, I still don't know the answer to that red-rouged cigarette butt in the car."

(And George, if you read this, won't you call up Joan and tell her about it? It'll set her mind at rest—for believe it or not, the kid's still worrying about that cigarette stub!)

Just when they'll marry, Joan won't tell. She doesn't want any crowds there—just she and George alone, somewhere. But it will be within a month or so.

"I'm going to be so happy," she says. "I remember, in the years past—not so long ago, even two years back—when I used to tramp Broadway, going to agencies and managers for jobs. They'd ask me what I'd done, I'd tell 'em, they'd say to come back later. I used to pass the newsstands and see the movie magazines, with Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Gloria Swanson, Greta Garbo on the covers. I'd say to myself, to buck up my courage: 'Joan, some day you'll be on there, alongside those stars!'

"I don't know whether I believed myself or not. But last New Year's Eve—the afternoon of the last day of 1931—George and I got into his car and started one of our drives into the desert. On the way, I stopped at a newsstand. On the cover of the just-out magazines was my picture. I bought it.

"We rolled on out into the desert. At midnight, we were miles away from anything but sagebrush, cactus, sand. No houses, no people, no sound. George took out his watch—and at the stroke of twelve, he leaned on the horn and scared a half hundred jackrabbits and a million lizards to death. He yelled 'Happy New Year!' and brought out a little something he'd taken along. We drank to each other—and what this year means for us.

"And never in my life have I felt so darned much like just laying my head on a man's shoulder and bawling like a two-year-old. Because I was so happy—had everything I wanted. If George'd known I wanted to cry, he'd have let me. But I never let him know. I just smiled and said: 'Here's to you, darling.'

"Because he's a dear. But he's not a bit sentimental—like I am!"

These are the things Joan Blondell says in her throaty little voice. Theories about happiness and love that are so apt to go bloop in practice.

Here's hoping they don't go bloop in Joan's case. Here's hoping they work. For she's so happy now, so crazily, goofily happy. And she ought to be allowed to stay that way.

For Blondell is a very okeh sort of gal, believe you me.

Wonderful soulful Eyes!

You can have them *instantly* by the simple magic of the new NON-SMARTING, TEAR-PROOF MAYBELLINE

Dormant, in your eyes, is a soulful, bewitching kind of beauty that only dark, luxuriant, naturally long-appearing lashes can bring into play.

But, have YOU such lashes? They are easily acquired, and in just an instant, by the effortless use of the NEW Maybelline Eyelash Beautifier. A few simple brush strokes and the marvelous transformation takes place.

You must be sure, however, to use genuine Maybelline—because it's perfectly harmless, non-smarting, tear-proof, and it actually tends to stimulate lash growth. Try it. You'll be amazed and delighted with the result. So will those who see you! Obtain the NEW Maybelline at any toilet goods counter. Black or Brown, 75c.

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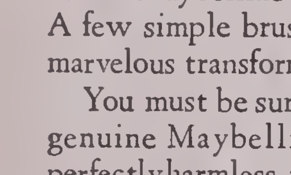


She's Learned Her Lesson

(*Continued from page* 73)

Cedric Gibbons, the man she married. But for him, she admits frankly, she would have let bitterness overcome her, would have turned her back on Hollywood, gone back to Mexico "licked." Instead, Cedric showed her the one escape her own upbringing had never taught her—laughter.

Somehow—"oh, he is adroit, that one!" she says—he got her to see the absurdities in the things that were happening to her. There *is* a form of humor in the contrast between riding the top of the wave, and being tumbled ludicrously in the trough of it. Even though she was being tumbled, Dolores managed to see the funniness of it.

She got, first, to where she could laugh at the spectacle of herself. From that, she got to where she could laugh about the things that happened to her. Oh, the laughs were a bit bitter, at first, but the bitterness wore off, and she learned to laugh because her eyes grew to see more funny things to laugh at.

There had been a blind spot, before, where her sense of humor should have been. She took life—and herself—far too seriously. Cedric Gibbons taught her the other side.

And of course, there was love. Superficially, you might say: "What Love Has Done For Dolores Del Rio." But it wasn't love that did it. Love was just the factor that propped her up when other props were knocked out from under her.

When some cruel thing tore away a bit of her heart, she learned to ease the pain with the laughter that Cedric had showed her. And the bit that had been torn away was replaced with the love she had learned with Cedric. Maybe that's a tripe-y way of expressing it—but it's the general idea, nevertheless.

Dolores Del Rio went through a year of that—of being slapped across the face by this thing and that—of learning to take it with a laugh—of learning to find refuge in her husband's love when it became too difficult, sometimes, to laugh.

In that year, she learned her lesson.

And at the end of that year, having learned it, began her comeback. When her United Artists' contract was cut from under her as she lay ill, they were planning to star her in "The Dove."

Radio Pictures bought "The Dove." Last fall, they decided that Del Rio should play the rôle. Del Rio flung herself into it with a new spirit that there had never been before.

"I had learned how good it was to be able to work. I had learned it was a privilege. Now, when they ask me, after I've been working since eight in the morning, if I'd work until late in the night, to get a particular thing right, I do not answer: 'No, because I am going to the theater.' Instead, I am glad that I am able to work."

Her co-workers no longer hate her; no longer complain of her ritziness, her self-importance, her temperament. They like her; find her good to work with. They get from her a share of the new enthusiasm she puts into her work, strangely dissimilar to the languor with which she once went about it.

And so it happens that in "Girl of the Rio" (which is what they have retitled "The Dove"), it is Dolores Del Rio's work which stands out—even above the work of such a picture-stealer as Leo Carrillo.

And not alone in her work, but in her everyday life, is Del Rio a changed woman.

"She's so different!"—that from Ann Alvarado, one of her closest friends, who's known Del Rio for years. "Before, she used to be serious, aloof, unsmiling. She'd look always on the dark side of things. She never would 'go out' to people. She was hard to know. But now—well, look at her. . . ."

Today, Del Rio is vivacious, ebullient, alive, friendly. There's nothing of the "icicle" feeling one used to get; she's a warm person. She smiles much. The "dark side" of things she can't see, because she has learned the bright side is better to look upon.

Oh, she *still* doesn't slap people on the back and say: "Hello, keed!" But she smiles at them, talks with them, is liked by them. She has learned to be human. She has learned her lesson.

"And what can I say to help others?" she wonders, when she's asked. "Well—tell them this:

"Tell them to look for the laugh—in EVERYthing."

ALWAYS REFRESHING
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
BEECH-NUT GUM
BEECH-NUT BRAND CHEWING GUM
WINTER GREEN
SPEAR MINT

There's more Chicle in it
that's what makes it better

It's the amount and the quality of the CHICLE used that makes such a big difference in chewing gums—Beech-Nut Gum contains a larger proportion of the world's finest chicle than any other gum on the market. That explains its greater chewing quality and smoothness. That's why Beech-Nut Gum stays fresh and smooth-flavored far longer than any ordinary gum—that's what makes all the difference between a good gum and *the finest gum you can buy.*

Beech-Nut GUM

After you have been smoking all evening! A stick of Beech-Nut Gum! It will make that next smoke taste ever so much better . . . as good as the first smoke of the day.

"Makes the next smoke taste better"

GOODNESS! DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE REFUSING DOTTIE'S INVITATION FOR THE WEEK-END?
OH! I COULDN'T GO WITH MY MISERABLE FADED OLD UNDIES – AND YOU KNOW I CAN'T AFFORD NEW ONES—
DO LIKE I DO, RUTH– USE NEW INSTANT RIT– LOOK THERE! DID YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING DISSOLVE SO FAST AND COMPLETELY?
AND YOU MEAN YOU CAN TINT THINGS JUST BY DIPPING WITHOUT RUBBING? WHY IT'S MAGIC!
SIMPLY AMAZING– NOW I'M GOING TO USE RIT ON MY DRESSES, CURTAINS, STOCKINGS, EVERYTHING!
GOOD! BUT BE SURE YOU USE RIT– DON'T EVER LET THEM SELL YOU ANYTHING ELSE – FOR GOODNESS SAKE BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!
RIT WHITE Color Remover
Takes Old Color Out
INSTANT RIT dissolves in 40 seconds
Puts New Color In

NEW DISCOVERY!

You may have used Rit for years . . . but New Instant Rit is utterly *different*! It is not a soap and requires no rubbing. It dissolves completely in 40 seconds, leaving no particles to streak or spot. Just dip to tint. New Rit lasts like a fast dye . . . stands 30 washings without fading! Buy Rit in 33 smart colors. Use White Rit, too, for removing colors even black, and for taking out spots and stains from white goods. But insist on New Instant Rit every time. Never accept substitutes!

Her Mother Said, "Yes, Yes!"

(Continued from page 29)

"Bee", her name being Beatrice—has always been with Sylvia throughout her career. When Sylvia needed helping over the rough spots, the discouragements, the tirednesses, her mother was there to help her.

But at the same time, neither is Sylvia a "mama's girl" nor is her mother one of those viragos of stage-mothers, always butting into daughter's affairs and business. Sylvia's mother stays in the background, always. And lets Sylvia have a grand time of life—while she's young. And Sylvia's having it.

EASILY one of the most fascinating, most intriguing girls in Hollywood, Sylvia is as heart-whole as a child. Not that she doesn't go out with men—but she's not interested in love or marriage—*yet*.

Which Star Do You Prefer to Read About?

WHOSE pictures do you prefer to see? What kind of interviews do you like best? Just write in your requests to The Editor, MOVIE MIRROR. Whichever star gets the most votes each month wins. We'll run a "request interview" and a "request picture." So vote for your favorites. Address MOVIE MIRROR, 8 West 40th St., New York City

"As a matter of fact," she admits, "I probably wouldn't bother with men at all if it weren't for mother telling me I ought to."

"But what about . . ." you begin to ask.

". . . marriage?" she divines, instantly. And laughs. "Not yet. Not for a long time yet. I'm having too much fun to let myself be tied down. I want to be free for a long time yet. No marriage for me now. Oh, some day I realize that some man will come along who'll change that idea of mine completely. When he does—and I haven't seen him yet—I'll throw overboard all these ideas of mine about freedom, and fun, and life, and I'll be perfectly willing to be tied down and become a wife. I know that's going to happen, and I'm quite resigned to it.

"And some day—I don't mind looking forward to this, either—I suppose I'll be a nice, old lady, sitting by the fireside, telling bedtime stories to my grandchildren. Only if I don't get out of Hollywood sometime, I know I'll never learn any bedtime stories that are fit to tell grandchildren. . . !

"But—well, by that time, maybe when I start off with 'Once upon a time there was a travelling salesman,' all my grandchildren will rise up and shout: 'Oh, grandma, we heard *that* one long ago!' "

YOU see, that's what happens when you try to talk seriously with Sylvia—about her career, and her future, and her philosophies, and gr-r-r-reat, deep subjects like that. Sylvia much prefers to laugh, have fun. No matter how seriously you start a conversation, it's a ten-to-one bet that Sylvia will have the whole affair 'way up in the sparkling, frothy places within a few moments.

You ask her, seriously, to tell you whether she and her family are friends, as well as being relations, and she pops out:

"Friends?—sure, we're just like a bunch of youngsters together—always playing. We love to embarrass each other—we're always taking each other's pants down in public!" (Verbally, my dears; don't take Sylvia too literally!)

And—

"Mother's got me stopped by a mile when it comes to men! Why, I can make violent love to the boys on the lot, and all of a sudden they break in with: 'Where's your mother?' Honest, she's so much younger than I am that they've got an awful letch for her. . . !"

So there you are. Serious as her dramatic rôles may be on the screen, Sylvia clowns you right into gales of merriment when you get her off-screen. She's not at all what you may expect to find, after such things as "Ladies of the Big House," "An American Tragedy," and "Street Scene."

In the first place, that odd face of hers is even more striking in life than in pictures. It's so much tinier than you expect. Elfin. With those colossally strange eyes—that are sometimes oriental, always challenging, infinitely mysterious. They change color—at least, it seems that way. One moment they're positively green; then you'll swear they're blue. And again, they're as gray as a winter dawn—but never as cold. And they look right at you, and into you, somehow. And if you can tell whether they like you, you're a wizard!

She's not pretty. Yes, you've heard that a hundred times; said it yourself. But the girl's got a fascinating something in that face that's indefinable. But positive. The camera catches a lot of it. You get the full force of it when you meet her.

She's as modern as today. No falsities of convention when you meet her; no tritely polite phrases. You're as liable to hear a more-than-sophisticated phrase, word, idea pop out of her mouth at your very first meeting as not. And you're certainly *not* going to hear a lot of dry-as-dust philosophizing, pedantic burbling, verbal artificialities. What she's got to say, she says, no matter what it's about. And if you're the sort of person who'd insist on talking to her about her philosophy of life, she warns she'll tell you:

"It's 'Be and let be.' And I'd prefer to have you let me be. . . !"

The Love Fever Chart of Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 35)

at the station to meet her. They're more than pretty fond of each other. Mervin LeRoy could hardly wait for Ginger Rogers to return to Hollywood. It looks like a heavy romance, but Ginger is in no hurry to wed. Ricardo Cortez looks hearts and flowers at Loretta Young. In New York, after one brief and disastrous experience in matrimony, Mary Duncan is going places with "Sailing" Baruch, millionaire business man.

Despite all rumors to the contrary, there is no reason to believe that the Joan Crawford-Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., chart has shown any great drop. It has oozed down a bit from that torrid zone of the honeymoon year. Joan and Doug no longer bill and coo in public, but they are still happy with no thoughts of divorce. For a time Hollywood wondered if Doug were not more than casually interested in Hope Williams, then visiting the citadel of the films, but Hope is a very close friend of Joan's.

All of those divorce rumors started when Joan registered at the Ambassador Hotel when her home was being redecorated. She walked up to the desk alone, and within ten minutes every reporter in Los Angeles was checking rumors of divorce. Doug came in a few minutes later from his studio, but the reporters ignored that. It spoiled a good front page story, and it was a dull day.

People have been wondering if Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe are still as happy as of yore. There has been a long separation with Lil working in New York, and Eddie in Hollywood. That marriage is based on intelligence and understanding, and it's not likely to go on the rocks. Anyway, didn't Lil announce that she was going to have a baby in the dim future when she had a day or so to spare?

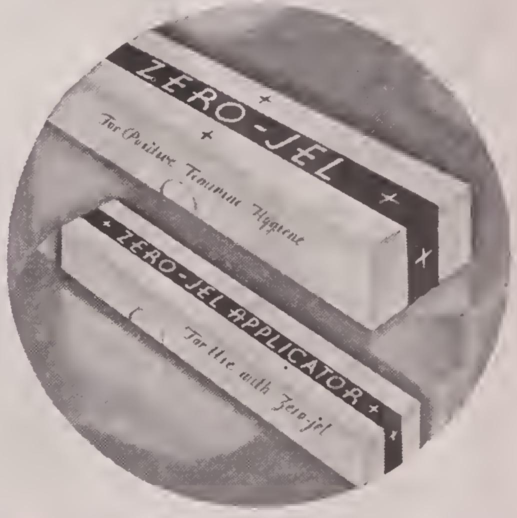
Another sensible wedded pair are Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston.

Like most rumors, the report that Dick was interested in Peggy Shannon turned out to be a mistake. Peggy was also upset by the reports, since she has a perfectly good husband in New York. Both marriages still rate high on the chart.

There is no possibility of divorce between Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. Doug hurried with breakneck speed to arrive back in Hollywood to spend Christmas with Mary. Perhaps that first glow of romance is gone from the marriage, but they are good friends after a decade of happy wedded life. And, at last, the divorce rumors have all died down about Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck. Here again the stories started by groundless gossip. You never hear any more that Charles Farrell is broken-hearted over losing Janet. He is too happy with Virginia Valli.

The Johnny Mack Browns, the Robert Montgomerys, the Clark Gables, the Ben Lyons and the Fredric Marches all seem to be getting along. The love chart shows a good steady influence among the married.

But, by the time this gets in print, it may need a lot of revising. As I said before, Hollywood is that way.



THIS DIFFERENT METHOD
changes every old fashioned idea of feminine hygiene!

Zero-Jel is not a suppository, powder, liquid or tablet. It is a delicate, greaseless jelly discovered by a famous German chemist and recommended by the best physicians for positive feminine hygiene

For many years doctors have prescribed Zero-Jel (under a medical name) to privileged patients . . . at high prices. And now it is available to women everywhere at a price every woman can afford!

Zero-Jel embodies one of the most effective antiseptics known to science, yet it is used *full strength* and *will not irritate or injure the most delicate tissues.* Easy to apply, (no mixing, no bulky apparatus), *effective instantly and for hours after use,* so dainty that even those closest to you need never know you use it. Zero-Jel is the truly feminine antiseptic, doing away with every unpleasant feature of feminine hygiene.

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If your druggist does not yet feature Zero-Jel, you need not wait to find out how much this amazing preparation can mean to you. For a limited time only we make this special offer. Send only $1 for the full size tube of Zero-Jel (sufficient for twenty applications). With it we will send you absolutely free the ingenious life-time applicator (50c value) and the booklet "A Completely Different Method for Feminine Hygiene." If for any reason you do not find Zero-Jel is all that you think it is, we will gladly refund your money!

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Can Idealism Win in Hollywood?

(*Continued from page 39*)

herself as a definite personality in the contemporary theatre.

In Detroit while playing in stock, she met Harry Bannister. They were married and living in Pasadena with their baby Jane, when Frank Reicher loomed upon the scene and asked Ann to lunch. Talking pictures were just coming into vogue, and Reicher induced his guest to make a screen and talking test. Forthwith she signed to appear in the screen version of Philip Barry's play, "Paris Bound."

All eyes were turned on the newcomer, Ann Harding, who revealed from the screen a rare speaking voice, an expressive interesting face—beautiful, too—a new personality to be reckoned with. Hollywood was amazed, for Hollywood was used to seeing in Mrs. Harry Bannister nothing more than a fairly attractive girl who didn't pay much attention to her clothes. Hollywood was quite unprepared for the revelation of distinction, charm and beauty which Ann Harding disclosed.

And with "Holiday," Ann Harding's success was complete.

But why, following that success, has her career been at a standstill for nearly two years?

Why are there long unnecessary gaps in between pictures, especially when the pictures themselves leave the audiences disgruntled, unsatisfied?

Why is it difficult to get new photographs, informal pictures of Ann?

Why is publicity at an impassé?

THERE are stories about disagreements over stories, differences of opinion about policy, arguments about rôles, and direction, and presentation.

But whether Ann is right, or the company is right, or each is half right and half wrong, it is time to bury the hatchet and effect some sort of compromise that will bring forth results.

Ann Harding is, of course, a self-willed young woman, an interesting, intelligent one, but at the same time she has her own very definite ideas of what should and should not be done. As a matter of fact, she did not want to make "Holiday." She fought against it tooth and nail. She submitted none too gracefully to the making of it, but she gave a very fine performance. She threw her prejudices into the ashcan when the crucial moment came, and "Holiday" emerged in a trail of glory, making Ann Harding a star along with it.

Her convictions die hard, but she is clever enough and farseeing and shrewd enough to realize the importance of a definite mode of procedure of some sort. Something has got to happen. Nothing is so deadening as to have nothing happen at all, which is the present situation.

Ann Harding, in all honesty (she admits it herself), has pretty much of a one track mind. She's admittedly stubborn about things. It's necessary in the theatre. It's necessary, as a matter of fact, in order to accomplish anything at all anywhere. Ann is very much concerned with the business of being an actress, a really good actress. She likes to believe that she is carrying on the fine traditions of the really fine actresses of the world. I think she would rather sacrifice things for herself than feel that she is doing anything cheap or unworthy of the highest ideals of the theatre. She believes that life itself should be a grand wholesome business—with a good home, a fine husband, and a charming baby, all the good things of "the good life."

Her whole approach to life is not the simple, unaffected approach of a natural, unspoiled girl as would at first appear; it's the well thought out calculated attitude of a very intelligent young woman who has made up her mind what counts in life and is determined to hold on at all costs to the things she values. Her life is built on her judgment. This judgment may not always be good, but it's honest. Her taste may not be faultless but it's her own. She's forthright in her actions, and aboveboard. She wants desperately to be herself and to be true to that self. Inherently she hates sham and ostentation.

TAKE the matter of clothes, for instance. Ann's taste in clothes is notably lacking. It isn't, I am sure, that she is not interested in clothes at all. In all probability she thinks that funny old blouse and odd looking skirt just the very thing for the girl with long straight honey-colored hair who isn't trying to attract attention. And there's probably just a bit of stubbornness, too, in her refusal to wear any make-up. For Ann Harding with make-up is a very beautiful woman, and no woman, be she ever so simple, refuses to be beautiful. And Ann Harding without a trace of make-up, with her albino eyelashes and eyebrows is well, just plain Ann. She's stubborn about it, perhaps because she's so intent on cherishing what she believes are the really fine things in life, honesty, lack of affectation, devotion to the basic fabric, love of home, family and simplicity. She wants people to know her and like her for what she is.

She has, or will have by the time her present contract expires, made a great deal of money in Hollywood. But she has also spent a great deal of money. It has been wise spending. Most of it has gone into her exquisite home on top one of Hollywood's highest mountains. Some of it has gone into her flying. Ann has not hoarded her money. She has spent it on happiness for herself and others.

But the fact remains that Ann's screen career, despite her artistic integrity as she sees it, is at a standstill, and what road is she going to take?

Will it be the road East—back to New York and her old place in the theatre?

Will it be the road West where surely somewhere there are fine stories, and the screen can yet offer her a definite niche in the histrionic sphere she holds so highly?

Or will she prefer to remain secure in her mountain top home with her husband and her baby and her ideals, believing that such indeed is "the good life," such is her real happiness, to be living literally, as the saying goes, "on top of the world"?

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Resinol
AT ALL GOOD DRUG STORES

What Becomes of Your Movie Money?

(*Continued from page* 57)

Now Paramount is still pursuing the same policy. Still trying to discover new stars.

One day there came to Hollywood a young girl with corn-colored hair and dark eyes. She didn't come to be a star. She came to write.

Well, she got in the eye of one of the big Paramount executives. He took one look at her and almost swooned.

Here was box-office!

So he thought and so he said.

OUT of nothing he took a girl, Carman Barnes, who had written a novel called "School Girl," and announced to a palpitating world that she was star material. Yards and yards and yards of publicity was written about her. Until it occurred to someone that it was time to take a test of Carman.

The child had never been before a camera in all her life. The test was a flop.

They coached her. They tested her. They took millions of pictures of her. And the publicity went on and on.

By this time Paramount was frantic. Other executives couldn't see as much in Carman as her discoverer had seen. Paramount couldn't stop the publicity any more if it would. It would have been like commanding the waves of the sea to stop.

Carman was christened "the by and with" girl. She was to be the first girl in movie history who was going to write a novel and then star in it herself.

Paramount didn't like the novel she wrote. So it announced it was going to star her in something else instead. It kept announcing pictures in which Carman was going to appear, but when those pictures were cast, lo, Carman's name never led the rest. In fact, it never appeared in any of them. Finally, when option time came round, Paramount let Carman go with a dull thud. Under contract for about six months, she had never made a single picture for them. And she was drawing about $1000 a week!

Paramount has been a little luckier with Peggy Shannon, though it started off on the wrong foot by labeling her a second Clara Bow. Paramount tried to star Peggy in "The Secret Call," but the fans wouldn't have it.

Peggy, at least, has made a few pictures, unlike the luckless Carman Barnes; but recently she became dissatisfied with her rôles, and she and Paramount got together and decided to let her contract go. Peggy is now free-lancing.

Paramount, however, has had better breaks with Sylvia Sidney and Miriam Hopkins, who are both potential stars.

IT'S a great game—trying to figure out what is going to happen at the box-office. No one knows for certain, and yet there's a certain amount of justice in the end. You pay your money to see certain stars in good stories intelligently directed, and in the long run it's the stars, the directors, the writers and the executives who give you what you want who get your movie money.

Actual photograph of Miss Ruth Tonnberg after and before using VANKAI Wave Set

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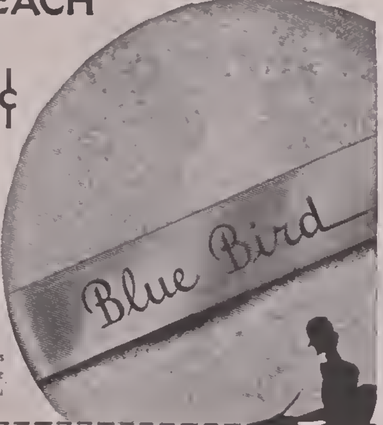
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Up From the East Side

(*Continued from page 14*)

see boys of ten and twelve cockeyed drunk! Gang wars were constant . . .

You see, every street had its gang. There was the 96th Street gang, the 79th Street gang, and so on. Sometimes there was more than one gang to a street—the up-the-street gang and the down-the-street gang. And one gang'd start raiding the other's territory. That's when heads were cracked and noses broken.

Up one side of 96th, when I lived there, were a row of rickety tenements, where very poor families existed; on the other side, a row of brownstone fronts, where the "well-to-do" people lived—families of men who held "big" jobs like bookkeeper or clerk or something like that. Or the "shabby genteel" folk, who used to have to stay indoors all day Sundays, because they didn't have any Sunday clothes to wear . . .

It was on 96th Street that I had a playmate by the name of Peter Heslin. Have you ever read the book, "Third Degree"?

(Jimmy reads omnivorously. Characteristic of the type he represents—the type that has pulled itself up by the bootstraps from the lower levels of big-city life—he reads much, and invariably of the "best" books—classics, biographies, such.)

Well, Peter Heslin is the "hero" of the book. After I'd moved out of the neighborhood again, Peter, with whom I used to sit side by side in school, and who was as Irish as I am, killed a cop. The cop walked in at the wrong time while Peter was sticking up five Italians who'd just come out of a gambling club on 102nd Street. Peter banged away with his two guns, and the cop fell dead. What happened to Peter after that is a classic example of the brutalities of the famous "third degree" of the old police system.

I remember another playmate I used to have—when I was about seven or eight. He was a Jewish boy by the name of "Moishie" Weisslitz. He used to steal his father's cigars and smoke them. I never smoked. Still don't. But Moishie loved those fat cigars of his father's . . . ! Lots of other kids went in for smoking, too. It made them "men," you see. If they couldn't get cigarettes by hook or crook—literally—then they'd roll up tissue paper in long spills, and smoke that—just tissue paper! Once a kid—he must have been "lousy rich"—went to the country for a week with his people, and came back and told us about how country kids used to smoke dried cornsilk in tissue paper. So I suppose we city kids weren't so much worse!

(It's a strange thing, isn't it? that Jimmy Cagney, east-side-bred offspring of a saloonkeeper, should be both a non-smoker and a teetotaller!)

I was in more than one gang fight myself (Jimmy goes on reminiscing)—but the first I seem to remember is when I was around fifteen. I was one of the 79th Street gang, and one day some of the other kids came up to our flat and got me. The 77th Street gang was invading our block, and that meant only one thing—fight!

Down I went, picking up a club on the way, and I waded right into the mob, swinging right and left. A bunch of the 77th Streeters followed me and stopped me right in the middle of the street with a nice red brick. That's all I remembered of that particular fight. I went out cold. Two of my ribs were broken by that brick—but we didn't go to hospitals in those days. All that resulted was that I didn't breathe so well for about a week. As a matter of fact, I've still got the effects of that brick—the broken ribs never did knit together properly.

This is the very first still of Garbo in "Grand Hotel," wherein she plays a ballet dancer. What about her feet, fans are asking? Movie Mirror rises to remark that for a woman as tall as Garbo size sevens don't seem so big. And besides, no matter what size they were, we'd like to be in Greta's shoes at any time

We shot craps, too, and I remember some of the names of the fellows that used to be in those games—there was "Gig," who was called that because his name was Gilligan; "Ginger," because his hair was red; "Pete the Swede," "Rummy Nudge," and "Cannon." "Cannon" must have been the first gunman I really personally contacted.

As regular as were the crap games, just so regular were the raids. The police patrol would come along, and those players who weren't fast enough would be carted off to the station.

I suppose all this sounds as though these characters I'm telling about were just 100 per cent bad. But that isn't so . . .

You see, they were up against this: they had never learned fear. From childhood, they had learned to fight. They were full of animal spirits, vitality, courage. In a different environment, it would have worked itself out through other outlets; but where they were, they had to work it out in fighting, in gang battles. The same qualities that you admired when an American doughboy manifested them in battle over there were the qualities that made these kids and gangsters what they were on the east side in those days. Mighty few of them have gone wrong; the wonder isn't that they have; the wonder is that they haven't!

In my early teens, my mother took very ill. We had to move, the doctor said—had to get her out of the densely-packed city. So we moved to "the country"—to Ridgewood, Long Island. That's a laugh, now. Ridgewood is as closely built up as is New York city.

Well, we hadn't been in Long Island for forty-eight hours when our doorbell rang, and there was my brother Harry with a big boy. "Here," said Harry, "I gotta kid for you to fight."

This kid was the champion of the neighborhood, and since I was a new kid, I had to stand up against him. That was the code, and there was nothing else. So we went out and fought. His name was Marty, and he was the tough guy of the district.

I gave him a shellacking. From then on, I had no trouble with Marty—or any other kid there.

Well, for a few years, my life was just plain ordinary—like the lives of countless thousands of other boys. I played awhile on a semi-pro baseball team—our second baseman was Mickey Finn, now on the Brooklyn National League team. I was the catcher.

I went to school—graduated to Stuyvesant High School. You see, we moved back into New York after a little while on Long Island. My mother grew better, you see, and we moved back closer to my father's saloon.

It was in Stuyvesant High that I learned to talk Yiddish . . .

I still correspond with the boy who taught me Yiddish; he's a business man in New York now. You see, I didn't learn it as part of my school curriculum. I studied German. About 90 per cent of my fellow students were Jewish—and this one I referred to was a friend of mine. He used to teach me the Yiddish equivalent of the German words I learned in school. I remember the Yiddish, but can't remember much of the German any more.

Well, like any other kid in my circumstances, I had to go to work when I got into my middle teens. We had a big family—and every added dollar income was not alone welcome, it was mighty near necessary. So at 14, I got a job—as errand boy on the New York Sun.

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PETROLIN

Up From the East Side

(*Continued from page* 103)

It paid very little, so when I got a chance to be a bundle wrapper in Wanamaker's big department store—in the silver department, at $16 a week—I jumped at it. I don't know how many bundles I wrapped, but there were plenty. I never want to wrap another bundle as long as I live—but I could if I had to do it again, to make a living.

It was from bundle-wrapping at Wanamaker's that I made the step into acting.

My first acting job was as a chorus *girl . . . !* A red-haired chorus *girl*—and say, did I get into fights over *that!!!*

You see, I was getting $16 a week, but I was for doing anything that'd get me more money. We needed it at home. So when a fellow I worked with told me he could get me a job in a vaudeville act, I asked him: "What's it worth?"

"Twenty-five a week," he said, "if you want to do it."

It nearly knocked me silly. Twenty-five a week was big money. It nearly took my breath away, I tell you.

"Sure I'll do it," I said; "tell me where and how."

So he did. He introduced me to a group of fellows who were teamed up in one of those female impersonation acts—there were twelve of us in the chorus—six boys, six "girls." They gave me a red wig and a funny skirt and made me one of the girls.

We opened in Philadelphia, at Nixon's 52nd street theatre . . . And the very first week, I had to shellack a stage electrician who went on the make for me! I tell you, that red wig and that skirt gave me a lot of trouble. . . . !

But the act lasted ten weeks—and $25 a week for ten weeks was good money, even though my parents never did approve of their red-headed son being a chorus girl! So when the act finally "folded," they undertook to reform me. It wasn't that they had any objections to my going on the stage—but they were a bit shy of the chorus-girl stuff. "That's not acting," was the way my father put it; "that's just being a clown!" He couldn't see any Cagney being a clown.

My dad was a great fellow. He was a fine father—but a rough and ready one. The old school, you know. No kid gloves—why, you couldn't have handled a red-headed Irishman with kid gloves! Remember that line I speak in "Taxi"—where I say, "Shut up, or I'll knock your nose around to your ear!" Well, I couldn't help thinking of my father when I spoke that line. I heard him say that lots of times.

Anyway, having decided to reform me, my father got me a job on Broad street, in a curb broker's office. I started as a runner at sixteen a week, and later graduated to being a signalman. That's what they call the fellow who stands in an upstairs window, over the curb market, with a set of head telephones on, getting and transmitting orders to the man in the street through a system of finger-and-hand signals, like the deaf-and-dumb language. I held onto that job till I got fed up one day. . . .

I'd been reading Romain Rolland's *Jean Christophe* just before the gong sounded for the beginning of the day's trading. I hated to lay down the book and go to work. But I did—and slammed it down and my iron derby on top of it. I wore a derby in those days—even though my pants were out at the seat!

(You don't have to believe this, but there was the shine of a tear in Jimmy's eye as he told of that—with a sort of shamefaced grin. "A derby—and a hole in my pants," he repeated, more to himself than to me. "Family broke, two brothers in school and a baby sister to feed—my father had died.")

Well, right as the market opened, and I was still sore at having to close my book, some customer called up for a quotation on some oil stock. The order came over my earphones and I signalled to the boy in the street. He popped into the crowd and vanished—and I waited, while the boss at the other end of the line rode me for quick action. Finally he got tired of waiting and put the big boss on. The big boss started to cuss me out. "Hurry up, you so-and-so . . ." he began. That burned me up. "Listen," I yelled back at him, "you big so-and-so whatchumaycallit, you can take your job and . . ."

Well, I used a lot of words and ideas I'd picked up in my earlier experiences, and I figured he wouldn't like it. So I didn't wait to see whether he would or not. I took off the earphones, picked up my *Jean Christophe*, slapped my iron hat on my head, and walked out.

And next week I got a job as chorus boy in the musical comedy "Pitter Patter." At $35 a week. Boy, were we rolling in wealth with *that . . . !!!* And in a little while, I also got the additional work of being dresser to the leading man, for $15 a week more—and that made $50 a week, and we were *millionaires . . . !!!* Where else could a kid like me get fifty a week in those days?

I don't know how it was that I was so handy with my feet. I seemed to learn any step pretty easily—and I never had any trouble being in the chorus line. Once, though, I was having some grief, in my very first stage days, with a particularly tricky step. The dancemaster came over to give me a personal demonstration. I tried to follow his lead, failed again and again at one step. He exploded, in final desperation: "For a good dancer, you're the dumbest I ever saw!" But he did say "for a *good* dancer"—so I must have been just a "natural" hoofer—because I never took a dancing lesson of any kind in my life.

He was just a hoofer and pretty homely and little did the kid from Avenue D suppose that one day he was to be a star in Hollywood. A lot of things lay ahead of Jimmy Cagney before that came about, however. Romance, for one thing. You'll read all about Jimmy's real love and his adventures in Hollywood in the next issue of Movie Mirror, on sale where you bought this copy, on April fifth. Don't miss it

When Hollywood Goes on the Air

(*Continued from page* 17)

Thelma didn't. It was a chiropractor's delight! The only ornament Thelma wore was a diamond-and-emerald clasp, caught to one shoulder strap. Effective was her corsage of lilies-of-the-valley, silver-ribbon-tied.

Jimmy Grier's orchestra was playing again. Radio stars Loyce Whiteman, striking girl, and little Don Novis, who can croon some, did their stuff. Maureen was called to the mike, and told radio fans how glad she was to greet them. Thelma Todd put on a swell swanky accent when she said hello through the ether. Bert Wheeler got up and said he was sorry Bob Woolsey wasn't there, but anyway, he had some sort of agreement that whenever he spoke publicly in Woolsey's absence, he was to mention Bob's name at least three times.

"So Woolsey Woolsey Woolsey," concluded Bert, "and I hope that satisfies him!"

Altogether, the broadcast lasted an hour—music, stars, and all. And then the real party got under way—but not until Bert had hurried home and put on his dinner jacket and come back, so everybody could see he had one.

A big table was reserved in the famous Cocoanut Grove—and there they had dinner. Chef Bassetti knows his onions—and a lot of other things to eat. And here's the menu the broadcasters had:

Hot and cold Assorted Hors d'Oeuvres ("some of them there things," Bert called them); then grapefruit and avocado "supreme," (which is slices of grapefruit and avocado, with French dressing); celery and mixed olives; strained chicken gumbo (and any chicken might have been proud to have been gumboed for that merry party!) with cheese sticks. Then came Chef Bassetti's pride—filet of sanddabs with almond butter. What a dish! Followed by another course—potatoes olivette, and broiled filet mignon (who said movie stars have to diet?), with sauce bearnaise (which has onions and chives and such things in it, to prove that Bassetti knows his onions). Then came for dessert bombe glaces, which is just a trick way of dressing up swell ice cream, with wafers and petits fours (which is just a snooty way of saying small cakes) and demitasse. . . .

After all that food those who were able danced. And from then on, it developed into one of those Cocoanut Grove parties—for what may start as just one table in the Grove usually develops into a manifestation of Who's Who in Movieland. The stars love the Cocoanut Grove, and this night was no exception to the rule that "you're liable to find almost every star and any star in the Grove any night."

Who was there? Well, on these pages you'll find some informal camera shots that were made in the Grove. Look 'em over, and see for yourself.

And now, the next time you tune in on one of Lucky's Hollywood nights, you'll maybe have a better eye-picture of what it's like. Or will you?

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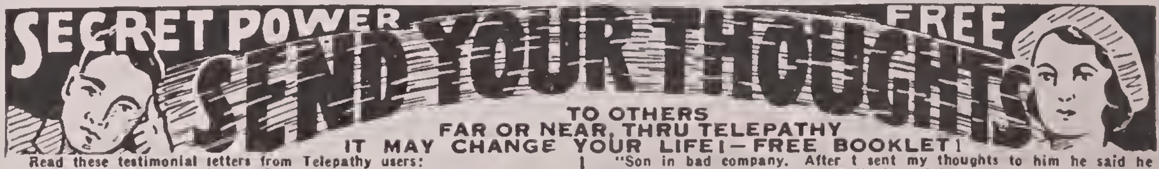

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"The man of whom we bought home changed his mind about foreclosing. He hardly knows why, but we do."—New Baltimore, Mich.

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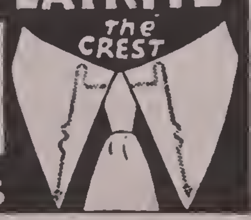

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Irene Dunne's pooch—he's a wire-haired named "Ruff"—has a stucco bungalow of his own in the back yard of Irene's Hollywood home. The doghouse has an exterior finish and red-tiled roof just like the Dunne house itself. Lucky dog!

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 67*)

rôle, for this was his last work, gives a finely sympathetic portrayal of the part of the husband.

Now let's see if her new Warner contract can pull Chatterton out of the slump.

✓ The Man I Killed (Paramount)

You'll See: *Lionel Barrymore, Nancy Carroll, Phillips Holmes, ZaSu Pitts, Lucien Littlefield, Louise Carter.*

It's About: *A young French soldier, haunted by memory of killing a German lad, goes to that German's home to make amends.*

The Locale: *A small German town, just at war's end.*

Translating psychological processes into motion pictures is no easy task. Here, master-craftsman Ernst Lubitsch tries his hand at it, with the advantage that he's working in a setting easily familiar to him—a German village. Naturally, you expect some superlative Lubitsch touches of direction. You'll not be disappointed; there are tiny things in this that are utterly magnificent. But you will be disappointed that there are so few light touches to the picture.

Magnificent are the settings, photography. Splendid is Lionel Barrymore's portrayal of a bereaved German father. Louise Carter, of whom you've probably not heard before, is great as the mother. And Nancy Carroll, Irish girl, does fine work as a German fraulein, believe it or not. That leaves the other principal—Phillips Holmes. It's too bad he had to overact his rôle! Yet what might have been a really great talkie is just a good one.

The Man Who Dared (Columbia)

You'll See: *Jack Holt, Boris Karloff, Constance Cummings, Bertha Mann, Claude King.*

It's About: *Holt of the Secret Service puts a gang of dope-smugglers on the spot—but not until there's mystery, suspense, thrills, horror, near-death.*

Here's a good old-time melodrama that drags in all sorts of things—the secret service man who goes to prison to get his "dope" on the dope gang; airplane smuggling; the fiendish surgeon who murders people on the operating table; the beautiful but brave gal who saves the hero in the nick of time. . . .

Oh, it's hair-raising stuff in spots—the sort of thing you want to hiss and cheer about. The rôle of the secret service man fits Holt nicely. And Karloff, as a villain, is—well, you know! Connie Cummings makes a swell heroine, too.

With its steady speed, and its quota of surprises, "The Man Who Dared" will give you an exciting hour, anyway.

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✓ Steady Company (Universal)

You'll See: *June Clyde, Norman Foster, ZaSu Pitts, Henry Armetta, J. Farrell MacDonald, Maurice Black.*

It's About: *An ambitious truck driver, who aspires to win both the heavyweight championship and a lovely blonde. He makes 50 percent of the grade.*

With "all-star" pictures getting thicker than a supervisor's head, it's not at all unpleasant to report that here's a "non-star" picture that's fine entertainment. You wouldn't call Foster, Clyde, Pitts, Armetta stars—but you can't deny, after seeing this, that they're all good actors.

While the story's leads are Foster and Clyde, it's really Pitts and Armetta, two sure-fire laugh-grabbers, who steal top honors in this. Armetta, that sorely-harassed "wop" of many a film, is superb in his same characterization herein. Pitts—well, she's *always* there!

June Clyde proves herself a keen little dramatic actress, which she did once before in "Mad Parade"—so thoroughly they had to cut her stuff so bigger-named players wouldn't feel hurt! And Foster is, as usual, engaging as the truck driver who wants to be a fight champ, but gets kayoed.

"Steady Company" won't be in 1932's best ten, but you'll enjoy it thoroughly.

✓ Murders in the Rue Morgue (Universal)

You'll See: *Bela Lugosi, Sidney Fox, Leon Waycoff, Bert Roach.*

It's About: *A madman who would blend the blood of an ape and a white girl —and the murders and horrors that result.*

The Locale: *Paris, in the middle of the 19th century.*

More grisly stuff from Junior Laemmle's shock-factory! It starts with murder, screams, horror, and continues the same dosage through the full footage. This time, it's not a man-monster who menaces the poor victims, as in "Frankenstein"; this time it's a tooth-baring ingagi whose clutching hand and foul intentions mess up the story.

As a horror-striker, Bela Lugosi functions perfectly again. Sidney Fox is a lovely heroine, who is replaced by a very stiff-necked dummy when she's carried over rooftops by the ape. The program doesn't list who was in the monkey-skin, but his work was satisfactorily terrifying. Settings and camerawork, in keeping with the gruesome spirit, technically fine.

Freaks (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Wallace Ford, Leila Hyams, Olga Baclanova, Rosco Ates, Henry Victor, and the most amazing collection of more-or-less human monstrosities ever gathered together!*

It's About: *The horribly warped private lives of a band of circus freaks, and their reaction to the abnormal cruelties of "normal" people.*

The Locale: *A traveling circus.*

It's no reviewer's business to tell *you* what you ought to see or like, and what

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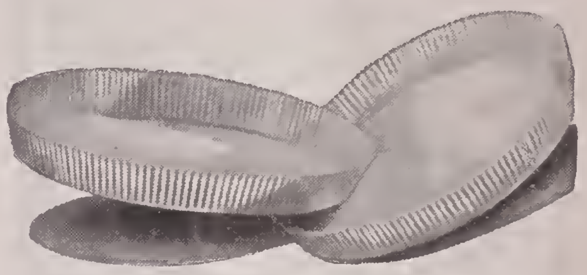

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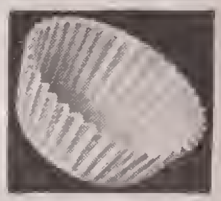

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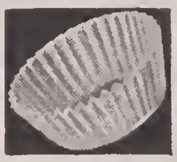

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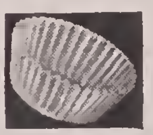

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you oughtn't; that's *your* business. But certainly this reviewer can tell you that in this amazing picture is packed more *real* horror than in all the other "horror-films" put together. You see, in "Freaks," the horror is honest because the actors are those horribly deformed (mentally, too) creatures you pay a dime to stare at in sideshows.

More, "Freaks" tells a morbid tale of these monstrosities' revenge on a beautiful but beastly woman who tries to kill the midget she's married for his money, and on her lover—a circus strong man.

This is true: "Freaks" is as "different" a picture as you can ever ask to see. Its entertainment value is purely a matter of individual reaction—certain it is that many people will walk out on it; many will hail it as "great." The "comedy relief" for the main theme is the sort of stuff that depends on cracks about Rosco Ates being the husband of one of the Siamese twins.

Prestige (RKO-Pathé)

You'll See: *Ann Harding, Melvyn Douglas, Adolphe Menjou, Guy Bates Post, Ian MacLaren, Clarence Muse, Carmelita Geraghty.*

It's About: *Two men's love for one woman, and what happens to the triangle when tropical deviltry gets into their blood.*

Poor Ann Harding! Before she started this one, she begged to be released—even offered to let the producers suspend her without pay rather than play the rôle. They told her she had to do it. She did. The result vindicates her—but what satisfaction that gives her is outweighed by the fact that "Prestige" won't help her career any.

It's a pretty weakly melodramatic story, which is never even a bit believable—although, in justice, one must give credit to some great photography, and a few effective sequences. But these don't save the picture from being just another of those things! Menjou, Douglas, are French army officers, in love with Harding. Assigned to the tropics, Douglas hits booze, goes bad. Menjou dirty-works his way between him and Ann, who has married Douglas. But a servant murders Menjou, and Douglas reforms. Ho, hum.

Pathé spent a lot of money on this. But why?

No One Man (Paramount)

You'll See: *Carole Lombard, Ricardo Cortez, Paul Lukas, George Barbier, Juliette Compton, Virginia Hammond.*

It's About: *The theory that "no one man can satisfy the modern woman."*

The Locale: *Oh, just 1932 . . . and "society."*

Well anyway, as a fashion spectacle, this'll be an eye-thriller for many a feminine filmgoer. Such gorgeous clothes have rarely been screened. But as *moving* picture entertainment,—well, that's another matter again. It's one of those very talky things, with countless words, more or less interesting, about marriage and that sort of thing.

It seems the heroine is divorcing one man, being in love with another. Trouble is, the one she's in love with is two-timing her, and that peeves her, so she decides to marry still a third. Then it gets all mixed up.

Carole is quite lovely; Riccy Cortez quite the devil; Paul Lukas quite the gentleman. Just another society love-life sexposition, à la cinema.

Cheaters at Play (Fox)

You'll See: *Charlotte Greenwood, Thomas Meighan, William Bakewell, Barbara Weeks, Linda Watkins, Ralph Morgan, James Kirkwood.*

It's About: *Crooked work and other kinds of funny business aboard a big steamship.*

The Locale: *On an ocean liner.*

Fox seems to like these pictures which take place on a steamer at sea. There was "Transatlantic"; now this one follows. Again, it has to do with big-time thievery, racketeering, gangsterism. But although the central plot concerns an ex-crook, an ex-police chief, and the reformed crook's long-lost son, the real honors of the picture go to the comedy work of long-legged Charlotte Greenwood. She steals the show, and it's a good thing—for without her comicking, it might have been quite thoroughly dull.

Meighan and Bakewell, as father and son, and Barbara Weeks as the love interest, do what they can with a not-so-hot story. Crook stuff has to be better than good these days to compete; this hardly makes the grade. Sum it up: the greenwoody laughs and some really excellent dialogue save the picture, make it fairish entertainment.

✓ The Deceiver (Columbia)

You'll See: *Ian Keith, Lloyd Hughes, Dorothy Sebastian, Greta Granstedt, Natalie Moorhead, Richard Tucker, DeWitt Jennings.*

It's About *How a blackmailing villain gets thoroughly killed for his dirty work, and how the mystery of who-did-it is solved.*

Yes, this is another of the current plethora of murder-mystery films, but it's so far above the average that even if you can't be bothered with most of them, you oughtn't to miss this one. Because it'll grip you, it'll thrill you, it'll amuse you, it'll entertain you. What more do you want when you give the box-office blonde your money?

Ian Keith is a matinée idol who has a way with women, and then cashes in on it. There are quite a few of them mixed up in this bit of his career—but someone of the many who'd like to kill him succeeds in doing it. So in come the police, and then there's plenty of action right up to the very finish.

Superb characterizations, clever direction, fine photography make this one a screen tale well worth the seeing.

The Struggle (United Artists)

You'll See: *Hal Skelly, Zita Johann, Charlotte Wynters.*

It's About: *The evils of Prohibition, drink, etc.*

This is a warning, not a review. It rarely happens in one's movie-going that one sees a picture so bad that there is *nothing* to commend about it. Yet it would be an optimistic movie-goer who would see any reason, plan, direction or anything else about this. For screen technique and photography it goes back to the old Biograph days. D. W. Griffith, director, should have known better. Supposedly it exposes the evils of Prohibition; and a mighty drama might have been built around that, but actually it deals with the evils of the demon rum, and might just as well have been produced ten years ago as today. You'll do either one of two things if it happens to be your fate to see this: either walk out on it or giggle at all the serious passages—the wife waiting by the window for her husband to come home, the husband chasing his little daughter all around in a drunken fit, etc.

Tex Takes a Holiday (Argosy)

(*All in Multicolor*)

You'll See: *Virginia Brown Faire, Wallace MacDonald, Sheldon Lewis.*

It's About: *Deep villainy in the cow country.*

Wonder how a lot of people feel when what they thought was going to be a heavy melodrama turns out to be a riotous comedy? Like this one.

Remember the old ten-twent-thirt stuff? Where you cheered the hero, hissed the heavy? This is like that. If you've got a sense of humor, you'll enjoy it. If you try to take it straight, you'll get spots before your eyes or something.

Without Honor (Supreme)

You'll See: *Harry Carey, Mae Busch, Mary Jane Irving.*

It's About: *An altruistic "bad man" of the open spaces, who really does good and is duly rewarded.*

Harry Carey returns to westerns, after excursions into African fields, and does himself proud. More westerns like this will make westerns more popular, less a joke.

The story tells how Carey avenges a swindled widow, gets her back the property she's been defrauded of. Love repays him for his efforts.

The Local Bad Man (Allied)

You'll See: *Hoot Gibson, Sally Blane, and a competent cast of "westerners."*

It's About: *How an honest ranch owner foils the dastardly villains who try to frame him for a train robbery.*

The Locale: *Them thar wide open spaces, stranger!*

You know the hootgibson formula: Hoot is the golden-hearted feller who, somehow, gets suspected of all sorts of western hellishness because some cursed villains try to pin on him the guilt for their own crime. But does he foil 'em? *Does* he . . . ! ! ! And does he win the be—oo—tiful heroine . . . ? *Does* he . . . ! ! !

This one sticks to the recipe, with a train robbery as the crime and Sally Blane as the gal. It's acceptable, entertaining, not infrequently downright exciting.

And what grand movie sets Old Lady Nature builds!

The Night Beat (Action Pictures)

You'll See: *Jack Mulhall, Walter McGrail, Patsy Ruth Miller.*

It's About: *Gangsters vs. police.*

The Colt, Remington and Union Metallic Cartridge factories will certainly go into a decline when this era of gang-and-murder films comes to an end! Here's another one that uses up an arsenal-ful of guns and ammunition before virtue triumphs and the bad, bad gangsters get their just deserts. There are two heroes—No. 1, the gangster who turns cop and cleans up the city but loses his life; No. 2, the District Attorney who wins the heroine. You know all the rest.

Zane Grey in the South Seas (Lesser)

Here's a camera record of Author Grey's south seas meanderings, with an off-screen lecture that tells you all about the strange and thrilling things you're seeing on the screen.

It lacks the humor and trick stuff of Doug Fairbanks' travel picture, but it makes up for it, in one sequence at least, with thrills. That's the part that shows Zane Grey's battle with a swordfish.

Much of the film deals with the author's fishing adventures; he's one of the world's most famous anglers. The rest of it shows south sea island scenes, including bevies of dusky belles in their native attire—or lack.

The Lost Squadron (Radio)

You'll See: *Richard Dix, Robert Armstrong, Joel McCrea, Dorothy Jordan, Mary Astor, Hugh Herbert.*

It's About: *Stunt flyers in the movies.*

The Locale: *Hollywood itself, b'gosh.*

This is a "different" kind of aviation thriller in that it's a story of the Hollywood stunt flying misadventures of three ex-war-aces played by Richard (chin-jutter) Dix, Bob Armstrong and Joel McCrea. Having pledged "one for all and all for one," they go to work for a mad director who to get a thrill pours acid on the control wires of one of the planes.

How the two survivors avenge the resultant death of their buddy makes a thrilling finale—with a good measure of love interest added by cute Dorothy Jordan and lovely Mary Astor. Hugh Herbert as the ex-sergeant who sticks to the flying trio will get all your laughs and Erich Von Stroheim will get your hisses as the villain.

There are three thrilling crashes and some fair stunt flying—but after the flying films you've seen, you won't find anything very new along that line in this except when Hollywood's ace airstunter, Dick Grace, dives a plane headlong into the ocean. Still and all, it's an entertaining swift movie and that's saying quite a bit.

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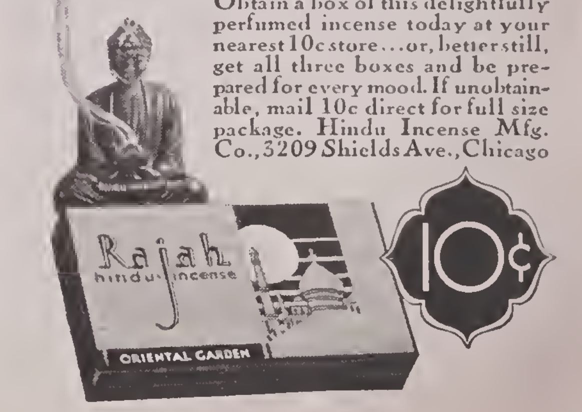

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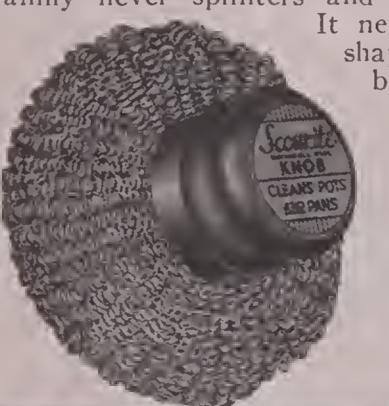

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The Untold Chapters in Marie Dressler's Life

(*Continued from page 23*)

These inspired Marie with a life-long ambition to do some good in the world.

So fanatical a desire was this that Marie went out and got her first job when she was just thirteen years old. It was clerking in a dry-goods store. The job only lasted a day and a half.

"The trouble was I was behind the counter," Marie explains dryly. "If they had made me manager of the store, or given me an executive position of some kind, I'd have made good. I was born to boss."

Born to boss? Born to work, maybe. Born to take the bull by the horns and get things done—whether this be earning a living, supporting her parents, helping friends get jobs, or selling war bonds.

Actually, Marie was born red-headed, long-limbed and big-boned. She grew very fast into a lanky, awkward tomboy girl.

Her father, with his love of the beautiful, gave his adoration to her older sister, who was the Dresden Doll type. At an early age, Marie gained the impression that she was homely, ungainly, unbeautiful. This—what we would now call an inferiority complex—stayed with her through the years.

I don't imagine she was any more awkward, any more unbeautiful than thousands of little girls. But the overwhelming feeling of inferiority given her by her sister's perfect features, her father's admiration of that sister, nurtured a belief that grew so strong it has influenced her whole life. So strong that when she learned as a child she could make people laugh by doing clumsy things, she insisted upon building up the awkward complex until others as well as herself took it for granted.

Mind you, I am not saying that Marie Dressler ever had Venus-like qualities of face or figure, but I do believe she has deliberately—perhaps because of impressions received in childhood, perhaps because she believes in others rather than herself—cultivated awkward, grotesque qualities.

There are no pictures of her as a little girl. But many of her sister. On one occasion, a visitor thumbing through the Dressler family album said, "Why, Marie, where are you?"

"Right there," answered Marie, pointing to a picture showing a lovely little girl holding the rope to what probably was a sled if it had shown in the picture. "I'm on the sled." Marie was always on the sled when pictures were taken when she was young. It was not until later that she jumped off the sled and showed up in such as "The Callahans and the Murphys" and "Anna Christie" and "Emma" and the rest.

Probably because Marie never had any formal education—she went to school for a few short months in Chatham, Canada—she is the broad-minded, varied-interest woman of today. Her mother, who taught Marie to read and write at home, told Marie when the latter left home to go touring with a cheap stock company:

"My dear, you've never had much education and you know nothing except the little things I have taught you. You will have to meet people of all classes and you must equip yourself for many contacts because from contacts come growth. I want you to promise me that every morning of your life you will purchase the best newspaper in town and at least read the headlines. If you know what is going on in the world you will never be caught napping and at least you cannot help having something to say."

Marie never missed a morning. And she has had plenty to say always.

Marie's first venture into theatricals was not on the road. It was in a Thanksgiving Eve church tableau, as the goddess of plenty. As the curtain was drawn back to reveal the "goddess of plenty," alias Leila Koerber, alias Marie Dressler, the goddess fell kaplunk off her pedestal.

Shortly after this and shortly after the dry-goods store venture, she gained a job with a cheap stock company run by a brother of Emma Nevada. She was only fourteen years old. Her mother hated to let Marie leave home, but it seemed like an opportunity not to be found in the itinerant life of the Koerbers. Marie? She was joyful that at last she had a chance to help financially.

I'll skip the episodes of those early trouping days. Every actress worth her salt in the old days went through them. She was stranded in this town and that, lost out on salary, lost rôles, played everything in repertoire, learned how to "troupe." You may find all of this, if you want, in Marie's own book, "The Life Story of an Ugly Duckling." Old show names, etc.

Worth commenting on, however, was her meeting with and association with the Maurice Barrymore troupe. It was Maurice, father of John, Lionel, Ethel, who told her she should devote her talents to comedy. It was a great blow, in one sense of the word, for deep down in her heart Marie, despite her penchant for falls and clowning, cherished the ambition to become a great tragedienne.

In due time, she arrived in New York. She was featured with Weber and Fields, with May Templeton, Lillian Russell and others of the great of days gone by.

Her friendship with Lillian Russell was one of the great ones of her life. All her friendships have been great. But they used to call Lillian and Marie "Beauty and the Beasty." They bicycled for exercise around the New York reservoir.

During one of those "in-between" times in New York, something happened which points Marie's philosophy of life—service to others. She had just finished an engagement at the Amsterdam Roof. There was money in the bank, nothing particular to worry about.

A friend who was down and out came to call one day. While the two were sitting talking, the telephone rang. It was a vaudeville booking agent with an offer of a job for Marie. "Sorry," she replied, "not interested now."

"My," said the friend, when Marie came back, "I'd do anything to get an offer of a job. All I've got to my name is this shirtwaist and skirt."

Marie wheeled back to the telephone.

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"Say, I'll take that job if you'll make it a double," she said. And thus was born the skit, "Twenty Minutes in Shirtwaists." It was a tremendous success and proved to Marie, or so she insists, that every time she tried to do anything for herself, it failed. And every time she tried to do something for someone else, it turned out a success.

Along with prosperity, came the opportunity to bring her parents to New York. She established them first on Long Island, at Bayside, L. I. And commuted home night after night, long hours on the train that she might be with the mother she adored. She supported her mother and father for eighteen years.

One of the least-written chapters of her life is that of her marriage. She never talks about it. She won't be interviewed about it. It is a closed chapter as far as she is concerned. Because I presume it represents to her heights of her life, heights of human living, loving, sacrificing, romance, tragedy, sorrow, joy, service.

On a trip to Europe, after she had become a success, she met on the boat a handsome, dashing, brilliant man named John H. Dalton. He was a Bostonian, I am told. Of fine family, a flashing mind and winning personality. He was tall and big like Marie. They looked well together. A splendid couple.

Marie fell in love with him. They were together for seventeen years. A lawyer by profession, he devoted his life to Marie, became her manager, traveled all over the country with her.

In the later years of his life, he became an invalid. But still he traveled with Marie. When she was appearing in vaudeville, he used to be wheeled into the wings of the theatres in which she was appearing that he might watch her act. Then back to her dressing room. She never left him.

As he grew older and sicker, he lost much of the merriness and the care-free attitude which had made the early years of their life together so much fun. At times, he was very cross.

But Marie never noticed, nor would she let her friends take notice. A friend went to call on them on the occasion of one vaudeville appearance. The dressing room door was closed. Within, she could hear Dalton's voice. He was cross. He was barking at Marie while she soothed him.

In due time the door banged open and Marie with beaming countenance greeted the friend. Told some lively, amusing anecdote which she said John had just related. Making him appear gay and clever. Keeping him up.

When the war came along, she gave up everything to sell war bonds, to amuse the soldiers, to help in relief work. She figured that she had earned her share; now she could give some of it away.

At the close of the war, she was broke. A half million dollars saved went crash. For nine years, she fought to get back on the stage, to recoup the position she had blithely tossed away that she might be of some service to her country.

It was the beginning of Marie's great battle for the gray-haired, for the woman past middle age, a battle which was to lead her to greater triumphs and through bigger heart-breaks than she had ever known.

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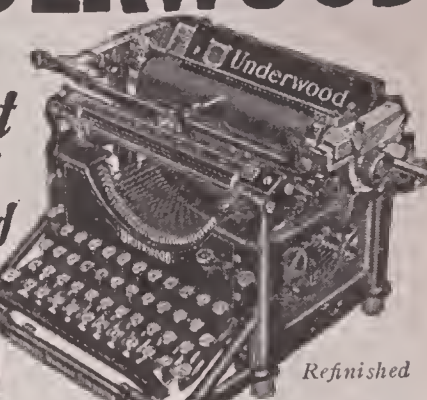

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What Do You Mean—Hard Luck?

(*Continued from page* 31)

suit her, she'd call me to her bedside and apply the switch.

"Her son wasn't a bad guy. He was a Holy Roller and once in awhile when the spirit moved him, used to roll around the wheat fields. I ran away from there and never did go back to the orphanage.

"I finally landed in Winnipeg and there I went on the stage. Me, just an undersized kid with no education (I never went to school), knowing nothing, but wanting to act! I was living in a pool hall, working at Molars Barber College, and ushering matinées at a theatre, across from the barbering emporium. I got a place to sleep at the pool hall for matching cues with fellows who came in, got paid for giving five-cent shaves and fifteen-cent haircuts to lumberjacks and farm hands, and a chance to watch the show at the theatre."

The late Theodore Roberts was the director and the star of the company at the theatre; Maude Fealy, now in Los Angeles running a theatrical school, was one of the performers.

Wally haunted the playhouse so that finally the night watchman gave him a second job, that of picking up programs after the performances. For this, he was permitted to sleep in the ladies' dressing room at night, which proved to have a much more comfortable couch than the pool hall.

IN due time the ambitious usher made an inauspicious début as an actor. Hearing that Roberts was about to produce "Under Two Flags," an old Civil War play, he stole the script from the office and pored over it to find that it called for six "march-on soldiers." He could play one of those parts, he was sure, and so he ran to Roberts with the idea.

"I suppose I was so enthusiastic that the old man, as kindly and sweet-natured a person as ever lived, let me do it. And oh, what a début for me! They gave us some old dirty uniforms—we were supposed to be worn, weary, footsore soldiers. That meant nothing to me. I wanted to look as bright and shining as possible, so I spent hours polishing up the buttons, cleaning the clothes. All this down in the night watchman's quarters. The big night came. I was there in my glory. What a shock the audience got to see me strut out and what a shock the other members of the cast had to see me so spick and span! That wasn't all. My gun caught in the door, I wheeled the wrong way, I heard the audience roar and decided I was a hit.

"The next day Roberts came to me—I can see now it hurt him terribly because I was so proud and enthusiastic—and told me I was fired. To make it easier he canned another guy, too, just reduced the number of soldiers to four so I wouldn't see anybody else playing my part."

Later, Roberts gave Wally a chance at something else and eventually Ford was playing bits. Then the war broke out. The theatre closed and Ford got other jobs.

He sold newspapers and shined shoes in the old MacLaren hotel, he was a bell boy in the Port Gary hotel, he worked in the Canadian railroad washing cars, in the mail order department of the Timothy Eaton department store. Like the Alger heroes, he did anything honest that came to hand.

In the pool hall, however, where he went back recurrently, he had already met the boy who was to give him the name he uses today and who was to become his greatest pal, Wallace Ford, happy-go-lucky, ingenious fellow from Council Bluffs, Iowa. Another pal of those days was "Pecper," who joined the Canadian army when the war broke out.

THE boy who was called Sammy Jones tried to join, but they wouldn't take him. "G'wan back to your mother and tell her to wash behind your ears," was all the satisfaction he gleaned from the recruiting office. He hated that because he wanted to be a grown-up.

Eventually the troops moved on. Winnipeg was fairly quiet. Wallace Ford, the first, who didn't have any war ambitions, suggested to Wallace Ford, the second, that they go bumming down into Iowa and see his mother. The first Wally taught our Wally how to ride the brakes, how to jump on and off moving trains, how to duck railway cops, how to make a Mulligan stew, how to pal with hoboes. And our Wally proved an apt pupil. Anything he did, it seems, he did well. Another Alger trait.

"As I look back that trip down from Winnipeg was a great adventure," today's Wally said. "He was a great chap, this pal of mine. Smart, likable, wouldn't do a lick of work if he could help it. We'd go into a town, work the least amount possible, get some money, and move on."

Coming out of Sioux City on the last leg of their trip, Wally Ford, the first, was killed. The two were riding the brake rods of a fast mail train. Wally, the first, lost his balance, dropped onto the tracks and was scrunched under the wheels of the train. It happened like a flash as the train was traveling some sixty-odd miles an hour. Wally the second, aghast, frightened, whimpering, clung on for dear life. At the first train stop, he rolled off, and tear-stained, shaken, found the house of a priest. Told him the tale and asked him what to do.

Together, they went to find Wally the first's mother, found her dying, told her her son was dead. "I asked her if I could have his name and she gave it to me with her blessing," Wally said.

"After that? Well I finally got into the navy in America. Then I played around the country. In St. Joe, Mo., in a Jewish stock company at Turtle Neck, Mo. Finally I got into Indianapolis, met Stuart Walker, who put me in '17.' I toured in that for more than a year. In the cast of this show I met a Mrs. May who mothered me. It was the first time in my life I had ever known anything like it. I loved her

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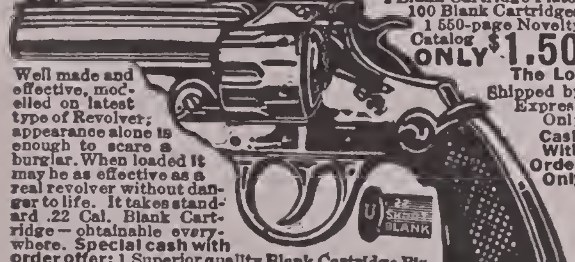

dearly and when the tour was over saw her as much as I could.

"In New York, eventually I got the part of Abie in 'Abie's Irish Rose,' and from then on have gone from rôle to rôle. There are too many of them to list."

It was in New York that Wally met the girl who was to become his wife and the mother of his small daughter, Pat. Sentimental, religious at heart, despite or perhaps because of his knock-about life, Ford became converted to the Catholic faith. "I thought I ought to join something and priests had always been swell to me," he explained.

ON the day of his confirmation as he was leaving the church, he bumped into a pretty girl. The priest just behind him smiled, introduced them. The girl was Martha Haworth, daughter of Joseph Haworth, famous actor and playwright. Today she is Mrs. Wallace Ford, wife of an up-and-coming young screen actor, mother of his daughter.

Some of the story that has just been set down was told to me casually at a chance luncheon meeting with Wally at the M-G-M commissary one day. Just as a bunch of yarns from Wally's past. Just because Wally likes to talk, is happiest when he is telling something dramatic, an incident of his own life, or enacting a scene from a play or picture script. Because he is alive, interested in everything that goes on about him, anything that happens to him.

HE had just received a birthday card from Una Merkel.

He showed it to me with a grin. "She used to play with me in a show and she still thinks my birthday is December 1st," he said. "Well, I don't suppose there are many people who can change birthdays. Nor can they drop years off their life like I did. I'm five years younger than I used to be. Yep! A Catholic priest, E. L. Ferger, editor of the Catholic Union and Standard of Buffalo, N. Y., traced down my parentage for me and discovered that.

"It took him seven years, and an awful lot of trouble. He finally got the right records and found that I was born on February 12, 1901. I always thought I was born December 12, 1896.

"I suppose that's why I had so much trouble getting into the army. They said I was undersized. As a matter of fact, I was really too young. I thought I was about five years older than I was. If they had let me join in Canada, I'd only've been thirteen or fourteen years old."

Some of the rest of the story was told one evening around the fire at the Ford home in Beverly Hills. For, after years of tramping, riding the rods, sleeping in pool halls, making a precarious living, coming up from nothing to something, Wally Ford is a Beverly Hills householder. He is in the movies. Still young, on the road to perhaps great success with a charming wife, a lovely daughter, he is enjoying the glow that comes to one who has accomplished.

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Reward Will Be Paid Everyone Who Submits Most Suitable Name

From Hollywood comes an extraordinary announcement. A movie actress is in need of a name, and $750.00 in cash will be paid for the best suggestion. You can give her yours, or any other name you think of, it may mean $750.00 to you.

This movie actress, whom you have probably seen on the screen of your favorite motion picture theatre, is the beautiful Helen Mann. Like most of the stars, she prefers to use a name other than her own, and in order to help her obtain it, $750.00 in cash is offered to anyone who is quick in sending in the name selected. Miss Mann's publicity director says, "Most any name may win." It may be your very own, a name of a friend or relative, or a coined name made up by you. This contest closes May 28, 1932, but readers are urged to send their suggestions for a name at once, because $250.00 extra will be given the winner if name is mailed within three days after this announcement is read. Just make it easy to pronounce and easy to remember. But send it right away, or you may be late for the promptness prize.

All entries must be sent to the Publicity Director's office, E. A. Williams, Studio 215-C, 1023 N. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood, California. Only one suggestion for a name should be submitted by each contestant. Everyone is invited to submit a name, and in case of ties, duplicate awards will be given. Officials say that any name may win the $750.00, even if submitted on a post card or scrap of paper. If you can use $750.00, here is an opportunity to get it. Send your suggestion at once.—

Master *or* Slave? Which is Marlene Dietrich?

YOU'VE read stories that told you Dietrich's director, Josef Von Sternberg, has an almost hypnotic power over this lovely star. The picture has been drawn of Dietrich that made her seem like a weak child in the hands of this powerful man.

Next month—in the May issue—Movie Mirror gives you the Truth of the most Amazing Situation in Hollywood. Do you feel that any woman as seductive, as fascinating as Marlene could be dominated by any man?

Find the answer in "The Strange Power of Marlene Dietrich" in the May Movie Mirror.

On sale in the Same Place Where you Bought This Issue of

MOVIE MIRROR

On April fifth

Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page 47*)

reconciliation didn't take . . . so wifie Bernice sues for divorce . . . and Bert is seen places in Hollywood with blondes, brunettes, redheads . . .

. . . Mitzi Green can't decide whom she's crazier about—Director Bill Seiter or Handkisser Ivan Lebedeff . . . or Jackie Cooper . . .

. . . Ruth (close-up) Chatterton denies again, (and again and again and again) that there's any trouble between her and hubby Ralph Forbes . . .

. . . Lew (still honeymooning) Ayres writes a love-ballad called "Blue Points" and dedicates it to Wifie Lola Lane . . .

. . . Duncan (Trader Horn) Renaldo gets his final decree of divorce after bitter and sensational court proceedings . . . and raises his hands to the heavens and swears: "Never again !!!" . . . "It costs only two dollars to get married, but ugh, ugh, how a divorce *does cost!"* . . .

. . . Frances Dee is whole-hearted and free again . . . that romance with Film-writer Joe Mankiewicz is off and cold . . . she'll probably pick a chap named Jones or Smith next, for comedy relief . . .

. . . up pop rumors that Jean (look!) Harlow was secretly married to Vaudevillian Teddy Joyce . . . and up pops Jean's mother and says it isn't so . . .

How to Be Famous

For many obscure moons, Alma has been just a nobody. She was (and still is) Greta Garbo's maid—and she was utterly lost as an individual. But Alma has had her moment. She got appendicitis —and went to the hospital and had the appendix out. And got her name in all the newspapers because Greta sent her flowers.

Oakie Thinks Fast

At a recent party, Jack Oakie was a guest. For a half hour, he dodged meeting another of the guests—a Hollywood hostess at whose party a few weeks before, Jack had scandalized some of the more prudish with one of his more oakie-ish jokes.

Finally, however, they came face to face.

"Mister Oakie—you were a bad, bad boy at my party. I ought to be very angry with you," chided the woman.

Jack leaned over quickly, kissed her hand lebedeffly, and said: "Yes'm; I'm sorry. This is Dr. Jekyll, apologizing for Mr. Hyde."

Why Wallace Beery Is Popular

None more popular in Hollywood than Wally Beery. Why?—because he never snubs or hi-hats those "common peepul" who recognize and hail him on the street. He signs autograph cards for newsboys, swaps hello's with truck drivers, shakes hands with conductors. . . .

Love Note

Remember Edna Best? She's the English actress, who turned down a chance to play a lead in a Hollywood picture last year because she'd have had to be away from her husband two or three months. Well, Edna's coming back to Hollywood, this time to stay. She'll make a picture, too. Reason: hubby Herbert Marshall's going with her.

How Those Rumors Start

Hollywood gasped the other day when it heard that Lillian Gish had filed suit for divorce. But lost all interest when it was further learned that the plaintiff wasn't the actress—nor even related. Which recalls that there is also a "Mary Pickford" and a "Nancy Carroll" living in Hollywood—not the actresses. But there's only one Garbo . . . !

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page 77*)

About the Gaynor-Farrell Team

People May Say

That Marlene Dietrich has legs; (We all Agree).

That Clark Gable resembles Valentino; (Some agree).

That Garbo should go back to Sweden; (We all have opinions).

But we all agree that the Gaynor-Farrell team is the best yet—little, winsome Janet, and tall, handsome Charlie. What if their shows are the same every time? They're good.

Why is it that every time we see one of their shows we leave the theatre with the knowledge of knowing the picture was even better than the last one? Because Janet and Charlie put their best work in each and every picture—believing that we will appreciate it, and stand back of them always.

(Will We?) (We will)

Doris Reed,
Lemoyne, Pa.

Is Claudette Colbert Artificial?

Although I am not an ardent movie fan, I do see the pictures I think I might like.

Just recently I saw "His Woman." The picture and Gary Cooper were good, but why spoil it by including Claudette Colbert in the cast? She is *so* artificial!

Myrna Speer,
Bangor, Pa.

"Mata Hari"

There are several of us girls who were very disappointed when Greta Garbo's latest picture, "Mata Hari," had Ramon Novarro in it, as we do not like him at all. We're sorry to say so, but we think Ramon likes himself too much. As for his acting—well, there are others just as good, if not better—but Greta is always, *The* Greta Garbo, and always will be to us.

Mary E. Gardner,
New Brunswick, N. J.

I went to see "Mata Hari" because, and only because, Ramon Novarro was in it, but hoping that I might find something to like in Miss Garbo. However, the incredibly awkward, utterly impossible Garbo could do nothing otherwise than spoil the picture for me and I am so sorry that I saw it since it destroyed an illusion, in part. I hope there will be no more Novarro-Garbo pictures.

Betty Burns,
Evansville, Ind.

From a Girl Who Went to School with Tibbett

Lawrence Tibbett! I once went to the same school with him: Manual Arts in Los Angeles. Tall and gawky, it was comical as could be the way the youth expanded when he sang, but no comedy about his voice. I remember that awful time in Trinity Auditorium. Lawrence was giving a farewell recital before he sailed for France. His program well under way, his biggest number—its triumphant climax —"But who may abide when he cometh?" A sudden rumbling, a mighty lurch, the stage swinging out, the walls folding together, unfolding. The floor dropping away, daylight around the great glass dome. Earthquake; panic! Lawrence standing white, waiting. My mother said, "Go on singing, Lawrence!" I don't know that he heard her, but his voice, calm and beautiful—peace after 45 seconds of pandemonium! Unforgettable! There are so few that can interpret music, touch our hearts, why still the universal message bearer with lesser rôles? The public does not intentionally tighten its hands about its own throat. Producers, give us the real Lawrence Tibbett!

Mrs. Chas. A. Granger,
Huntington Beach, Calif.

Suggestions

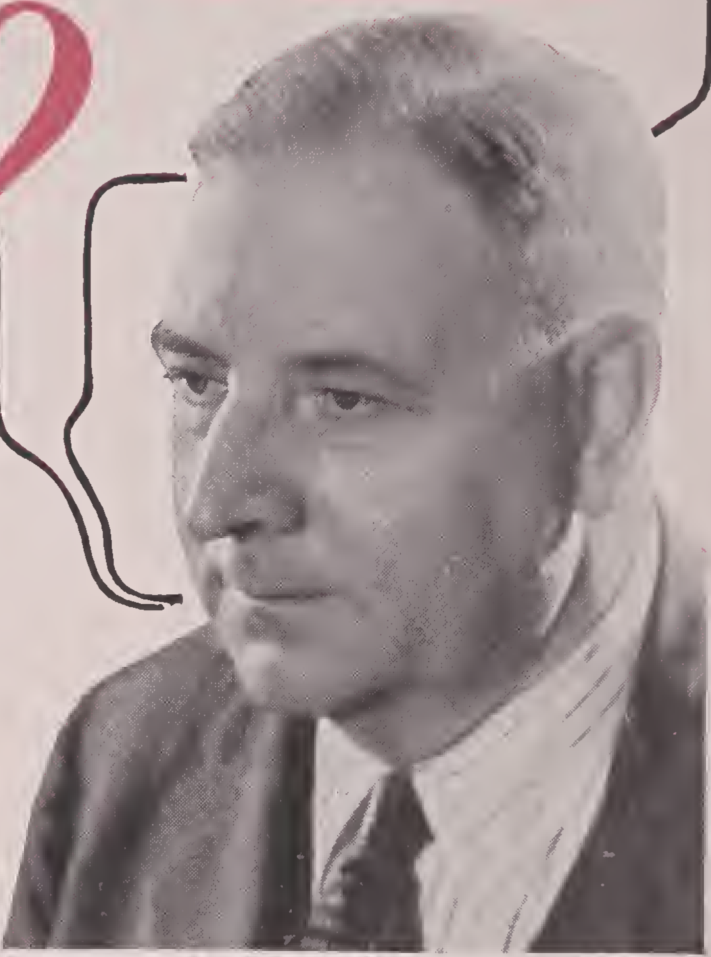
Suggesting—that the "Powers That Be" in Hollywood—either give Marlene Dietrich the air or turn her over to "Sylvia." She is rather too plump in spots.

Take Charlie Farrell out of those sticky millionaire rôles and put him back in his poor but honest ones and let our "Chico" be natural again.

Revive some of those good old silent pictures and make them into talkies. How about "The Sheik," "Prisoner of Zenda," "Seventh Heaven" or "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"?

Mrs. G. Dick,
Hamilton, Ont., Can.

What Will You Do With $3,000.00 Cash *If I Give it to YOU*?



I WILL PAY $250.00

Just for the Winning Answer to this Question

I am going to give $3,000.00 to some deserving man or woman who answers my announcements. *You may be the one to get it!* But, before I give it to anyone I would like to know that the money will be used wisely. WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH THIS FORTUNE IF I GIVE IT TO YOU? Just answer this question—tell me in a sentence of 20 words or less what you would do with the $3,000.00—*nothing more to do toward the $250.00 cash prize!* Sounds easy? It is easy! The first answer that comes to your mind may win the prize. Nothing "fancy" is needed—just tell me in plain words what you would do with the $3,000.00.

20 SIMPLE WORDS WIN $250.00

Nothing More for You to Do!

Costs nothing to win, nothing to buy—no selling—no puzzles—$250 Prize given just for an answer to my question

There is no way you can lose. Simply tell me what YOU will do with $3,000.00 if I give it to you. The prize for the winning answer is $250.00. Just sending an answer qualifies you for an opportunity to win $3,000.00 in final prize distribution. Think what an amazing opportunity—why, many people work hard for a life-time without ever having such a vast amount of money as you may now win.

Think, NOW, How You Would Spend $3,000.00

Would you start a business of your own; would you invest in bonds; would you pay off a mortgage on your home or buy new furniture and clothes? Maybe you would use the money for education. Just think what $3,000.00 could mean to you! Think of all the things you could do with it. Plan now—then write your answer—rush it to me at once. Yours may easily be the winner.

BE PROMPT! I Will Send You $1,000.00 Cash Certificate AT ONCE!

One thousand dollars EXTRA if you are prompt and win first prize in final distribution. So don't delay. Nothing more to do now or ever toward getting answer prize and qualify for an opportunity to get your share of over $5,000.00 to be given away. EVERY PERSON WHO TAKES AN ACTIVE PART WILL BE REWARDED IN CASH . . . Think what you would do with $3,000.00—write your answer and rush it to me. SEND NO MONEY . . . Nothing to buy or sell to get big prize for best answer. No "puzzles," "number paths" or "lucky numbers" to win over $3,000.00 cash. BE PROMPT. I will send you $1,000.00 Cash Certificate AT ONCE.

Hundreds Have Won

Throughout the past year we have given financial help to hundreds of deserving people in all parts of the United States . . . we have given away hundreds and thousands of dollars in prizes. Thompson just won $625. Viola Lauder won $500. Hundreds more made happy with huge prizes and cash awards. Now is YOUR opportunity—ACT TODAY!

RULES

Only one answer accepted from a family. Use your own name. $250.00 given for best answer to **"What Will You Do With $3,000.00 If I Give It to You?"** Answers must be postmarked not later than May 15, 1932. Judges will consider answer only for practical value of the idea, construction and spelling. Neatness or ingenuity of submitting answer not considered. Duplicate prizes will be given in cases of duplicate winning answers.

RICHARD DAY, Manager
909 Cheapside Dept. 708-D, Cincinnati, Ohio

Just Sending Answer Qualifies You for Opportunity to Win $3,000.00

Some say I am wrong. They say that giving money to people will not help to bring back prosperity. They say that the people who get money from me will spend it foolishly. Now I want to find out. I am going to give away over $5,000.00. Someone is going to get $3,000.00, all cash. If I gave you the $3,000 what would YOU do with it? Tell me in 20 words or less. Just sending an answer qualifies you for the opportunity to win $3,000.00. If you are prompt I'll send you a $1,000.00 Cash Certificate AT ONCE! Here is an opportunity of a lifetime. Costs you nothing to win. Rush your answer today. Send no money—just tell me what you would do with the money if I gave you the $3,000.00 that I have promised to give to some yet unknown deserving person.

Richard Day

Use the Coupon or Write Letter With Your Answer

FOR CASH PRIZE

RICHARD DAY, Manager
909 Cheapside, Dept. 708 D, Cincinnati, Ohio

If you give me the $3,000.00 prize I will use it as follows

(Write your answer plainly in here, in 20 words): ________

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*Name*________

*Address*________

*Town*________ *State*________

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Columbia Network
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Wee Willie Robyn

The latest styles in hairdress are appealingly feminine. But tiny curls, the new arrangement of the neckline, longer bobs and the fancy chignon—all must be kept neatly trim—or the chic effect is lost. The need for an invisible hair net that will keep a well-dressed head looking that way throughout a whole day or evening is imperative. Soft, light and really invisible—with all the color, life and strength of live hair—Venida is the only answer to this problem

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